

THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1874.

- ART. I.—1. *Essays on Astronomy.* By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., Cambridge. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1872.
2. *The Sun: Ruler of the Planetary System.* Second Edition. By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., Cambridge. London: Longmans.
3. *The Moon: Her Motions, Aspect, Scenery, and Physical Condition.* By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. Longmans.
4. *Saturn and its System.* By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green. 1865.
5. *Other Worlds than Ours: the Plurality of Worlds Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches.* By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. Third Edition. Longmans, Green and Co. 1872.
6. *Descriptive Astronomy.* By GEORGE F. CHAMBERS, F.R.A.S. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1867.
7. *Spectrum Analysis in its Application to Terrestrial Substances and the Physical Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies, Familiarly Explained.* By Dr. H. SCHELLEN. Translated from the Second Enlarged and Revised German Edition by JANE and CAROLINE LASSELL. Edited with Notes by W. HUGGINS, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S. London: Longmans, Green and Co.
8. *Spectrum Analysis.* Six Lectures delivered in 1868 before the Society of Apothecaries of London. By H. E. ROSCOE, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. 1873.

THE unprecedented advancement of the natural sciences during the past quarter of a century is mainly attributable to three sources: the discovery of the mechanical equivalent of

heat, the new application of the prism to spectrum analysis, and the theory of natural selection. The first of these has unfolded a law as absolute and important as that of gravitation itself; and with an application equally unbounded. The investigations of Mayer and Joule have demonstrated finally that whenever work is performed by the agency of heat, an amount of heat disappears equivalent to the work performed; and when mechanical work is spent in producing heat, the heat generated is equivalent to the work spent. Now the enunciation and proof of this law involved a recasting of the entire question of matter and force, and gave a new meaning to the known activities of the universe. It was soon suspected that *all* energies were interchangeable at the expense of fixed equivalents. It had been demonstrated that sound took its rise in atmospheric vibrations. Without air there could be no sound. That similar vibrations in an imponderable and almost infinitely attenuated "ether" spread to the farthest boundaries of the universe would account for the phenomena of light, some powerful and sagacious minds had long held. Meanwhile the corpuscular theory of Newton was growing more and more incompetent to cover and explain new discoveries. "Diffraction" and "interference" could only be made accordant with it by a strained and supplementary hypothesis; which in its turn had no place for the phenomena of polarisation. It was therefore abandoned; and, in the hands of Young and Fresnel, the theory of ethereal undulations, traversing with intense but measurable rapidity the whole universe, was found competent to account for all known phenomena of light. The discovery that energies of all kinds were capable of transmutation followed: which led to the profound induction that all the phenomena of energy are the result of diverse ethereal atomic vibrations. The atoms of a body vibrating with intense rapidity communicate their vibrations to the ether; these reach the tactile nerves, and the sense of heat ensues. But a certain measure of heat will produce an unvarying equivalent of electricity. That is, the atomic vibrations change their form. Thus, if a ball of copper be rapidly rotated between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet, the rotation can be instantly arrested by exciting the magnet; and if it be now forcibly rotated, the molecular disturbance is so great that an easily fusible metal inside the ball will *melt*, and may be poured out. Clearly the molecular vibrations have been altered; the vibrations of

electricity have been changed into those of heat. It is thus with every known energy.

Ultimately, then, the material universe consists of atoms and ether: these manifest ever-varying phenomena by the diversities of their interaction—"modes of motion." Motion is the direct consequence of the exertion of power; and by this, what do we mean? Our idea of power is derived from our consciousness of its possession. The notion of power does not come to us from without, but from within. We are conscious of the power to produce a certain result: that result is accomplished without us—without any visible cause—nevertheless we can only think of it as the result of power. Power, in fact, in its ultimate condition, is only known to us as a property of living beings. The selective tendencies of animal life involve its possession. In another fashion it is equally manifest in the vegetable world; but to what extent, or whether at all, this is associated with consciousness, we cannot affirm. But descend to inorganic nature. Throw a pellet of cork into water: nothing but mechanical results ensue. Into the same water throw a piece of sodium. Note the result. Oxygen and hydrogen had been at rest as water, all their affinities were satisfied. But in an instant, on the introduction of the metal, the intense propensity of oxygen for sodium causes it to leave the hydrogen and unite with the metal; and the fervid heat of union sets the liberated hydrogen in a flame. What is this but tendency? What is tendency but power? It is something of which we have an absolute knowledge. Yet in this case it is the operation of that which is dead; we only know power as the attribute of life;—will. It follows then that the operations of the physical universe—the selective activities of dead matter—are the result of the action of an unlimited and intelligent Will. Hence the modes of molecular and ethereal motion, which display to us the phenomena of the universe, are the direct result of the will-force of the Omnipotent. It is mind manifesting itself in matter. The consequence is, the absolute indestructibility of matter and motion. Molecular motions may be changed from one mode to another, but the quantity of motion in the universe cannot alter. It cannot be increased or diminished. And this is a corollary from the fact that motion is the direct result of the power of an infinite mind. The relation between the matter and the motion must be once, and for ever, perfect, and therefore absolute.

It is manifest that the enunciation of such a doctrine as

this, disclosing the absolute relations between matter and what some physicists persist in calling "force,"\* must open a new universe to eager seekers; and the results of research have been one series of triumphs.

The modern application of the prism to physical investigation we shall shortly consider somewhat at large; but, in the history of experimental science, no discovery has so rapidly opened the secrets of nature, or so plainly disclosed the glories of the cosmos.

The third source of scientific progression—the theory of natural selection—is of another order. It is the influence of a theory simply—a stimulant to research—and of a theory in which the greater proportion of "facts" from which its inductions are made are hypothetical. But its effect upon practical biological science has been incalculable. The doctrine is being formed slowly but surely, under the untiring inquiry it has stimulated; it has proved an hypothesis, which, like the assumed quantity of the mathematician, may lead to approximate results of splendid value. Certainly its direct issue has been an accumulation of facts and a wealth of knowledge which have opened out a new universe to the students of organic forms.

If then the results of these three great sources of scientific impulse be taken side by side with the consequences of unvarying industry in the old paths, it may be anticipated that the last twenty years of labour will have expanded our knowledge of the nature of phenomena beyond the most sanguine anticipations. The relations between matter and motion, the physical and chemical constitution of the universe even to its most distant parts, and the laws and conditions which sustain and render life possible, are all questions which have received a rare accession of the most impressive and important contributions.

With every material expansion of our knowledge, especially of the stellar universe, a question of overwhelming interest recurs:—What is the meaning of the incalculable hosts of orbs that people the measureless ether? Have we come nearer the solution of the question, Are there worlds beyond us habitable and inhabited? Fortunately the new results in science have found brilliant and exact popular expounders, especially in physics and astronomy. In the latter, Mr. Proctor, whose charming treatises lie before us, stands fore-

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\* It must be clear that motion is energy, the mode by which force-power does work.

most. Armed with large mathematical power, an accurate observer, an easy and often original interpreter of the observations of others, and occupying a position which keeps him abreast of the latest facts, he becomes an interpreter to the people of the most abstruse research, in a manner at once attractive, exact, and clear; and to his sagacity as an interpreter we are indebted for a comprehensive consideration, conducted purely in the light of modern science, of the question of the habitability of other worlds.

Dealt with as a mere question of imagination, it can yield no possible fruit, but guided by analogy in the light of rigid investigation, we may approach it in a philosophic spirit, and approximate to truth; whilst our investigations can only ennoble our view of the Creator, and enhance our interest in His works. This was its result in the mind of the Hebrew King, as He sang—

“ When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;  
What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?  
And the son of man, that Thou visitest him ? ” \*

Doubtless the force of these words must depend on the astronomical knowledge of the Psalmist: but there is much to indicate that that knowledge was large. Many Eastern systems of astronomy bear evidence of a common origin, and the vast antiquity of the primordial system cannot be doubted. Egyptian astronomy itself appears to have been derived; and Professor Piazzzi Smyth has recently shown that the architects of the great pyramids were acquainted with astronomical facts regarded as wholly modern discoveries. But it can scarcely be questioned that it is to the Chaldæans that we are indebted for the origin and high culture of the grandest science. Their accuracy as observers is marked. They knew the relative distances, and understood the motions of the planets; could follow comets in their vast orbits, and predict their return. There is therefore a high probability that they knew the true system of the universe. Some of the knowledge they possessed appears to involve the use of telescopic appliances; and recent research sustains this. Layard found a lens of rock crystal at Nimroud; and Sir D. Brewster has no hesitation in affirming that it was used for the increase of optical power. The Chaldæans lived successively under the rule of

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\* Psalm viii. 3, 4.

the Assyrian, the Babylonian, and the Persian ; and eventually servitude degraded their passionate love of celestial studies into mere astrology. But their earlier history, even in servitude, shows, not only their accuracy, but the width of their observations. They were conducted with great exactitude at Babylon. Calisthenes transmitted to Aristotle observations made there 2250 B.C. They invented the Saros, a cycle for the accurate prediction of eclipses ; which differs from the one now used by astronomers by only 19 minutes 22 seconds.

Now if all this be remembered, and the relations of the Hebrew people to the Chaldeans and their conquerors be considered, the highest probability attends the supposition that the loftier and more cultured of the Hebrew minds were acquainted with an approximately true and certainly sublime astronomy. Hence David's view of planets and stars was the calm outlook of a reverent mind, not upon a mere spangled canopy, but upon unnumbered hosts of worlds whose very grandeur compelled his song.

The author of the book of Job had a knowledge of cosmical matters enormously in advance of far later times. A striking instance of this occurs when, in speaking of the earth as the work of God, who "commanded the morning" and "caused the dayspring to know his place," he says, "It is turned as a clay-seal :"\* apparently a direct reference to the axial rotation of the earth ; for there are slabs of clay now in our museums from Nineveh and Babylon recording facts, dates, and sidereal phenomena, which were produced by rolling a cylindrical seal, by pressure on its axis, over the face of the prepared clay. On this it would seem the metaphor is based. Nor should it be forgotten that it is the most cultured and widely endowed minds of Scripture that make these incidental allusions ; therefore in this connection the striking utterance of Isaiah in the 45th chap. of his prophecy is of large moment.

"For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens ;  
 God Himself that formed the earth and made it ;  
 He hath established it, *He created it not in vain,*  
*He formed it to be inhabited.*" (V. 18.)

Suggesting that such a world would have been aimless waste and vain (טוֹהוּ) if not crowned and governed by an active intelligence.

Of course we cannot infer merely from the fact that the

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\* Job xxxviii. 14.

earth is inhabited that other orbs must be, any more than we conclude that other orbs are not inhabited because we can prove that there are no inhabitants on the moon. It is by fairly acquainting ourselves with the physical conditions of the heavenly bodies, and the accordance of these with the known laws of life, that we may advance. As Mr. Proctor carefully points out, this earth provides us with data indicating, not merely that a world constituted like ours should be inhabited, but also how one entirely unlike ours may be the abode of prolific life. The present condition of the earth is but one of a long series of phases, all of which presented strangely divergent habitudes; and yet each was the abode of luxuriant life. In the course of unmeasured ages, the earth has been the subject of changes, cosmical, geological and vital, to an extent we fail to estimate; and for the purposes of our author's argument, each distinctively marked geological epoch is, in relation to the life it sustained, *another world*. The Laurentian epoch, with its primordial and solitary *Eozoon Canadense* and indications of a marine fauna, presented life-conditions incomparable with those of the carboniferous period, when living forms reached a plethoric and gorgon-like luxuriance. But in both life was found. Thus we see that life is everywhere within the reach of our ken a concomitant of the conditions that render it possible, and that habitudes far other than those which surround us may be compatible with the existence of highly organised beings.

The same lesson is taught by the present condition of the globe.\* From the equator to the poles—from torrid heat to perennial ice—life is everywhere. Nay, man himself is found and flourishes. Yet the areas over which the distinctive races range are boldly marked. The walrus would speedily perish in the China seas. The gorillas of mid-Africa would be no match for the conditions that would meet them in the climate of even Southern Europe. The superb flora and fauna of Borneo and Sumatra would succumb at once in the climate of Britain. Hence, the same conditions which produce death in one form of organised beings make life a luxury to another. A colony of Negroes would certainly not survive for many generations in Greenland; yet human beings live and flourish amid its boreal wastes. But if this were not known: if the inhabitants of the tropics knew only of the polar wilder-

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\* *Other Worlds than Ours*, p. 13, et supra.

ness of ice and snow, with its strange vicissitudes of climate—if communication between tropic and pole were impossible—these polar solitudes would be considered as uninhabitable as they are drear. From which we may learn, that it does not follow that, because an orb may present conditions unsuitable to terrestrial fauna, therefore it is without inhabitants.

Moreover, the ocean swarms with living forms: place them in air, and they die at once. The terrestrial organism will as quickly die in water; were oceanic life unknown to us, we should deem it impossible. Thus it is manifest that life may exist in conditions not necessarily known to us; provided what are known as the broad essentials of life are found. At the enormous depth in the ocean of 3,875 fathoms, living forms exist,\* where the thermometers were crushed to atoms. From other immense abysses highly organised forms have been brought up, whose more delicate parts were bursting when the tremendous pressure of the deep was taken off. Crustacea, whose bodies are mere appendages to their highly developed eyes, and others, who, without eyes at all, have exquisite tactile organs, have been taken from these gloomy profounds. In the dense darkness of the Kentucky caves there is a profuse variety of adapted life. In brine of a strength that would kill all other organised beings the brine shrimp flourishes. The "vinegar eel" can adapt itself to strong acetic acid; and the most powerful salts are often the nidus for fungi. A temperature of 300° Fahr. does not destroy all life.† And more recent observation has shown that a temperature of 250° Fahr. will not destroy the germs of the higher monads,‡ while the water fleas will survive an imbedment for weeks in solid ice. Thus the laws of life operate over an enormous area. Nor should we be peremptory in limiting all forms of intelligence to a man-like form. Instinct, which would seem to be but reason less endowed, is operative in a thousand forms in ocean, earth, and air; and why may not the higher gifts of intellect be dimly reflected in the heritage of a creature flying in an atmosphere, or living in a sea?

In addressing ourselves to a study of the physical condition of surrounding orbs, it is the sun that first arrests us; and from him the most comprehensive lessons have been learned. Until observations of the approaching transit of Venus in

\* *Nature*, Vol. VIII., p. 266.

† *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, No. 128. *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, Vol. VI. p. 199.

‡ *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, August 1st, 1873, p. 57.

1874 have been made, the solar parallax, as the index of his distance from the earth, cannot be given with the greatest accuracy possible to modern science. There can be but little question, nevertheless, that the distance now tentatively accepted is near the truth. The result of Professor Encke's discussion of the transit of Venus in 1769 was the deduction of  $8.5776''$  as the result of the sun's equatorial horizontal parallax; giving a solar distance of 95,293,055 miles. More refined recent observations, and a more comprehensive analysis of older, have greatly modified this estimate. Mars at times approaches the earth within forty millions of miles. It is an easier matter at such times to find the parallax of Mars than of the sun. Now, by Kepler's third law, if we know the times of the revolution of the planets, we can deduce their major axes, and therefore their mean distances from the sun. If then the distance of Mars be accurately determined, that of the sun is easily found. In 1862 this principle, both in its original method and as simplified by the Astronomer Royal, was applied; and a series of meridian observations of Mars were made which have since been reduced by Stone; giving for the sun a distance of 91,400,000 miles. Subsequently the same astronomer re-examined all the recorded observations of the transit of Venus of 1769, and saw that the real times of external and internal contact had been misinterpreted: thus enabling him to deduce the most accurate result possible with present data, which is a distance of 91,730,000 miles. Light which could sweep round the earth eight times in one second, takes eight minutes and a half to travel this distance. Or still further, to aid conception, the rapidity of thought is proverbial, nevertheless it is measurable. In the same way the rapidity with which the tactile nerves convey impressions to the brain appears to be such as to make a puncture in the hand and its impression in the brain simultaneous. Nevertheless a measurable time elapses. Now if we could conceive a limb long enough to extend to the sun from the earth, any cause of pain produced at the solar end of such a limb would take 100 years in reaching the brain on earth, so vast is the distance.

The diameter of the sun is 853,380 miles. A train which travels the earth's circumference in a month, would require nine years to do so on the sun. Let a cannon ball represent the earth, and it will take one million four hundred thousand such balls to represent the sun; but it would require only 300,000 earths to equal the sun in weight. This gives him an excess

of mass over all the known planets of the system taken together of 674 times ; and therefore he is the great controlling centre of every attendant world.

The intensity of the solar light cannot be adequately grasped. One hundred and forty-six balls of lime as large as the sun, intensely luminous as the lime-light, would only equal his brilliance ; while a calculation of his heat as represented by terrestrial combustion, in a given time, may be computed, but cannot be understood. Of the intense activities thus begotten this earth, despite the enormous energies which animate it, receives but the two hundred and twenty-seven-millionth part !

Examined by the unaided eye, the sun presents an aspect of uniform and dazzling brilliance ; but with the aid of a modern telescope this appearance at once vanishes ; a multitude of greater and less brilliant stripes cross each other in every direction, suggesting dazzling meshes seen under constantly varying conditions. On this surface for a more or less definite distance on either side of the equator (about  $35^{\circ}$ ), dark, ragged, irregular patches are almost continually seen. They consist of a densely black nucleus, a dark surrounding patch which abruptly changes into a less darkened border. Their aspect is funnel-shaped, giving the idea of great depth. Their size is variable, but often gigantic. An area of 25,000,000,000 square miles has been measured. These "spots" are not persistent either in duration or shape : some continue for weeks or even months ; others rapidly appear and swiftly vanish. Dr. Woolaston with a twelve-inch reflector saw one burst in pieces whilst he examined it ; and the bursting "was like that of a piece of ice when dashed on a frozen pond." When therefore the vast dimensions of the phenomena are considered, the intense activity on the solar surface must be inconceivably terrible. They indicate meteorological phenomena on a prodigious scale. It can now no longer be held that the nucleus results from the exposure of the supposed cool surface of the sun. The darkness is only relative. The lime-light projected on the surface of the sun is seen as a *black spot*. Evidence that the spot-nucleus is hotter than the surrounding photosphere can be given ; and the spectroscope yields most palpable proof that the darkest portion of the spot is in the same condition as the solar surface, but that its light is absorbed by its passage through dense strata of gases. They are almost certainly apertures through a double layer of differently heated clouds, and as

they appear only on two zones of the sun's globe, precisely corresponding to the sub-tropical belts of our earth, the younger Herschel argued that these sun spots are solar cyclones, and originate in a similar cause. Cyclonic action on earth is in the main caused by the excess of solar heat at the earth's equator. Now as the sun has a considerable atmosphere, centrifugal action consequent on his axial rotation would cause an equatorial accumulation of heated gases, and thus furnish the conditions required. Mr. Proctor points out difficulties here: but is prepared to accept the general analogy between sun spots and cyclonic storms. A striking confirmation of this hypothesis has been given by the actual observation by Dawes, Secchi, and others of cyclonic motion—vortical action—in the spots themselves.

These phenomena have afforded opportunity for measuring the time of the sun's axial rotation; and it has also been found that the spots have a "proper motion" of their own, dependent on their position on the disc. The nearer the equator the more rapid the motion.

Now it has long been known that there was a variation in the number and size of the spots at different periods: but upon what law this proceeded was unknown. To discover this the renowned Schwabe, of Dessau, set himself; and the result and its issues are important and fascinating in the last degree. He discovered a defined and steady progression from a maximum to a minimum; and it convinced him that the recurrence of spots was periodic. The proof of this required long and laborious observation. "Twelve years he spent to satisfy himself—six more years to satisfy, and still thirteen more to convince, mankind." The results of this indomitable and courageous labour, scrutinised by Wolf of Zurich, led to a proof that 11.11 years is occupied in completing a cycle of changes. The spots swell to their highest and largest, and ebb to their fewest and least. Nor was this wave without its variations—minor, but marked: these with the highest probability being caused by the attraction of the planets causing tidal action in the envelopes of the sun. A consequence of this great periodic variation of much interest ensues. The periodic variability of stars in magnitude or brilliance has long been known. Their period of variability may range over years in some cases, days in others. Thus,  $\beta$  in Perseus shines as a star of the second magnitude for two days thirteen hours and a half, then with great rapidity loses its light, and in three hours and a half falls to the fourth magnitude; it

then increases in brightness, and in three hours and a half attains its wonted brilliance. Now, to observers in other worlds, our sun must be a variable star, having a period of eleven years and a half: indicating unity of condition and structure with the suns far out beyond.

But the most remarkable issue of Schwabe's discovery is the evidence of an intimate relation existing between the sun's condition and the earth's magnetic state. The wave of increase in the solar spots expresses a wave of increase in the earth's magnetic force. Their maxima coincide; and they decline and reach their minima together. When solar storms are heaviest, terrestrial magnetic excitement is at its highest; and when the solar surface is calm, the vibrations of the magnetic needle are the least.

That there is positive connection between them is now certain. On September 1st, 1859, two English observers of acknowledged competence were, independently and at different stations, watching a fine group of spots; when suddenly two patches of intensely white light burst out in front of the spots. It was for a moment suspected that the screen on the eye-piece had cracked, and that naked sunshine was pouring in: but it was speedily seen that the dazzling spots were traversing the solar disc with a rapidity that carried them 33,700 miles in five minutes. The time of the occurrence was accurately marked; and it was found that at the exact moment of the brilliant outburst, the magnetic instruments at Kew had been violently agitated; and in sixteen hours a powerful magnetic storm had throbbed through the globe. Telegraphic communication was in many places stopped; in Norway a station caught fire; the needle everywhere was disturbed; auroras were seen where they rarely appear; and the whole earth trembled in response to the impetuous and mighty tempest in the sun. Nor could it have stopped here: the giant tidal-wave of magnetic disturbance must have swept onward to each planet in its turn, causing responsive tremors in each, and showing the intense union existing between the sun and the brotherhood of worlds he sways.

But it is from the analysis of light by refraction that our knowledge of solar physics has been so remarkably increased. In the facets of the diamond and in the rainbow, men have seen the analysis of light through all the ages of the world; but it is only in little more than the last decade of years that its real value has been seen. Light travels in straight lines

to indefinite distances at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. The philosophy of light, as at present understood, is, that the ultimate atoms of a luminous body are in a state of intensely rapid vibration; in other words, they have an oscillating motion across a position of equilibrium; this motion is communicated in waves to the ether of space, and these light-waves reaching the retina of the eye—specially susceptible to their influence—produce an impression, when transferred to the brain, which we call light. But a ray of light is not composed of one set of vibrations only; all the colours of the rainbow, from violet to red are dependent upon the different rates of vibration reaching the eye. The velocity of propagation is the same for all vibrations; but the rates of vibration differ. White is not a simple colour: it is in the highest degree complex, being composed of all the vibrations which produce every separate colour. In fact, a ray of white light is a *bundle of vibrations* of almost infinite variety. The green of the rainbow is not the result of the over-lapping of yellow and blue; it is made up of an innumerable series of *simple colours*: that is to say, of numerically distinct vibrations. So that the whole colour-band of the rainbow is composed of an infinite series of parallel vibrations; each separate vibration having always a fixed relation to the next; but every one of which is, in its effect upon the retina, monochromatic—of one colour. The rainbow band may be produced at pleasure by means of the prism. It simply opens out its component vibrations—spreads them out like a fan. If a narrow slit in a dark chamber transmits sunlight, and this falls upon a prism, it spreads open the line of light into a band of colour, passing from deep violet to intense red. The reason it does so is, that in the ray of white light—the bundle of differing vibrations, each of which, taken by itself, is a distinct colour—some vibrations are *more readily bent* than others. To prove this, let the light from an electric lamp pass through a small round aperture, covered with a piece of red glass, and be focussed to a point by a lens; it will pass right on in a direct line upon the screen as a red point. Now interpose a prism in its path, and immediately the red circle will be moved perceptibly to the right. If the position of the red spot be marked, and the red glass be replaced by green, the green spot of light will fall still further to the right beyond the place of the red; while with violet light the refraction will be still greater, and the light will be bent still more to the right beyond the green. Thus

the vibrations which produce the different colours differ in refrangibility.

Now, in a source of luminosity like that of the lime-light, the emitted ray is made up of rays of vibration of all degrees of refrangibility; their relative positions are to each other invariable; therefore the prism simply spreads them out, and we get a *continuous band of colour*. But if a ray of sunlight falls through a fine slit upon a prism, and is examined with a suitable telescope, we have the band of colour as before, but "*interrupted*" throughout its length by black lines at right angles to itself. That is to say, colour vibrations of certain refrangibilities are missing.

Now, every known element in nature—solid, liquid, or gaseous—yields a spectrum distinctively its own. In a solid, a liquid, and a densely gaseous condition, the spectra of all substances are continuous; but luminous vapours and gases not dense behave differently. If the heat of a colourless flame (as a spirit-lamp) be high enough to drive a burning metal off into vapour, and its light be examined with the spectroscope, it is not a band of colour that we see; but in its place a dark band with brilliant lines of colour occupying apparently the positions of some of the black lines on the spectrum of the sun. Thus, if the metal sodium be evaporated in a colourless flame, the spectrum is a dark band with a brilliant yellow line, which by greater dispersion may be opened out into two. That is to say, of the vibrations which make up the colours of the solar spectrum, these two producing this colour belong to sodium, *and to nothing else*. In other words, sodium contributes two bright lines in the yellow, as its quota to the formation of the continuous rainbow band. It is thus with others: thallium yields one bright green line; potassium gives two in the red and another in the violet: and so with all the elements. In the vaporous or gaseous condition they yield bright lines on a dark band, and these lines *never alter their relative positions*.

It soon became easy to perceive that the terrestrial elements yielded exactly the lines of *light* that were wanting or *dark* in the solar spectrum. This was proved (1) by an ingenious mode of "*mopping*" the lines, and (2) by a mechanical arrangement by which solar and terrestrial spectra could be seen together in the same field, one placed above and contiguous with the other. It was then finally proved that those parts of the continuous spectrum which are *wanting* in the colour-band of sunlight were in exactly the same position as

the brilliant lines of certain vaporised terrestrial metals. Now, as early as 1853, it had been discovered that the rays of light which a substance *emits* when self-luminous are precisely those which it absorbs. If we have a flame in which sodium is burning and yielding its characteristic lines of light to the spectroscope, and then cause the light of the electric-lamp to *pass through* this on its way to the same prism, we shall have, not the mere bright lines of sodium, nor the continuous colour-band of the electric light; but the latter, with two *dark lines* exactly where the sodium lines *had* been. Thus the vapour of sodium in the flame has absorbed the vibrations that produce its light in the spectrum. We may take the sodium vapour in the flame away; the band of colour becomes perfectly continuous: replace it, and the light of sodium is again absorbed. This at once accounts for the presence of *dark lines* in the spectrum of the sun. It proves that the vibrations whose *position* they represent have been *absorbed* on their way to the earth by passing through the *gases* of the incandescent elements that produce them. Therefore *terrestrial elements are burning in the sun*, and their nature can be demonstrated by the absence of their light in the sun's spectrum.

Continuous spectral research has established: (1) That solids and liquids and gases, when extremely dense, yield continuous spectra; (2) a glowing vapour yields a spectrum of bright lines, in every case distinctive; and (3) an incandescent solid, liquid, or densely gaseous body, shining through their own vapours, give rainbow-tinted spectra crossed by dark lines which coincide in position with those lines which the vapours taken alone would yield.

It follows, then, that our great luminary is an incandescent solid, liquid, or densely gaseous body, whose light passes through a cooler gaseous envelope, producing the absorption lines which prove the presence of burning iron, calcium, lead, mercury, sodium, barium, magnesium, gold, hydrogen, etc., in his glowing mass. And the certainty of the truth of this is so absolute that in relation to the presence of iron alone the chances of error are as 1 to 1,152,930,000,000,000,000.

There is, then, an absolute similarity of substance between the sun and the earth; and this by sound analogy suggests a likeness in all the orbs that compose the system. If the sun had displayed a chemical composition wholly unlike ours, it would have been mere bootless speculation to suppose that Mercury or Mars had a structure similar to our earth; but, with a demonstrated identity between the elements of the

central orb and the earth, we may fairly infer an approximate similarity in every dependent planet of the system. On the earth iron and gold are applied by an intellectual being to a thousand useful purposes, and contribute to a refined and exalted civilisation; and are we not led to ask what other purpose can they be meant ultimately to serve in Venus or in Jupiter?

But to continue. It will be manifest from the above considerations that the sun must possess a luminous atmosphere; and that if this could be seen *without* the light of the incandescent orb shining through it, we should not see the dark lines of the ordinary solar band, but in their places a rainbow-tinted series of bright lines belonging to all the gaseous elements of which that atmosphere is composed. This is precisely what has occurred. At the eclipse of 1870, Professor Young so placed his spectroscope as to catch the thin line of light immediately before obscuration: the ordinary band grew paler and paler until, at the moment of eclipse and a second or two later, the field was filled with *bright* lines, occupying exactly the spaces of the dark lines of the ordinary band. So that the solar atmosphere, which had been before inferred, is now a demonstrated fact.

When the sun is totally eclipsed it has long been known that brilliant red protuberances bead the black edge of the moon, and that beyond her disc, for enormous distances, a brilliant silvery haze, dimming gradually with increasing distance, is ever present. The real nature of these was entirely unknown; and, strange as it now appears, we are but just clear of the din of a contention that the latter—the “corona”—was an atmospheric effect!

It was to discover the true nature of these phenomena that expeditions from almost every civilised people have been equipped to observe with the aid of modern instruments recent eclipses. The results are of the profoundest importance. A spectroscopic analysis of the solar prominences gives with great brilliance the characteristic lines of hydrogen, and proves them to be up-rushing masses of the gas in flames. For an average depth of from 5,000 to 7,000 miles from the sun's edge it envelopes his globe as a seething mass, called the *sierra*, while the “prominences” proper are gigantic local accumulations of the same matter impelled outwards in volumes of erupted flame. The rare occasions on which suitable eclipses occur, and the attendant difficulties, seem to make an exhaustive study of this wonderful phenomenon impossible;

or, at least, to relegate it to a distant future. But the brilliant ingenuity, first of an English astronomer, Mr. Lockyer, and next, and independently, of a French *savant*, M. Janssen, devised a plan by which these prominences might be completely studied in broad sunlight. The overwhelming brilliance of the solar light would, of course, wholly drown the comparatively dim light of the flaming hydrogen. But it will be remembered that the prism *spreads out* the continuous spectrum of an incandescent body. Every additional prism increases this expansion, which is called "dispersion." From the nature of the case, as the spectrum is spread more and more it becomes increasingly *dim*, until by a sufficient augmentation of prisms it can be rendered almost imperceptible. It will also be remembered that a glowing vapour does not give a band of colour; it yields instead one or more lines of light. The result is that whilst an increase of prism power attenuates almost to extinction the rainbow band, it merely bends more completely, and separates more widely from each other, the *lines* of a gas. Their luminous tints remain nearly as brilliant as before. Hence, by attenuating sunlight by a long train of prisms, the lines of a hydrogen prominence would be visible. These phenomena could thus be studied daily; and it was soon found that by widening the slit of the spectroscope through which the prominence light entered, with suitable arrangements, the entire rolling, twisting, seething mass of flaming gas could be seen as perfectly as the flames which issue from the furnace of a smelting house can be seen in the gloaming. The magnificence of the phenomena cannot be conceived; the rapidity of change, the grace of form, and the brilliance of colour, coupled with overwhelming consciousness of the awful activities represented, can be understood only by the observer.

By a process which we shall have subsequently to describe, the rate of the motion of these solar gas-streams has been accurately measured, and it was found necessary to divide them into "jets" and "plumes." The "jets" are eruptive, the "plumes" are not; while the jets are more luminous at their roots than the surrounding solar surface—they contain other matter beside hydrogen—and are limited to the region of the spots. The plumes disturb merely the chromatic sierra; but the photosphere is lifted up in the emission of the jets. On Sep. 7, 1871, Prof. Young observed a massive cloud of hydrogen on the sun's edge. It was 100,000 miles long, and its upper surface 50,000 miles from the solar surface. It

was supported on pillars of blazing hydrogen. It gave evidence of intense action; but he was compelled to leave it for half an hour. On his return he saw that "the whole thing had been literally blown to shreds by some inconceivable uprush from beneath; . . . in place of the quiet cloud" the whole region "was filled with flying *débris*," some of which had already reached 100,000 miles of distance; in ten minutes the uppermost area was 200,000 miles from the sun, or, by taking an average of several measurements, 210,000 miles.

If we now turn to the results of spectroscopical researches on the corona, we find that, both at the portion which is brightest and nearest the sun, and at the part most distant and attenuated, the coronal spectrum yields certain *bright lines* upon a faint continuous band. The inference is that the coronal matter—now finally proved by polariscope, photograph, and spectral investigation to be solar in its origin—faintly reflects solar light; thus giving the pale rainbow band (in which Janssen has seen the dark lines), and also, that by electrical influence, or the action of heat, or both these combined, it yields a bright line spectrum distinctly its own. Now it is remarkable that this spectrum in a most important particular is the same as that yielded by the zodiacal light and aurora; and this seems to complicate the question, "What is the corona?" The corona has been photographed, and one striking result of this has been the proof of a relation between the prominences and the corona. Where the eruptive matter extends the furthest, there the corona goes deepest into space; and where the gaseous action is least marked, there the coronal extension is the least. A large group of prominences involves an immense bulging out of the corona. Mr. Proctor has shown with great clearness that the initial velocity of the erupted matter which is driven out with the hydrogen "jets," is enough to carry it wholly away from the sun's controlling influence, and therefore very moderate assumptions are required in order to prove that the smallest of the jets possesses a velocity of ejection competent to carry the burning metallic vapours beyond the outermost observed limits of the corona. With the highest probability, therefore, the corona is meteoric matter ejected from the sun. The zodiacal light and aurora are the same, the latter under especial electrical conditions: they are indeed the disintegrated atoms of meteoric matter scattered in the air, rendered visible by electricity. This has recently received

peculiar confirmation. Minute granules of iron—evidently meteoric—have been found in freshly fallen snow; while polariscopic observations require that both corona and zodiacal light should be composed of minute metallic crystals; and Leverrier, by mathematical calculation, and Baxendell, by variations in the earth's magnetism, show that there exists in the neighbourhood of the sun a mass of moving bodies.

Now the periodic recurrence of meteor-streams in our own heavens has led to a demonstration of the existence and discovery of the elements of at least two meteor orbits: these orbits cut the earth's path, so that in August and November the earth *passes through* the meteor dust, which, as it is unevenly distributed over the orbit, presents a greater depth at one time than at another for the earth's encounter; and therefore a periodic recurrence of more brilliant streams.

Further, it is known that the number of meteor systems within the solar domain is inconceivably great, and that the inter-Mercurial space must absolutely swarm with them. It has been calculated on very moderate assumptions that, in the course of twenty-four hours, not less than 400,000,000 of meteors which the telescope could detect are consumed in the earth's atmosphere or fall to the earth. Are these, then, matters of disruption from our own sun and other stars? It is extremely probable. A microscopical examination of meteoric stones shows that the material composing them had been vaporised under tremendous pressure. This cannot be adequately explained by the influence of collision, friction, atmospheric resistance, &c. "But," as Mr. Proctor says, "if meteors had their birth in far-off suns," if they are the result of disruption under incalculable pressures of ejection, then their microscopical condition is explained. It has been shown also by modern chemists that meteors ejected thus in such intimate association with hydrogen should show a high percentage of that substance in their composition. Professor Graham found on analysis that meteoric iron gives up without exhaustion three times more hydrogen than malleable iron can be made to absorb; whence he infers "that the meteorite has been extruded from a dense mass of hydrogen gas," and may be looked upon as holding imprisoned within it, and bearing to us, *the hydrogen of the stars.*

The corona, then, is erupted solar matter and meteor systems—reflecting dimly solar light, and yielding a light of their own; and with this the zodiacal light and aurora are intimately associated.

But more : the sun with all his planets is speeding through space towards the region between Hercules and Lyra at the rate of 150 millions of miles per year. It is now proved beyond doubt by the spectroscope that the vast vacuities of space are peopled with *gaseous nebulae*—mere unformed cosmical matter—greatly attenuated, and also speeding through the trackless realms of space. It has been shown by Kirkwood that the sun in his immense journey through space must encounter such cosmical matter, which by his attraction would be reduced to a cometic condition and brought under his rule either temporarily, or, if subdued into an elliptical orbit, made a permanent member of the solar system. But Schiaparelli has shown in a most striking manner that a comet, not being solid, but consisting of minute particles, each possessing an independent motion, the nucleus must complete its revolution in less time than the tail ; and the lagging of the tail will eventually *reduce it to a meteor stream*, which will be scattered in various quantities all over the path. Thus he has identified *comets and meteors*, and has proved that the comet of 1862 is no other than the *remains* of the comet out of which the meteoric ring, from which our August meteors came, was formed.

Now when all the gigantic activities of the sun are taken into account—his intense heat, his probably fluid or densely gaseous condition, his awful cyclones of blazing vapours, and his terrific eruptions—the supposition that he is inhabited cannot be entertained. None of the conditions essential to life are found, and the supposition of a cool ball within with a non-conducting envelope must now be for ever abandoned. Then what is the sun in the great brotherhood of worlds? The great fountain out of which all vitality springs. The source of every energy throughout the system. Not himself inhabited, he pours himself out to render habitable his dependent worlds. The law of equivalence proves that the energies we receive from the sun must be inevitably at the cost of his own substance. A solar ray is a bundle of energies for which an equivalent volume of matter has changed form in the sun. The solar energies of the past are stored up in the planets. Coal is fixed sunshine. Every cubic foot of coal involved the expenditure of a fixed measure of sunshine. We subject it to combustion, and get back the sunbeam again : light, heat, electricity. Then is the sun burning out? Every hour he is being consumed, and therefore he must be constantly resupplied with the materials for producing energies. What

are these? Helmholtz and others have shown that a certain measure of *contraction* detected only over long periods would suffice to produce the needful increments of heat. But it is certain that there are batteries of meteors streaming in upon the sun dwarfing to the merest fraction what the earth receives; and these by impact and percussion help to produce the heat required. Perhaps both sources are in operation, and thus the decrement of contraction is in a measure compensated by the increment of meteoric masses. While as he sweeps on through space he presses into his service the gaseous nebulae—the idle cosmical matters that wander in his path—reducing them at length into sources of supply to compensate for his exhaustive beneficence to his dependent worlds.

In stretching outward from the sun, our first definite pause must be at Mercury. But most perplexing statements and facts present themselves as to the existence of a planet revolving still nearer to the sun. Leverrier, from theoretical considerations based upon an unexplained motion in the major axis of the orbit of Mercury, inferred that the mass of Venus must be one-tenth greater than was admitted, or else that there must exist some undiscovered planet between Mercury and the sun. From many reliable sources observations have been reported of a sharp round shadow moving rapidly across the solar disc, entirely distinct from a "spot," and from these the elements of the supposed planet have been calculated. The last occasion was by Mr. Hind; and in Oct. 1872 he suggested that on the 24th of the following March a scrutiny of the sun's disc should be made, as he inferred for the hypothetical planet a conjunction with the sun at about 10 a.m. Nothing, however, was seen by European or American observers; but from Shanghai a telegram was received to the effect that a circular black spot was seen on the sun at 9 a.m. of the day named. Not much reliance can be placed on this, and this planet has still a mathematical rather than an observed existence.

The two planets, Mercury and Venus, revolving within the orbit of the Earth, present, from their nearness to the sun, great difficulty in the study of their physical habitudes. The result is that important questions touching their climatical condition are still unsolved. The eccentricity of Mercury's orbit is exceptionally large. Between his greatest distance from and his nearest approach to the sun there is a difference of over fourteen millions of miles. As a result, he receives ten times

more light and heat in one part of his orbit than we do; while in the opposite position this is reduced by more than half, the mean intensity being over seven times that received by us. His diameter is a little over 3,000 miles; his surface being six and a half times less than that of the Earth. Seventeen such globes would be required to equal the Earth's volume. Dawes thought he could detect a polar flattening equal to 1-29th. We know of no satellite to Mercury; and this, and his relative smallness as compared with Venus, makes an exact estimate of his weight almost impossible. But the mass of Encke's comet as compared with the sun has been approximated; and the disturbing effects of Mercury on its orbit have formed a basis of estimate. From this it is found that his mass is 1-15th that of the Earth, and gravity at his surface would reduce a terrestrial pound to seven ounces. The axial rotation of this planet is certain; but the time of this rotation as given by Schröter, 24h. 5m. 48s., has not been subsequently proved or refuted. This arises from the extreme difficulty of observing the planet's face; and from the same cause the true inclination of the axis of rotation remains undecided. Schröter believed he had found it to be very great by observing some dark bands—assumed to be equatorial—on the disc. No reliance is now placed on this. Of course such an inclination would materially affect the nature of the seasons, causing awful contrasts of light and darkness, heat and frost. The length of the Mercurial year is only eighty-eight of our days, and during that period all vicissitudes of temperature ensue. Now if the axis of Mercury be permanently placed to its orbit as that of the Earth is at the vernal equinox, his oscillation between his most distant and nearest approach to the sun would secure diversity of season far more defined than in some portions of the Earth. At the poles the sun would be slightly elevated, that elevation gradually increasing until we reach the flaming and unendurable temperature of the equatorial zone. That this is the position of Mercury's axis has at least as high a probability as any other, and with such conditions the habitability of the planet by beings resembling ourselves has no possible contradiction from modern science. The equatorial and sub-equatorial belts, it is true, could not be inhabited without special provision; but their non-habitability may be easily conceived, as there would be no polar wastes, no deserts of ice and boreal barrenness. For Mercury has a dense, and perhaps a deep atmosphere; and, on principles enunciated by modern physics, the

regions corresponding to the temperate and polar zones on Earth might become delightful abodes. An adapted flora and fauna resembling our own might exist; and, as the planets are one in structure with the sun, and the same electric and magnetic union characterises the whole system, we may safely infer that the same resources are at the disposal of ingenuity and intelligence on Mercury as on Earth. The probability of the existence of the metallic elements, as iron, in all the planets is as hundreds of millions to one, while the enormous expenditure of solar energy in the past suggests, on the minor planets at least, the presence of coal or an equivalent. Similar magnetic currents sweep through this orb as through the Earth, the same solar activities exist, and when the diminished gravity at his surface is considered, the ease with which gigantic structures may be produced, the consequent facilities for rapid transit, and the smaller area for travel, a conviction is established that this planet is the dwelling of beings capable of utilizing and enjoying the bounties with which the Almighty has endowed it.

In Venus the problem is not greatly diversified. In position, in size, in density, in her seasonal characteristics, her period of axial rotation, and the shape of her orbit, she comes strikingly near to the Earth. From the careful estimates of Stone, the diameter of this beautiful orb is 7,510 miles. She has no moon; but she needs none, for the sun would lift her tides. Her intense brilliancy, dependent on her nearness to the sun, renders the examination of her surface almost impossible; but both this planet and Mercury present all the phases of our moon, and consequently surface contour may be much more readily considered. Her *apparent* size greatly varies. When she is on the other side of the sun, she is 150 millions of miles from us; but when she is *between* the sun and the Earth, her distance is only 25 millions of miles. In the former case we see her "full," in the latter "horned." Now, if the planet's surface were even, the line of light separating the crescent from the body would be regular. This is not so, however, and the inequality of her surface is certain; indeed, the existence of extremely high mountains is proved. There are permanent spots upon her disc, and from these a rotation period of 23h. 21m. 24s. has been discovered; with a year of about 230 days. The existence of an atmosphere on Venus is proved, and that it is one of far greater extent than ours. Secchi, from observing certain absorption lines in the spectrum of this planet, has proved the presence of aqueous

vapour in its air, and the strong development of the nitrogen lines in its spectrum argues a similar atmospheric structure to our own.

But here, as in the previous case, there is uncertainty as to the axial slope, and on this the planet's habitability must turn. Certain observers have given it a great inclination, but on insufficient grounds. There is no certainty in the case, and an axis perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, or an inclination like that of the Earth, would, with compensating relations known by modern science to be possible, make it a suitable home for beings like ourselves. The accession of heat in Venus above that of the Earth may be tempered by means known to us, and what is common to the Earth and the sun would be shared by this planet, with similar incentives to intellectual activity. The skies of Venus, though moonless, must be at once imposing and beautiful. Mercury and the Earth would have great splendour, and the rapid and clearly visible motions of our moon must from the first, to the inhabitants of Venus, have aroused an interest in celestial phenomena: indeed there is nothing in modern science to render it improbable even that the dwellers in this planet have gold for their bullion and astronomy for their noblest science.

On reaching Luna, the satellite of the Earth, the question becomes one of most fascinating interest. Her distance from us is in comparison merely trifling, being little more than nine times the equatorial circumference of the Earth, a distance which many a lifetime of voyage and travel has more than equalled, and which is such that the highest powers of our modern instruments bring us theoretically within forty miles of the lunar surface. Small as the distance seems, it precludes a complete examination of minutiae. The unaided eye can grasp but little actual detail at this distance.

"Roughly we may take the Moon's diameter as  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the Earth's, her surface at  $\frac{1}{17}$ , her volume at  $\frac{1}{49}$ ."\* So that the whole area of the lunar surface is about equal to the area of Europe and Africa together. From the nature of her motion little more than half of this is ever visible to us. Even to the naked eye the diversified condition of her surface is manifest; but when a powerful telescope aids research, the surface presents appearances unparalleled, so far as we know, in the system of which it is a part. To convey a clear view of it in

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\* *The Moon*, p. 31.

words is almost impossible. Fortunately photography comes to our aid, and to those to whom a good telescope is inaccessible we commend the exquisite photographs which illustrate Mr. Proctor's *Moon*. They show us with wonderful clearness the huge mountain ranges, the vast crateriform abysses, with their smooth floors and frequent central cones, the enormous rugged battlemented plains, and the immense crater and hemispherical pits. They display, as words could not do, the radiating bands and the great "rilles" visible when the Moon is full, and the vast dark areas, taken first for seas, then for sea-beds with their oceans gone, and now by some for vast plains. The eminently volcanic nature of much of this is clear beyond question. The great crater Copernicus, for example, gives abundant evidence of disruption. The floor is strewn with rugged masses, and the outer walls with lesser craters, while huge cracks and channels break the surrounding surface. The crater floor is over 11,000 feet from the crown of its mountain wall, and is nearly 9,000 feet below the general surface of the moon.

In all this weird and arid desolation not a trace of atmosphere is to be found. Planets far beyond have exhibited proofs of an atmosphere to telescope and spectroscope which the physicist cannot mistake. But the most refined scrutiny of the lunar edge affords no trace of air. There are no seas; for the scorching heat of the lunar day, without a gaseous envelope, would *boil* the waters, and raise masses of vapour which the spectroscope must detect. There are no seasons, and the day and night are each a fortnight long. The incessant downpour of solar heat for fourteen days would raise the temperature of the Moon's crust far above our boiling point, whilst the fourteen days of the lunar night would bring it to a frigid state compared to which our frozen regions would be tropics. There can be no diffusion of light, so that the splendid astral phenomena of her skies would be visible equally in the noon of the lunar day and in the noon of her night. The scrutiny of her surface yields no evidences of change that cannot be subjectively explained. The whole satellite is still and waste; life, as we know it, could not exist there. Its airless, sealess deserts, exposed to such terrible vicissitudes, could afford no shelter for a flora and a fauna like our own. What, then, is its meaning? As a mere tidelifter and transient torch for this earth, it would represent a waste of energy inconsistent with the issue, and at variance with all our knowledge. Has it, then, existed from the first in this condition?

or is its present state the result of slow and mighty changes? Mr. Proctor enunciates a theory of the origin of the solar system which depends on the "gathering of matter together from outer space rather than to the contraction of a rotating nebulous mass:" a theory that, to our mind as well as to his, explains much that the nebular hypothesis of Laplace leaves unexplained. On this hypothesis the original heat of the lunar mass was generated by the impact of enormous aggregations of meteoric matter. Countless streams of meteors fell upon her, and her rotation period slowly diminished until it nearly reached its present value, and the earth's attraction completed the work. She gradually cooled, and the "plash of meteoric rain" on her plastic surface might produce the abundant *lesser* craters of her surface. But such vast crateriform masses as Copernicus cannot be thus explained; and Mr. Proctor employs the theory of Mallet concerning the origin of terrestrial volcanoes to explain these. It assumes that there is a hotter nucleus than the outer crust, although it is not a molten one. It consequently contracts more rapidly; as a result of this a cavity ensues between the nucleus and the crust; but this is not the case, for the crust breaks down and follows the shrinking nucleus, and the work done is changed by the law of equivalence into *heat* resulting in a molten mass, to which, on water finding access, steam at enormous pressure is generated, and a volcano is the result. With his usual frankness, Mr. Proctor admits that this involves the presence of water, and certainly it must have extended over large areas; so that even by this theory the present condition of the Moon is not of necessity the primal one. It appears from terrestrial analogy that water is an essential to volcanic action; perhaps the same may be said of air. While the evidence of glacial action on the Moon, as held by Professor Frankland to be shown in the presence of at least two terminal moraines, although tests of extreme delicacy, must have their due weight, the existence of oceans would have involved tidal action, which has the effect of a brake on a wheel, and must in the course of ages have diminished the rotation period of the Moon to the state in which we see it. In answer to the question, "What has become of her air and ocean?" it must be remembered that the intense volcanic action manifest in the Moon must have consumed enormous quantities of water by hydration, or crystallisation; probably enough to account for the entire absence of water. But if the primal temperature of the Earth and

the Moon were equal, the Moon must cool more rapidly in proportion to its mass. This would be accompanied by vast contraction, and a cavernous interior would ensue. Fissures would open this to the surface, and the fluid and gaseous envelopes would desert the surface and fly into the centre. Granting that water ever existed on the Moon, which seems inevitable, then this theory of Frankland's is, we believe, beyond all others competent to explain its present condition.

Thus then the Moon, though now an arid and almost certainly a lifeless desolation, may once have formed a home for bright and happy intelligences, with abounding forms of life; but for the present æon at least, in this respect, her work is done; she has accomplished her mission and is dead. Nor is this without strong support, in the fact that Adams has shown that the result of the Moon's attraction on our oceans produces a brake-action on the Earth, retarding her rotation, so that in a vast, though calculable period, she too will present but one face to her primary, making her year and her day identical. While by the constant radiation of her heat she must become slowly colder, and, as the result of consequent contraction and fissure, her fluid and gaseous envelopes must retreat into the bowels of a dead world, thus repeating the history of the Moon.

On turning to the planet Mars, we discover a most striking coincidence with the physical condition of the Earth. The orbit of this planet is eccentric. At his greatest distance from the sun he is over 152 millions of miles away; but when Mars and the Earth are both on one side of the sun, they may approach each other within forty millions of miles. His globe has a diameter of about 5000 miles—less than the Earth in the proportion of five to eight; so that the Earth's area is two and a half times greater than that of Mars. Gravity at his surface reduces a terrestrial pound to a little over six ounces. The amount of light and heat he receives is on the average less than we receive in the proportion of four to nine; but the maintenance of a temperature equal to ours could easily be accomplished. He completes the circuit of his orbit in 687 of our days, and rotates upon his axis in 24h. 37m. 22s. His axial inclination approximates closely to that of the Earth; he therefore has seasonal changes that resemble ours; but in length they are more unequal in relation to each other, and of nearly double the duration. As with the Earth, the summer in the northern hemisphere occurs when Mars is furthest from the sun. No satellite has

been discovered; yet a small one may exist, for one as relatively small as Jupiter's second is to him would probably elude our best instruments.

A careful inquiry into this planet's condition proves clearly a separation into land and water. The markings on his surface are as permanent as the craters of the Moon. Dawes, whose observing power was unsurpassed, says: "The disc, when well seen, is usually mapped out in a way which gives at once the impression of land and water; the bright part is orange . . . . the darker parts are of a dull greenish grey, possessing the aspect of a fluid absorbent of the solar rays." Twenty-seven drawings of this planet, made by Dawes, have been compared and arranged by Proctor; and a chart of the Martial orb has been made so perfect, that its oceans, its continents, its islands, isthmuses, and straits are seen with the utmost precision. Mr. Proctor points out how a voyager might visit almost every quarter of this globe by sea travelling, "upwards of 30,000 miles, always in sight of land, and generally with land in view on both sides."\* Hence the disposition of land and water differs from the Earth. About  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the Earth's area is land, the remainder is water. But on Mars there is little disparity, and the relations of land and water are most complex. Without a satellite the tides in Mars would be slight; but Mr. Proctor suggests that the moderate quantity of water may make evaporation and downfall a sufficient source of action. But the most striking feature on the Martial orb is that at its *poles* there are *caps of snow*, exactly as on Earth. In winter these snow areas extend  $45^\circ$  from the pole, corresponding with terrestrial tracks in the north; while in the summer the cap of snow and ice is reduced to  $8^\circ$  or  $10^\circ$  from the pole. And its gradual expansion or diminution is observed to be in exact accordance with the advance or decline of winter. Nor is this all; huge masses of vapour can be seen to glide over the Martial continents and seas. Messrs. Lockyer and Dawes saw, independently of each other, the clearing up of a dark and cloudy day on Mars. And the same has been seen by Secchi and others. The winter half of the planet is always (as on Earth) the most enveloped in cloud; and, as on Earth, a cloudy morning may at noon clear into a brilliant day, so it has been found in Mars. The edge of the planet too has an intenser whiteness than the rest; and these are the parts where it is morning

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\* *The Orbs Around Us*, p. 16.

and evening; times when clouds—which brilliantly reflect sun-light—most accumulate. From all this the presence of water is inevitable; and therefore, by solar action, comes aqueous vapour, wreathing it into clouds, and forming fogs and dews; while varying conditions of air cause the clouds to pour down rain, which, besides fertilising the Martial continents, gathers into rills, and rivulets, and streams, and rivers, and presents a landscape like our own; while

“The snowy poles of moonless Mars”

show that the same conditions of temperature prevail; that the same vapours exist; and their rapid motion from place to place proves aerial currents, cleansing the atmosphere, distributing its accumulations, and aiding navigation. The truth of much of this the spectroscope has proved. In 1860 it was found by English physicists that the vapours in the air at sunset yielded certain dark lines; and so at sunrise. In England one of these lines, at least, is never absent during winter. In 1864, Janssen proved that they were due to vapours of water. He passed the light of a flame, which gave a continuous spectrum, *through a cylinder of steam*; and the identical absorption lines were seen. Huggins has proved that these lines belong to the atmosphere of Mars; and therefore the presence of the water and its vapour is demonstrated in the ruddy planet; while the composition of his atmosphere itself seems to be similar to our own. Therefore, as Mr. Proctor has shown, all the meteorological phenomena we have referred to must exist.

Can we then conceive that this is a “vain” creation? Do all the conditions which make the Earth habitable exist in Mars to no purpose? Can we think other than that its ruddy soil, enriched by rain, and dew, and air, yields a varied and beautiful flora, and that this aids in supporting a fauna which may exist in ocean, earth, and air; and that the whole is crowned and governed by an adapted intelligence, which controls, utilises, and rejoices in the whole? The probabilities in its favour are almost infinite.

But at this point a new aspect of the question presents itself. New conditions appear: and here Mr. Proctor's brilliant power of correlating facts is seen; for to him we are largely indebted for an indication of the meaning of recent discoveries concerning Jupiter and Saturn.

In the study of these orbs, distances and proportions inconceivably immense present themselves. Jupiter wheels

round the sun at a distance of more than 475 millions of miles—five times and a fifth greater than the distance of the Earth. And yet, at a distance beyond Jupiter, four times greater than the Earth's distance from the sun, rolls the gorgeous Saturn in his prodigious orbit. These are measurements we cannot comprehend; and at the outset, they give a solitary grandeur to these planets. The volume of Jupiter is over 1200 times that of the Earth; but his density is nearly the same as the sun, being less than a fourth of our own planet; while gravity at his surface is such that a terrestrial ton would become two tons and a half. This gigantic globe, which exceeds the combined weight of all the other planets of the system two and a half times, rotates on its axis in rather less than ten hours; so that a particle at its equator is carried round at the rate of 467 miles per minute. Hence, by centrifugal action, the flattening at the poles is marked. His axis is nearly perpendicular to his orbit; he is therefore without seasons, having the conditions of a perpetual spring; while he only completes his orbital journey in nearly twelve years, and is accompanied in his course by four satellites.

The globe of Saturn exceeds the Earth in volume 700 times. His axial rotation is swifter than Jupiter's, occupying but nine hours and a half. His density is not much greater than half that of Jupiter—very little greater than the density of sulphuric ether. His axis is inclined  $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to the plane of his orbit, which it takes him and his eight attendant moons, nearly thirty years to travel.

It is well known that Saturn is distinguished from every known planet by the possession of a gigantic system of rings. They are flat and relatively extremely thin; the outer portion very bright with reflected sunlight; the middle more so; but the innermost is a dusky purple, and differs from the rest in being transparent. It may now be considered proved that the rings, although continuous in appearance from their enormous distance, consist of flights of minute bodies—satellites—each travelling in its own orbit round the planet, and that in the transparent part these bodies are more sparsely scattered, permitting the dark sky and the globe of the planet to be seen through the interspaces.

Both Jupiter and Saturn are alike in the possession of a series of belts or zones encircling their orbs. Their existence has long been known, but the use of large and exquisite reflectors has shown that these bands are coloured. The equatorial belt has usually a pearly whiteness; on either

side there are two broad belts of a faint ruddy tinge, sometimes merging into purple; there may follow alternate streaks of yellowish white and pale brown, or even a faint purple, and at the poles a bluish or a greenish grey.

It was common until recently to regard the equatorial zone as equivalent to the terrestrial "zone of calms," and to suppose it produced by like means. But Mr. Proctor shows clearly that the assumption of a phenomenon in these planets equivalent to terrestrial "trades" and "counter-trades," will in no sense account for the facts. The equatorial belts in Jupiter and Saturn have a fixed position, but the zone of calms on Earth has not; it fluctuates with the Earth's changing position in relation to the sun, being drawn to the tropics at mid-summer and mid-winter. Further, the whole group of bands is extremely variable in shape, extent, and colour. Sometimes they are regularly stratified, at other times they are scattered without design, as though under the influence of some enormous activity. In the course of three hours, with an 8-inch reflector, we have observed marked mutation—new masses gathering up and old masses disappearing. In the early part of 1860, across a zone of clouds a dusky streak was observed on Jupiter about 10,000 miles long and 500 miles broad. It was almost certainly a rift in the cloud-mass. It remained for 100 days—a thing inconceivable with clouds such as ours—and then increased until it stretched across the whole face of the planet; and its progression was at the rate of 151 miles an hour. Colour changes of an intensely striking nature constantly occur. Jupiter's equatorial belt, which occupies  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the whole surface of the planet, changed in less than six months from nearly white to ochreish yellow, and for the past three years has displayed remarkable mutations of tint. The same is more or less true of the entire surface of the planet.

It becomes manifest, then, that such tremendous activities cannot be due to solar influence when the vast distances of these huge orbs are considered, when we remember the stupendous masses of matter that are changed in place and molecular condition, and contemplate the astounding rapidity of their motions. No one competent to judge can question Mr. Proctor's inferences that from these data alone we must conclude that some mighty forces are at work in these planets themselves. Jupiter receives but  $\frac{1}{12}$  and Saturn but the  $\frac{1}{61}$  part of the heat and light which we receive from the sun. It is not difficult to see how this might be compensated

so as to make the planets habitable; but there could be no compensation for the loss of *working power* in the solar rays. And yet we have to account for activities on these globes as much vaster than terrestrial ones as these planets are vaster than the Earth. Clearly therefore there must be some internal source of power to which these intense activities must be attributed.

But still more striking proof presents itself. Actual changes in the *form* of these planets have been detected, suggesting powerful convulsive action. A flattening of Jupiter's outline has been more than once seen by skilled observers; but in 1828 Smyth, Pearson, and Maclear, each at different stations, saw the second satellite transit the planet; and after having been watched until it disappeared on the body of Jupiter, and some thirteen minutes had elapsed, Smyth says, "to my astonishment I perceived *the same satellite outside the disc*. It remained distinctly visible for at least four minutes, and then suddenly vanished." Hitherto this phenomenon has been simply inexplicable; but Mr. Proctor, with his accustomed penetration, sees in it an evidence of intense internal action in the planet, believing that it can be easily and readily accounted for by a sudden change in the planet's form.

But this phenomenon has been observed with still greater precision in Saturn. Sir W. Herschel saw this planet when its globe, instead of its normal oval, had taken a quadrangular shape! and this continued with every variety of telescope employed, with low powers or with high. On Aug. 5th, 1803, Schröter saw Saturn's globe distorted. Kitchener has observed the exact distortion observed by Herschel, and similar alterations of figure have been seen by Airy and by Bond. To less acute minds than Mr. Proctor's it must be manifest that this must be the result of stupendous activities on these globes themselves. What, then, are these self-possessed energies? Two facts at least appear to point with great clearness to the answer. First, both Jupiter and Saturn reflect immensely more *light* in proportion than the other planets. The Moon sends back less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the light she receives; whilst at the lowest estimate Jupiter reflects more than  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Saturn more than  $\frac{1}{3}$ . Bond estimates that Jupiter shines 14 times as brightly as the Moon; and this is confirmed by De la Rue's experiment with photography, by which it is shown that he shines 17 times as brightly as if constituted like our satellite. This incontestably points to the fact

that these two planets *shine with inherent light*; and that therefore they are still glowing masses, "fluid, probably, throughout, still bubbling and seething with the intensity of the primeval fires, sending up continually enormous masses of cloud to be gathered into bands under the influence of the swift rotation" of these great orbs.\*

Finally the singular density of these planets is a striking confirmation of the theory. The density of Jupiter is but a fourth of the Earth's; and that of Saturn is but half of this. We have no analogy to warrant us in assuming that they are composed of *different* elements from our own; but we know from a comparison of the Earth and the sun that *the same matter* may exist in *different conditions*. Iron may be solid, fluid, or gaseous. Its density is least in its gaseous form. Hence the intensely heated condition of the sun, rendering his nucleus probably densely gaseous, or at most fluid, explains his small density as compared with the cool Earth. In precisely the same way the small density of these giant planets must be explained, not simply because their density is small, but because it is one of many facts, all of which inevitably lead to it. The vast activities of their atmospheres, the tremendous power displayed in their changes of figure, their intense light-giving power, and their small densities, almost demonstrate that these two orbs are actual *suns*, pouring out light and heat, and repeating in no small degree the physical condition of our great central luminary. Thus the solar system becomes at once a multiple one. To worlds far out beyond, the sun would be a *double* or a *triple star*, just as they were able to detect the pale twinkle of one or both these huge orbs which would form "companions," having periods respectively of 12 and 30 years. Meanwhile they are sources of light and heat to twelve orbs of various sizes revolving round them. The habitability of these moons, though not inconceivable, would doubtless have required remarkable conditions at their vast distance from the sun. But as it is clear that their own primaries pour out light and heat, the probabilities are immensely in favour of the supposition that *they* are the centres of what may yet be a noble vitality. There is evidence that they rotate upon their axes independently of their times of revolution, and the heavens to their inhabitants must present an inconceivably splendid aspect. The disc of Jupiter to the

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\* *Other Worlds than Ours*, p. 142.

dwellers on his inner satellite would occupy a space more than 1400 times that covered by our moon. To the second satellite he is 600 times larger, to the third 200 times, and to the fourth 65 times as large as Luna is to us.

Saturn, with all the splendid variety he must present, is to the innermost of his eight moons 900 times as large as ours, and to his most distant he is 4 times as large. We seem here then to have minified solar systems; nor is it difficult to see that these huge sun-planets must, in the course of enormous cycles, spend their heat, become slowly cooler, contract into more habitable size, pass through the remaining geological changes that have in all probability been run through by our Earth, and, by condensing the vast masses of gas and vapour (of which aqueous vapour has been proved by the spectroscope to be a constituent), will habilitate themselves with oceans and air, and become suitable abodes for the highest intelligence. Meanwhile their moons will have cooled more and more, and, probably repeating the history of our satellite, will have fulfilled their mission and ceased to be the abodes of life. Thus the Creator's work is ever young and ever new.

Of the two outer planets—Uranus and Neptune—lying far beyond, little that can really aid us in an inquiry of this sort is known. Their distances from us are so vast that we cannot approximate to their real physical condition. Uranus has a distance from the sun of 1,752,851,000 miles, and takes 84 years in circling his orbit; while Neptune, the planet that the mathematical genius of Adams and Leverrier had discovered by the disturbances it produced on the orbit of Uranus, before a human eye had ever looked upon it as a planet, is separated from Uranus by 900 millions of miles, and takes 164 years to complete its prodigious round. There is doubt as to the actual number of moons they possess; which may be expected from their inconceivable distance. But their densities indicate an intensely heated condition, and the spectrum of Uranus shows that an immense proportion of hydrogen encircles the planet, showing that life as we know it cannot exist there. Knowing the large part which hydrogen plays in the solar envelopes, the probabilities are great that in these "arctic planets" we have dependent suns, aiding their numerous satellites, and making *them* the abodes of a busy life.

But having reached the limits of the solar system, what follows? Will analogy guide us amid the awful solitudes beyond? Can we hope to understand the nature and relations

of the outlying clusters of orbs, a conception of whose distances defies our intellect? Already we have seen how largely we are indebted to the skill of Mr. Proctor in the interpretation and philosophic grasp of facts; but it is in the stellar universe that his powers have most displayed themselves. His striking ability to picture, to analyse, and to correlate have enabled him at once to discover the fallacies of received theories, and in the light of recent facts to indicate a path which promises to lead ultimately to as correct knowledge of the architecture of the universe as we now possess of our own system. Let us (all too briefly) seek to understand his scheme, and its bearing upon the question of other worlds than ours.

The great device of Herschel for gauging the celestial abysses was founded on a guess. He assumed that all stars were suns, and that, however various in magnitude *to us*, their sizes and distribution through space were uniform. If this were so, a powerful light-collecting telescope might pierce to the outmost star in the universe, and look on blank space beyond. It follows that the more stars, otherwise invisible, there were revealed in any one direction by this means the deeper the universe would be in that direction. By this means its form, which he held to be that of a "cloven disc," could be ascertained. The visible stars were held to lie far within; beyond these, although equally large or larger, they are invisible; but, where the universe has its profoundest stretch into space, the diffused light of incalculable aggregations of suns reaches us as the "milky way."

If this be true, it follows—(1) that the stars visible to the naked eye should be distributed with some uniformity over the heavens; (2) there should be no signs of the lucid stars gathering into streams or clustering into groups; and (3) the lucid stars should not be found to follow the *figure* of the galaxy, just as the specks on a window through which an object is viewed could not be expected to coincide with the outline of that object. In each instance it is proved that these things are *not* according to sequence.

The variety and complexity of the solar system, as known to us, is immensely greater than was imagined by Sir W. Herschel; and, as the system, as he then understood it was held to be a safe analogue for the universe, equally so it may be to us in its known complexity. At the outset, therefore, we may expect boundless variety. We may look for systems as diverse as the most divergent that obey the behests of our

sun. Then what are the facts? First the scale of the universe is inconceivably immense. An illustration will suffice. If a tower at a moderate distance be looked at at the *beginning* and *end* of a walk of two miles, it will be seen in different directions; it will have suffered apparent "displacement." Now the orbit of the Earth is 180 millions of miles in diameter; and yet in all this vast distance not a star in the heavens suffers displacement. But our instruments will detect a displacement infinitely more minute than the eye. The star  $\alpha$  in the Centaur was found to have (with all stars) a "proper motion;" but it was more rapid than others, and, taking this with its great lustre, it was presumed to be comparatively near. It was found that it did suffer displacement, but it was such that the minute hand of a watch changes 400 times as much in *one second* as this star changes in position with the whole 180 millions of miles space of the Earth's orbit. It is consequently distant from us 20 millions of millions of miles. From sound reasoning it appears that it is larger than the sun as 8 to 5. Now Sirius (more than four times bright) shows an annual displacement not the fourth of  $\alpha$  Centauri; therefore he must exceed our own sun in volume 2,688 times, having a diameter of 12,000,000,000 of miles. On the other hand, the components of 61 Cygni—three times as far from us as  $\alpha$  Centauri—is less by  $\frac{1}{4}$  than that star; proving that a *wide range of magnitude* exists, and wholly failing to sustain the assumed uniformity.

The weight or mass of the stars has also been in several instances approximately ascertained. This is rendered practicable by the revolution round each other of binary and multiple stars; and, from the enormous weight of the more brilliant, their suitability to be the centre of vast systems is plain. But the greatest triumphs of knowledge of the astral universe have been won by the spectroscope. Its application by Huggins and Millar to the study of the chemical and physical constitution of the stars will make our century memorable in the history of science. Betelgeux, the brightest star in Orion, and Aldebaran, the leading star of Taurus, were specially examined. Their spectra were those of incandescent solid, liquid, or densely gaseous bodies, sending their light—like the sun—through absorbent vapours. In Betelgeux seventy dark lines had their places identified—showing striking similarity of constitution to the sun. But they group themselves into types, marked off by the width of

their dark lines, which is dependent on the absorptive power of their envelopes; but matters common to the Earth and the sun, as sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, antimony, mercury, exist in all. It follows, then, that they are veritable suns; and a general structural similarity points to a universal likeness of purpose. The "fixed stars" are constituted like our sun—are in his physical condition. He is the centre of an intense activity; worlds of intelligence circle round him. These worlds have elements—as iron—in common with himself; and we know that this is utilised by intelligent beings. Hence, all analogy suggests a similar utilisation in the vast systems that lie immeasurably beyond.

Now, Mr. Proctor proves that these suns are arranged in groups and clustering aggregations, in streams, and drift, and spirals infinitely complex, and are mingled with orbs of every variety of magnitude down to the minutest. The components of binary stars are often extremely minute. Star clusters often contain orbs of the eighth or ninth magnitude, with far smaller stars. These must either be within the sidereal system, or they must have proportions which dwindle our sun to an atom. So with the nebulae: if the stars composing them be not within the galaxy, they must possess proportions we cannot conceive.

On the other hand, an extremely close relation exists between the galaxy and the bright stars of the heavens, although no relation is supposed to exist between them; and they are pronounced to be immeasurably beyond. The milky way is "no less than nine times as richly strewn with lucid stars as its gaps and lacunæ, whereas, according to accepted views, no peculiarities are to be looked for in the distribution of the lucid stars over the galactic zone."\* By the doctrine of probabilities we are bound to conclude that this association is a real one; and that the great galaxy is formed of innumerable myriads of orbs, not smaller in aspect only, but immensely so in fact than the brilliant stars with which they are grouped. They are indeed streams of stars of varying magnitudes: so that uniformity of distribution, condition, and size is not an assumption consonant with fact; and therefore the limits of the galactic system are by no means the limits of the astral universe.

By an ingenious system of star-mapping, it has been

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\* *Other Worlds than Ours*, p. 263.

clearly shown that the distribution of the lucid stars is such as by the laws of probability would be impossible in a chance distribution. And the "proper motion" of the stars has been employed by our author to test stellar distances, side by side, with a tendency to streams, drift, and clustering. This examination, instead of showing that the smaller stars were further off than the lucid ones, gave them a mean motion equal to that of stars of the first three magnitudes; showing that they are mixed together; vast numbers of lesser ones being associated with each larger. But to make plain the actual results of stellar motion, a chart was drawn, with over 1500 stars in position, and an arrow was attached to each star, showing, to scale, the distance and direction in which it would travel in 36,000 years. The result was, evidence that the whole heaven of stars was drifting—not in any one direction, but in many; that indeed the drift of the stars in Taurus, from which Mädler inferred the centre about which the sun revolves, is but one of a vast host: such drifts, and streams, and gatherings traversing the entire universe. In Cancer and Gemini are two notable instances of this. But the one now for ever memorable in the future records of science is that of the Greater Bear. It was found that, of the seven bright stars of this constellation, five are travelling in a *common direction*, and with an uniform velocity. The other two are sweeping in another direction, also at equal rates. Mr. Proctor announced his conviction that the first five were a system of stars, speeding together through space. Meanwhile, means had arisen for crucially testing these surmises. It was discovered that the recession or approach of a luminous body from us can be demonstrated by the spectroscope, and its rate measured. The principle of this we may briefly indicate. It is well known that the pitch of a musical note depends on the number of vibrations which the ear receives in a given time. It rises in proportion as the number of vibrations reaching the ear—say in one second—increases; it falls in proportion as they are fewer. Now, the greater the area over which waves of sound proceed, the more they expand, and therefore, the fewer enter the ear. Thus the pitch of a railway whistle a mile away is comparatively low; but as it rapidly advances the pitch rises, until it reaches its maximum in *passing us*, and then falls again. The heightening of the pitch depends upon the *crowding together* of the sound waves by the *advance of the source from which the waves proceed*. It is thus with light-

waves. The violet light produces the greatest number of vibrations in a given time; the red the least. Thus sodium gives a double yellow line. It represents those vibrations out of the entire continuous spectrum which produce these lines of colour. Let the body from which such light proceeds rapidly *approach* us, and of necessity the light vibrations will be *driven together*—compressed—shortened—but the shortest and most rapid vibrations belong to the violet end; and therefore, if a body with burning sodium in it be approaching us, *its lines will be bent towards the violet end* of the spectrum. If it be *receding* from us, the vibrations will widen out, be fewer, less rapid, and thus be bent towards the red. Now if this shortening or lengthening of a wave-length be only the one ten-millionth of a millimètre, it can be detected. Huggins applied this principle first to Sirius. He made the hydrogen line of its spectrum the test, and found that it *suffered displacement towards the red end of the spectrum*; therefore it is *receding* from us; and its rate of recession is twenty-six miles per second!

It was by this means that the same great physicist tested the reputed drift of the five stars in the Great Bear: in the minutest particulars Mr. Proctor's announcement was confirmed, and the true structure of the universe pointed out.

The same observer has shown us that a vast proportion of nebulae are gaseous. Star groups, clusters, and nebulae easily resolvable yield a continuous spectrum, the remainder are gaseous. Indeed they merge into each other, they are in progressive conditions; and their arrangement among the stars shows that the nebulae and sidereal systems are parts of each other: the resolvable nebulae—star clusters—stream to the galaxy; from which the gaseous nebulae withdraw themselves. This cannot be an accident; but shows that it is one vast system interlocked: while between the gaseous nebulae and the lucid stars most intimate relations are visible. Their gaseous convolutions are literally intertwined with the star groups. Thus the giant cloud in Orion rolls down to the star in the sword, and actually envelopes it in its nimbus. The nebula in  $\eta$  Argus is variable in form, and its changes are now known to be associated with changes in the star. The meaning of all this seems to be indicated by the Magellanic clouds of the southern hemisphere—consisting of stars, clusters, and resolvable and irresolvable nebulae, all grouped together. But the region in which they lie is a *stellar desert*—they seem to have gathered all their components

out of vast regions of space, and have segregated into nebulae and stars. Thus our astral universe is but a system, of infinite variety, containing within itself the elements of incessant renewal, and revealing one continuous and sublime activity—creation.

“Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms  
Of suns, and starry streams.”

And this is but a system. At distances which defy our telescopes others illumine trackless space. We cannot reach to them. But the vastness of our own is inconceivable. Only the vaster that the nebulae are found to be *within* its sphere. And throughout, analogy insists that it teems with unnumbered worlds, quick with soaring and inquiring intelligences, dwelling in conditions of which our own may be a type.

But is not the mind lost amidst these trackless abysses? When we think of these sublime activities animating the limitless ocean of space, “what is man?” David’s question, comes with infinite momentum. Is it probable that the unbounded Being that produced and sustains it all would single out this Earth for incarnation and sacrifice merely to redeem man? This is, however, emphatically the question of a finite mind. A negative reply would be intellectual arrogance. We cannot understand infinity, much less an Infinite Intelligence. We cannot grasp the motions of the Divine mind. His view of things is not as ours. He looks upon them *as they are*, not upon our conceptions of them. There is no distance to the Infinite; distance is a finite idea. There is no greater or lesser to God, all things are viewed in their ultimates. There is no *time* to Him, time is a finite concept:

“For was, and is, and will be, are but is;  
And all creation is one act at once,  
The birth of light: but we that are not all,  
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,  
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make  
One act a phantom of succession: thus  
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time.”

And, therefore, action on earth and in time is in no sense incongruous with our concept of the Infinite. But it must be remembered that we can only think of the Creator as infinitely perfect. Therefore He could neither conceive nor

purpose anything in creation but a *perfect universe*. The moral and the mental transcend the physical to infinity; hence a flaw, a blot upon the moral universe, such as this Earth presents in man, must mean either that God *could not accomplish* His projected purpose, or that, the flaw existing, He will employ competent means for its erasure. To argue that any restorative means would be beneath the "dignity" of the Creator is in fact to argue that God is finite. What mattered it that all the universe beside was pure, there was one orb on which a moral blight had settled, and, apart from the love of the Infinite Heart for finite but kindred intelligences, the very foundation of His being necessitates that He should restore the ruin. It is the enunciation of no *new* truth to declare that what is unnoticed in rectitude, in the preservation of its own orbit, may become intensely prominent by going wrong. The hundredth sheep was unnoticed in the flock, but the ninety and nine were left to seek it when it strayed. A nerve, an artery, a gland of whose very existence we were ignorant, may become the centres of profoundest interest in abnormal states. Many a name now cut indelibly into the tablets of history, would have passed silently into oblivion, but for crime and infamy. A name hitherto unknown to the world, may, by the atrocities of a few moments, arouse the interest of a nation, awake a continent into action, and cause the civilised world to seethe with indignation. And this Earth has thrust itself upon the notice of God and angels, not because of its amplitude in the scale of being, not because it was an enormous portion of the whole, but because of its *SIN*—because of its infraction of the moral glory of the universe. And whilst in truth and purity it might have spent out its planet life unnoticed more than others, yet by its moral defalcation it has violated the purpose of the Infinite Mind in creation; and for His own glory—for the glory of the measureless cosmos in its relations alike to mind and matter—and for our salvation, He has used the means for securing His original purpose, and displaying in a restored universe His own unclouded perfections.

Hence it was not physical but moral means that were employed. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory." And in what did that glory consist? Not in pomp and pageant, and portent and power. Christ might have wrought miracles a thousandfold more stupendous than His mightiest, and yet have left no deeper trace than the Delphian Oracle. This was not the glory we

beheld, it was *moral glory*—"the glory as of the only begotten of the Father"—a glory that showed to us that there was nothing so glorious as purity—so vast as thought—so priceless as the soul—so heroic as an unconquerable purpose to love the truth and obey God.

He was God: for none but the Infinite can disclose the Infinite. He was Man, for only through the medium of his own nature could man receive the revelation. Hence He was "The fulness of the Godhead bodily." And when He had revealed the perfect beauty of a moral life He made its attainment practically possible for every one of us by His sacrifice and resurrection. Thus He has potentially "swallowed up death in victory."

ART. II.—*Recollections of My Own Life and Times.* By THOMAS JACKSON. Edited by the Rev. B. FRANKLAND, B.A. With an Introduction and a Postscript by G. OSBORN, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 1873.

IN our judgment Mr. Frankland's "Advertisement," prefixed to this volume, will not disarm the criticism he seems to deprecate. Repetition is not the only fault, if fault it may be called, which needs apology. It is evident that both he and Dr. Osborn have read the venerable author's manuscript by the light of their own intimate acquaintance with him, and have taken it for granted that the world in general, or, at least, the Methodists of this age, are equally well-informed. But this is an obvious mistake; and the result is somewhat unfortunate. For ourselves, we could have listened far longer than it has taken us to read this book to the old man recounting, after his work was nearly done, the events of a long and diligent life, and stating with point and energy his opinions of the men and things which had most interested him. But this autobiography, we fear, will hermetically seal its subject from the cognisance and sympathy of readers not belonging to the Church of which he was so long the pride and pattern; and, for the benefit of even the members of that Church, is much more, and something less, than is wanted. Mr. Jackson himself could no more perpetuate a likeness of his real and entire inner man than he could have painted a picture of his outer frame; hence this portrait is by no means flattering; and this, not because of any affectation of modesty or concealment of fact or sentiment. On the contrary, the book, like as was the man, is honest, thorough, and simple. But, like the man, it wants genius; the genius which illustrates, colours, always after nature, warms, and generally idealises, without sacrificing, the truth. Our idea of a fitting memorial of Mr. Jackson is very different from his own. And we much wish our idea had been suitably embodied. With the aid of the copious chronicles furnished by the voluminous manuscript now published *in extenso*, and of other materials at easy command, such writers as Dr. Osborn and

Mr. Frankland, one or both of them, would have done Mr. Jackson the justice which he has not done to himself. No superstitious reverence for every word he writes, just like that he himself felt for every jot and tittle ever published by Wesley, demands or justifies the publication of some of the matter contained in this book. And certain omissions would have been well supplied by a wider and truer view of the character and labours of a man so eminent and so revered than, as we have said, Mr. Jackson could possibly take of himself.

We will not particularise the omissions to which we refer. It is enough to say that we do not read with any feeling of pleasure the mass of those passages which are of a controversial character. Mr. Jackson was, of frequent necessity, if not by very nature, a polemic; a doughty, if not always, as, with beautiful humility, he himself admits, a very considerate, champion of what he thought to be truth and righteousness. When, at an advanced age, he set himself to write this story, the old disputes seem to have been vividly remembered, and the spirit of them revived also. The result is that this loving saint portrays himself to us who knew him better, but to others also who knew him not at all, as a somewhat impatient rebuker of evil, a censor of the age in which he lived; occasionally a not very fair critic of his contemporaries; dogmatic, narrow, and spinacular. It is amusing rather than profitable, to mark how, in every case where he had differed from even eminent men, he narrates the history of the difference, and declares rather than demonstrates that he was always and perfectly in the right. Yet we all know that his judgment, generally clear and sound, sometimes, if very seldom, misled him.

We do not hesitate to make these preliminary observations. This book is a book of chronicles, and will be long and largely consulted by future historians of Methodism; and some hints such as we have ventured to give may be of lasting service. We feel it a plain duty to repeat that the general impression given by some portions of the book is so different from that justly and universally created by the man himself, during a protracted life of hard service and of loving intercourse with his fellows, that this is no fair picture of him, except to those who were blessed and honoured by sharing that intercourse. Another caution this against the publication of copious and unrevised autobiographies! But a rare instance this of an autobiographer failing to do himself justice!

But now to a pleasanter task ; and there is a fund of suggestive fact in this vigorous and beautiful book, notwithstanding all we have said apparently to the contrary. A finer study of a self-made man is scarcely to be found in the language. That the source of all the energy here depicted, and that its unfaltering and life-long aim, was true godliness—the religion of Christ Himself—ought not to diminish the interest of those who do not understand the case. To those who do, the interest is heightened to intensity. To readers concerned to examine and ascertain the true philosophy of what has come to be called Methodism, here it is all explained and demonstrated.

The opening chapter, pleasantly garrulous to those who love to hear an old man talk, contains the story of Thomas Jackson's parentage and boyhood ; topics repeatedly referred to, in a spirit of honourable pride, throughout the volume. The author's passion for beginning at the beginning—a marked characteristic of his public deliveries—at once betrays itself. He cannot remember his native village in the East Riding without referring to the Druids and St. Augustine. His father, first a farmer's labourer and then a mole-catcher—an expert, it would seem, in this latter avocation—seems to have been the type of the English peasant of his time ; “ of robust health and great muscular power,” and who, before he was better taught, “ would not for the world steal anything,” because, if he did, he could not fall out with his neighbours ! He never had the sum of five pounds beforehand, but he never was in debt. Mr. Jackson quotes Burke :—“ I do not call a healthy young man, cheerful in his mind, and vigorous in his arms—I cannot call such a man *poor*.” He “ rather affected a roughness of speech and demeanour,” such, we fancy, as some will recollect as noticeable in another remarkable son, the late Samuel Jackson. The mother, “ a little woman of light hair and fair complexion, of a fine open countenance, rather sharp features, her nose slightly aquiline,” was good-natured, and, if of excitable temperament, yet of gentle manners, and, “ without intending it, a lady.” To this good couple were born ten children. These were very plainly nurtured. “ The clear water of the village spring was our daily beverage, bread and milk, with potatoes and bacon,”—the mother's patrimony of half an acre of land produced potatoes for both children and pig,—“ our constant diet.” As for clothing, the stockings were knitted, and the linen spun and bleached at home. The whole tribe, as they turned out on

Sundays, "was regarded as 'menseful,' " that is, clean and neat. The father in the winter evenings would tell ghost stories, and laugh when the children refused his offer to fetch apples in the dark. As to other relatives, the notices are somewhat more copious than interesting, except the record that he had an uncle, Thomas Vanse, the village schoolmaster, whose powerful arm "in the infliction of punishment" was a very lively memory with his nephew.

The family, even in its normal state, seems to have been far more respectable than its neighbours. "The labouring people in Sancton were generally rude, ill-informed, profane, and superstitious," and, after their fashion, but unsuccessfully, practised witchcraft. Sabbath-breaking, profane swearing, drunkenness, when poverty could indulge in it, thefts, and highway robberies abounded. There was a tradition among them "that the ash trees of England produced no seed during the year in which Charles the First was beheaded," and that like barrenness during any subsequent year was a sure presage of public calamity. So the trees were examined every summer to see whether any general mischief was brewing. We incline to think that Mr. Jackson himself believed the legend, though he reprobated the custom, for the "royal martyr" was a favourite to the last. The special compliment of blighting the ash trees, paid once for all, would please him better than its disputable repetition through all time. Of the doctors of the neighbourhood, even of the best of them, little good can be said, and of the clergyman less. He did not reside; the incumbent of two parishes, and too poor to keep a curate, he did not officiate at Sancton more than once a fortnight; he kept a corn-mill and a shop; and he was at last imprisoned for debt. "His manner in the pulpit was pompous and oratorical," and, as is usual in such cases, his matter did not "instruct or impress,"—pregnant words which embody Mr. Jackson's idea of just the two things, the only two things, which make preaching worth listening to. When a Government brief came to the parish, the parson hurriedly read it, and the churchwardens walked down the middle aisle, carrying a collecting box, which was not presented to any one member of the scanty congregation, and so all consciences and interests were respected. This miserable spiritual provision—and Bishop Wordsworth should bear in mind that there are still parishes in England where, substantially, things are little better, and some where, the food being poisoned, they are even worse—was all that the people of Sancton could at

that time get from the Established Church. Popery offered the only substitute. The ancient Roman Catholic family of Langdale resided in the neighbourhood, employed the people, and kept a priest, who also practised medicine. The inducements of work during life, of physic to ward off death, and of masses to make death safe and comfortable, were more than could be resisted; Protestant after Protestant changed his religion, and was called a "bread-and-cheese Papist."

It might be a question whether the practical heathenism, or the Popery, of the place did it the more harm; as always, and everywhere, each helped the other. But the description would not, as from Mr. Jackson's pen, be complete, if he did not record another prevailing evil. "The writings of Hobbes and of Spinoza," he remarks, "were not read in the village, nor even those of Leibnitz, or of Edwards, yet some of the people were staunch believers in the doctrine of necessity, and pleaded it as an excuse for crime;" and accordingly, when a young man was hung for stealing a cow, and his body given up to his mother, and she showed it to her neighbours, her observation was that he could not help it; he was born to it. What a grouping of names! What a horror of even President Edwards! And Mr. Jackson gravely stops his narrative that, in a sentence, he may once more refute Calvinism. We read nothing in the volume more characteristic. It is curious to notice that, "amidst all this ignorance and irreligion, some vestiges of ecclesiastical discipline still lingered in the village." A farmer's son, in one case, and, in another, a girl whose "long hair so completely covered her face that not a feature could be seen,"—it was a *casus omissus* in ecclesiastic law that the penalty did not include the shaving of her head,—came into the church, during Divine service, walked barefooted up the aisle, covered with sheets, and having white wands in their hands, stood over against the desk when the prayers were said, and there repeated a confession dictated by the clergyman. These penances became obsolete. "My father," says Mr. Jackson, "observed that rich offenders evaded the law, and that the authorities could not for shame continue to inflict its penalty upon the labouring classes." The truth is that, whether in the case of rich or poor, the process which resulted in these public humiliations was dilatory and expensive, and prosecutors could not afford the luxury.

Poor as was the provision for education, it was better than that furnished in that age in most country parishes. There was an endowed school, the master of which eked out his

scanty salary as best he could, and taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Church Catechism. Grammar, geography, and history were ignored. The course of teaching was often interrupted by the employment of the scholars in farming. Mr. Jackson, after he had begun his education, such as it was, passed much of his time in tending cattle in the fields. The clergyman was never seen in the school, nor praise nor prayer heard in it, though the master was a Methodist and a class-leader. The Bible was read as a lesson-book, but no explanations were given. On each 5th of November the church was opened for general "racket and diversion," and there was, of course, a bonfire at night. The Roman Catholic squire, so far from resenting all this "No Popery," distributed unlimited quantities of pancakes, on Shrove Tuesdays, to applicants of both the rival Churches.

Under these influences, corrected and improved as we shall see, was Thomas Jackson trained; and we take pleasure in dwelling on them, not only as proving the vigour which surmounted so much that was evil and depressing, but as illustrating the state of rural populations at the time. Events now crowd so thickly after each other that we forget, far more quickly than did our forefathers, even comparatively recent occurrences and their surroundings.

What was to rouse all this ignorance and stupidity? Not, surely, mere comprehensive and systematic training, not penny newspapers, not railroads nor telegraphs, not any or all of these together, or by themselves, and in the absence of some new, strange, and hitherto almost exceptional power, using to the best advantage all the newer appliances of civilisation. Even the Methodist class-leader at Sancton did little service so long as he neglected these; but those who avail themselves most largely of them will as assuredly fail, if they do not supply the Methodism or its equivalent. That is one lesson, never to be taught too often, which we learn from this book.

The whole story of the introduction of Methodism into Thomas Jackson's native village is, like so many narratives of the same kind, singularly interesting. "Two aged men" "began seriously to think of their latter end;"—old men often and everywhere have such thoughts, and we imagine that they were stimulated in the present instance by the knowledge that truth and light could be found more easily than had been wont. Two notable clergymen, Stillingfleet, of Hotham, and Michison, of Everingham, lived and laboured in the neigh-

bourhood. Both belonged to the Evangelical party, at a time when its members were few and its general influence feeble; but they, and men like them,—a class too often forgotten, and their influence unobserved, by modern writers on the great religious movement of the last century,—rendered, in their several localities, the utmost possible service to the great revival. They served Christ diligently, though, for the most part, they dreaded Wesley's Arminianism of doctrine and independent audacity of action. Mr. Jackson, who gives every one whom he encounters in his narrative, and of whose conduct or opinions he disapproves, a knock with his crutch, does not spare these cautious but eminently good men. It is very probable that the teachings of Stillingfleet and Michison—the latter, like Berridge, of Everton, and others, an itinerant through parishes not his own—were of double use. They taught the people the nature and necessity of spiritual religion, thus driving many to find it in Methodism, then scarcely existing in its sectarian form; and they helped to nurture the new Methodists, who pretty generally resorted to their churches. What if these mutually co-operating influences had moulded the religion of the country during the last hundred years? But it was not to be. Soon it became impossible, and regret, however deep, is vain.

But it is not for us to imitate the venerable author before us, and to moralise as we proceed. The two old men sought out George Holder, the then "assistant" or superintendent of the adjoining circuit. There was a difficulty in the way. The itinerant must have food and shelter, and neither of the applicants could afford him a dinner. But Holder always fasted on a Friday. So he fixed the evening of that day for a periodical visit to Sancton, took his evening meal, preached in a cottage, slept with Thomas Wallis in his own bed, on a mud floor, and left his "blessing behind" him, after breakfast the next morning. Whatever they think about fasting, all must feel the charm of this simple story, and even long for the day when, in large districts of Christian England, where the harvest waits the gathering, its spirit, if not its letter, may make itself felt. George Holder, when occasion served, appeared "unto men to fast." Thomas Taylor, a kindred worthy, compelled by poverty to deprive himself of an Englishman's principal meal, and doomed to ministerial respectability at Glasgow, daily dressed himself in his best, at the genteel hour, and left on his landlady's mind the full conviction that he was sharing the hospitalities of his people.

So distinctive Methodism was established in Sancton, when Thomas Jackson was from two to three years old. His mother was the first convert of the family. The father held somewhat aloof; he had a taste for reading, and though, as we have seen, the villagers generally knew nothing of formal Calvinism, he admired the preaching of Stillingfleet, and occasionally heard Joseph Milner, at Hotham Church. Stillingfleet circulated books saturated with the dogmas of Geneva, and by this and other means this shrewd farmer's labourer had been infected. Mr. Jackson unwillingly admits the fact, in terms in which filial reverence, lamentation, and apology are most picturesquely blended. "Meeting with some books of Calvinistic Divinity, he *yielded a sort of unconscious assent*"—(the italics are ours)—"to their tenets, and, *perhaps without intending it*, was rather a disciple of Calvin than of Arminius and Mr. Wesley." The disease was of the mildest type. Bunyan, Romaine, and Boston were his chief studies, and perhaps this one malady warded off many worse. At all events, he seems to have been cured by repeated doses of the *Arminian Magazine*, a powerful remedy in even the worst cases; for it is recorded that he "resolved that each of his children should have a volume of this periodical bound in calf;" and Mr. Jackson retained to the last the volume that fell to his share. It seems necessary to add that, when the father's disorder was at its worst stage, he kept his hands off his neighbour's cows.

The mother's influence soon began to tell upon the religion of her household. How it operated is charmingly told. Thomas Jackson felt it when but a child, but with no permanent benefit. He took well, however, to his work at school, making rapid progress in arithmetic. This was frequently interrupted by his being sent to tend his uncle's cattle on the Wold Hills, and he forgot much of what he had learned. On these hills, during "many a dreary day," he led a lonely life, unmoved by the broad landscape before him, and sheltering himself from unkindly weather in a hut made by himself. One of his earliest griefs was when his father was balloted for the militia; but the threatened calamity was averted, partly by the aid of the Roman Catholic Squire. Afterwards, he left his father's house, to become a farmer's servant, hired by the year. "Sometimes," he writes, "my strength was severely taxed, especially when I was employed in threshing corn, and was required to give stroke for stroke with the flail, in common with a full-grown man. I have

panted for breath ; my arms have ached beyond endurance." " Words cannot express the satisfaction and joy with which I retired to rest in the evening, after the hard toil of the day, or the feeling with which I welcomed the return of the Sabbath." Three years were spent in this servitude : two of them at solitary farm-houses, where even the longed-for Sunday was at least so much employed as to give few opportunities for sufficient rest or for Divine worship. So he practically forgot all about God, except that he never swore a profane oath. At last deliverance came, and, when about fifteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a carpenter. Now, the Sabbath was all his own, and he bought a hymn-book, and habitually frequented Methodist services. Richard Burdsall's preaching used to make him weep and pray, though the preacher had an odd way, so soon as he had given out his text, of closing the Bible, and placing it behind him. Mr. Jackson demonstrates that this was an unseemly custom, but is of opinion, that " clergymen who take with them into the pulpit nothing but a manuscript are not entitled to censure it." Then came the dread of a French invasion, and he walked to Market Weighton to offer his services as a volunteer ; but, on hearing that a soldier had, on that day, received some hundreds of lashes upon his naked back, he was disgusted, as well he might be. " If it were necessary, I felt that I could stand before the fire of the enemy in the field of battle ; but the thought of being whipped like a dog my spirit could not brook." This is not the first time we have been reminded by this racy book of William Cobbett.

The Archbishop of York was to hold a confirmation in Beverley, and the candidates were duly prepared for it. Thomas Jackson, who attended the Methodist preaching in Betty Ashton's cottage, and rarely went to the parish church, was the only youth among the Shipton catechumens who could give the name of his "ghostly enemy." "Of the imposition of the hands of the Archbishop, I confess, like many others, I thought but little ; my attention was mainly directed to the holiday connected with it."

In the year 1801, Mary Barritt, a well-known female preacher of the time (the same whose out-door sermon, somewhere in Cumberland, was, about the same time, the means of the conversion of another remarkable man, Joseph Taylor, the second President of that name), came to preach in Thomas Jackson's neighbourhood. She was young and

lively, and all the world went to hear her. Mr. Jackson discourses at length on the legitimacy and propriety of her modes of action, quoting Wesley, both for and against them. On the whole, he himself pronounces against the assertion of this class of woman's rights. "For an unmarried woman, comparatively young in years, boldly to stand up before large and mixed congregations, as a preacher, proclaiming the warnings and invitations of the Gospel, in the presence of accredited ministers of the other sex—so that there is no lack of evangelical instruction—seems neither to accord with the delicacy of the female character, nor with the New Testament preaching and practice." Not immediately under a sermon preached by this person, but at the close of a service held by her, and during a prayer-meeting, Thomas Jackson became "deeply affected," and his speedy conversion followed. His story of it—exact, clear, and profoundly Scriptural—will hereafter be quoted as one of the most remarkable passages in Methodist classics; to be studied, it is to be hoped, by mistaken manipulators of the mechanical revivalism, too popular in these days, in too many Churches, —to their reproof, warning, instruction, and profit.

This Methodism soon spread through the family, and we have a fine picture of its influence on it. Three of the sons became Wesleyan ministers, two of them attaining the honours of the Presidency.

As for the son Thomas, on whose earlier years, prior to the turning point of his life, we have hitherto, perhaps too minutely, dwelt, the first impulse of his regenerated nature was to impart the blessing he had received. The habitual reproof of sin wherever noticed, and the engagement of those with whom he came in contact in conversation on religious things, were coeval with "a persuasion that" he "should at some time be called to preach;" and as time advanced the subject of preaching was mentioned to him by some Christian friends. Then came an appetite, an avidity, for reading. The Bible was first in order, and then the Methodist books he could procure. Lindley Murray's grammar was a later acquisition. "To obtain books, however, was a matter of great difficulty, for the allowance I received in the form of wages was not sufficient to supply me with clothing of even the cheapest kind." Under all these disadvantages, "secretly drawn by a power which I was scarcely able to resist,"—(there seem in Thomas Jackson's case to have been none of those inner throes and contests, which in the case of

many eminent ministers of Christ, are wont to mark and ascertain the Divine call),—he began to deliver brief exhortations in public, and then, more formally, to preach. Warned by the ignorance of one of his pastors, whose subsequent “fall and ruin” are attributed “to the neglect of habitual, close, and prayerful study,” he worked all the harder at intellectual improvement, with literally no human aid except that derived from his few books. It was altogether a case of “self-help.” He at once became at least an acceptable preacher. Friends who “had seen and heard me in their love feasts,”—we stop to note what secured acceptance in those days—pressed him to occupy the village pulpits all around. Sometimes he might be seen on this service, “a slender youth, of light complexion, riding a jet-black horse of the Flemish breed,” lent him by a favouring uncle. From local preachers like himself, but older, he received great kindness. Those were times of simplicity, and so of power. Then “the Preachers” (itinerant), in their regular visits to the villages, usually remained all night,—we have seen under what privations of comfort,—“so that they met the societies after the evening service; and the next morning before their departure visited the people at their own houses, especially the sick and the wavering,” (again the italics are our own), “prayed with the families, addressed a few kind words to the children, thus giving proof that they cared for all.” We hope the opinion is spreading that this system must be revived as much as possible, at whatever loss to the ministers in country circuits, if rural Methodism is to be maintained. The precious little Churches must be continually nurtured, or they will die. And then what an incumbering accumulation of dead and rotting matter; enough to infect, corrupt, and stifle the strongest and best of all possible systems! And how else, if even thus, can it be hoped that the old and perfect plan of parochial organisation will be imitated to advantage?

At the Conference of 1804, there was a great deficiency in the number of itinerant preachers; and the late venerable Joseph Sutcliffe, who had heard young Thomas Jackson speak at some of the love feasts we have mentioned, named him as a probable candidate. A letter was sent to his superintendent, and, as in a moment, this comparatively unqualified neophyte was put to his choice or rejection of the awful functions of the ministry. His only difficulty in accepting the offer seems to have been that he had not money enough

to compensate his master, the carpenter, for parting with so good an apprentice. An elder brother removed this hindrance by a loan; "and on the 22nd of September, 1804," Mr. Jackson writes, "with many prayers and tears I parted from my father and mother, my other relations and friends, and went forth in the name of the Lord, *not to instruct intelligent Christians*,"—and this we take it is the one, but ample, justification of the entire proceeding, and that only as occurring at a time of spiritual need,—“for of such service I was not capable, but to call sinners to repentance, having for three years known the Lord as the God of my salvation, but not having yet attained my majority by some two or three months.” His scanty outfit was provided by the generosity of friends and neighbours. His destination was Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, and he had to cross the Humber. A strong wind blew, an alarming circumstance to the peasant lad who then made his first voyage. His uncle, who accompanied him as far as Grimsby, “screamed aloud at every gust;” but he so far recovered his self-possession as to give his nephew as much money as would buy him a horse at the end of his journey.

Now we must rapidly epitomise. His subsequent history may be divided into four portions. He laboured for twenty years in the ordinary course of a Methodist minister, rising gradually from such circuits as Spilsby and Horncastle then were, to occupy positions in Leeds, Sheffield, and Manchester, and was ultimately honoured, with what responsibilities it is hard to estimate, with an appointment to the pulpit of the Wesleys, in the cathedral chapel in City-road, London. Then came, in and after 1824, his service, for eighteen years, as the Connexional editor; in 1842 he became theological tutor at Richmond; in 1861 he became a supernumerary.

The story of the first of these periods is, as might be expected, one of continuous and diligent self-improvement, intellectual and religious, of admirable good sense in his choice of such mental pursuits as both lay within his reach and best subserved the purposes of his vocation, and of signal success in the studies selected. He does not seem to have aimed at distinguished scholarship. Had he done so he would have attained it, and it would have been of the prime importance to him in the pulpit—a point to be again and again enforced—and in the editorial and theological chairs. But probably he would have acquired an accurate rather than an elegant knowledge of the ancient languages. There is no trace of any

aptitude or desire for natural science, though here undoubtedly he would have made good progress. As it was, he became a sound expositor of Scripture, always reverent in tone, and as honest to the Bible as a theologian so resolutely rigorous and systematic could be. In theology he became a master of John Wesley's teachings, and of those of Fletcher. In the border-land which lies between the modes of thought and diction natural to John Wesley and those more peculiar to his brother Charles,—and there is one,—he favoured the latter rather than the former; for he found that theology is best understood when it is assimilated by the conscience and heart. He read English literature copiously, but little poetry which did not directly address itself to the understanding. When on his first circuit, he was a frequent visitor of Robert Carr Brackenbury, a Lincolnshire squire and a Methodist preacher, the only one ever furnished from the ranks of the "good old Englishman;" and "the sight of the library at Raithby Hall" "set" his "soul on fire;" not, however, that he was pleased, on his first handling of Cowper's poems, to find that "the diverting story of John Gilpin" had been "cut out, as not tending to edification." This passion for books, collected that they might be read, consumed him through life; and, notwithstanding the constant scantiness of his income, and the appearance, always becoming, which the respectability of his position compelled him to maintain, and the expense of educating his only son at Oxford, he in time acquired a library, which on his retirement was valued at nearly a thousand pounds, and, purchased by James Heald, whose irreparable loss, while we write, makes the record all the more fitting and pleasant, was by him presented to the Theological Institution at Richmond. All this studiousness ultimately told with marvellous effect on his preaching. He chose good texts, full of large, wide, plain truths. He handled them with great judgment. He was not eloquent, but he was never fligid; and the glow and fervour of his soul, especially in his maturer years, gave freshness and force to his sermons. It cannot be said that he was in any sense a popular preacher until the period of his first Presidency. Very early in his course, he was impassioned and vehement; but knowledge gave him caution, and he became more slow and steady. Until, in 1812, Dr. Bunting became acquainted with him, and learned to estimate his great and modest merit, he never reached a higher post than that of Preston; but the influence of the then rising leader of Methodism resolutely pushed his friend

into prominence, and placed him in the higher class of circuits, and into the highest honours and trusts of the Connexion, until universal consent and confidence justified the position. As he grew old, he occupied the pulpit with a calm, royal, and assured air, yet with the utmost simplicity, and with an ever-increasing power and unction. His discourses at the great centenary celebration and at the Missionary Jubilee were eminently judicious and effective. No Methodist minister ever encountered such formidable services, and very few could have so well performed the duties of them. He has not told us—how could such an autobiographer tell?—of his assiduity and zeal in the discharge of his pastoral duties amongst his people; yet these alone would have long preserved his memory. He courted and then swayed the counsels of the older and wiser of them. The younger he attracted by his consistency and tenderness. A brighter and more constant course of general fidelity to all ministerial responsibilities Methodism will never see.

The influence to which we have just alluded placed him in 1824 in the editorial chair. He was the best man for the place. Mr. Bunting had just filled it for three years, and had insisted on returning into what was then "the regular" (though now bidding fair to become the irregular) "work." Watson was too great a man to be confined to any one department of service. The life of an editor cannot be made to read like a romance; assuredly not by Mr. Jackson. Here, as elsewhere, he did his work thoroughly. Diligent and painstaking, he succeeded. At his first start, Watson, who had been accustomed to periodical literature, was an efficient help, and did much to maintain the character of the Magazine. There are complaints in the volume, and it is better to smile at than to answer them, of Mr. Bunting's neglect of what the new editor understood to be an engagement to render like assistance. Mr. Bunting never made a pledge he did not mean to keep: he knew that Mr. Jackson, taking hold of Watson's right hand, would do the work well, and experience proved it; and, as for himself, he was at the very zenith of his pulpit and general power, exercising a ministry which, in three years, doubled the number both of his hearers and of the members in the societies committed to his charge. This is not the only grumble, not always very gentle, in which the venerable autobiographer indulges against his early and faithful friend. There is a story on page 108 which had

better be left out. A journey to Bath might well stand in the way of preparation for the pulpit, even if it did not hinder its occupation unprepared. The long disquisition on pages 247—254 presents another instance. In 1832, Jackson and Watson held certain opinions on the subject of the then new scheme of national education in Ireland. Mr. Bunting differed from them, and said so in his place in Conference. He had a right to do so, though Mr. Jackson makes a grievance of it; and Mr. Bunting's judgment was justified by events. That well-intended measure has so utterly broken down in all those features of it which Mr. Jackson so resolutely defends, that, as altered, it has become intensely denominational; and the Irish Conference is easily acquitted of the charge of inconsistency which Mr. Jackson, to be himself consistent, ought to have preferred against it. And, once more, there is an imputation, somewhere in the volume, of Mr. Bunting's having improperly exercised his presidential authority, in preventing a discussion of the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation, in the committee "appointed to guard our"—the distinctively Connexional—"rights and privileges." No instance can be adduced in which any President has allowed such a discussion, except in two cases—that of the Maynooth Bill, and that of proposed amendments to the Irish Church Bill, involving concurrent endowments; and in both those cases the Connexion was not only unanimous but enthusiastic. As to Emancipation, it is enough to say that, whilst a majority, probably, was enthusiastic enough, it would be vain to deny that an intelligent and influential minority existed, and did well to resist any Connexional action. And, lastly on this topic, Mr. Jackson thinks it "a crime" that Mr. Bunting, in editing an edition of Wesley's *Sermons*, occasionally corrected slight slips in grammatical propriety. We should rather wish that Mr. Jackson himself, in editing Wesley's entire works, had, acting under proper Connexional authority, annotated, and even omitted, some parts of the earlier writings. We are tired of hearing the opinions of the young zealot from Oxford quoted, and with literary fairness too, against those of the better-taught and wonderfully wise exponent of a rational theology. And we dislike, even in the case of Mr. Jackson, the worship of the two Wesleys' wigs and shoe-buckles, and even of their petty mistakes, weaknesses, and inconsistencies. "See thou do it not," is still an appropriate and a needed counsel. We are compelled to add that Mr. Jackson himself omitted from his carefully completed edition of John Wesley's

writings, his well-known dissertation on "Primitive Physic." Fortunately for those who still wish to consult it,—and it contains some very original prescriptions,—it has been frequently republished by others. And we are not sure that there is not another very justifiable suppression.

This period has its special interest, extending, as it does, during that portion of the life of a strong man in which the machinery of his intellect is in its fullest play,—capable, "by reason of use," of at once acquiring and dispensing knowledge. Now he was put to the almost impossible task of editing periodicals which ought to be of general interest to every grade and age of Methodists,—and that at a time when the modern competition to supply cheap and taking literature to all classes of the people was just at its start,—and ought also to preserve and intensify that grave and sober godliness which was the only treasure and joy of the older and best of those for whom he provided. But that was not all. Though naturally most genial in temper, and as catholic in spirit as his then limited experience of Christian men and things, and certain ineradicable prejudices, permitted, he must have felt it hard to copy the example of his immediate predecessor. An unbounded sympathy with good people and good projects had now been made to tincture and savour the pages of what had once been the *Arminian Magazine*,—that dear old repository of merciless logic about "points,"—five, if our memory serves us,—of murders, ghosts, and shipwrecks, of quaint and tender biographies, of "poetry" not always poetical, and, taken as a whole, of matter of enduring charm and value. Only the reader of the Connexional periodicals before and at that time can duly estimate how successfully Thomas Jackson encountered his difficulties. And it was while doing his best to meet them that he contracted that acquaintance with a wider range of general English literature of which we have already spoken.

It was during the same period of his life that he first occupied the Presidential Chair, and his two Presidencies may be best viewed together. The office has become one of such importance,—whether of set and wise purpose, or by the drifting of opinions and events, this is not the place to inquire,—that, whenever a volume on the ethics of Methodism shall come to be written, its first and most difficult chapter must treat of the duties of—not the "head of the Connexion," for he is not always chosen simply because of his breadth of brain,—character and service always present paramount claims,—but of its standard

chairman, and, in a certain limited sense, the representative of its Conference. Thomas Jackson discharged these duties at two very different epochs: one, the jubilant celebration of the Centenary; the other, that of the severest expurgation the Methodist body has ever known. He was equal to both occasions. Dignified, calm, firm, impartial, taciturn whilst the moderator of the discussions of others,—not the virtue of most or even frequent exercise, for it is very hard to sit in silence when you know, or think you know, you could settle matters by uttering one sentence,—above all, sustaining by his aspect, manner, and self-betraying spirituality of soul, that high, religious tone, the absence of which in an ecclesiastical assembly is the most cruel reflection that can be made on it, Thomas Jackson was a model President. If ever there was any show of warmth, and, in 1849, there was large demand for it, it was the impatience of a righteous man, not with weakness, wildness, wearisomeness, or even pretentiousness and sham, but with clear breaches of the Christian law of purity and peace, of mutual ministerial confidence, of the “honour” which is due by all men to all. His vindication, in this volume, of the course taken by the Conference at the time to which we have just adverted is complete. And it was needed, and will be useful. A quarter of a century has elapsed, and some of this younger generation do not care to study the philosophy of that disgraceful and disastrous period of the Connexional history. Some who, with hardly pardonable looseness of thought, confound the spirit of union with the skeleton of unity, listen favourably to senile survivors of the rebellion, while they tell tales of tyranny and rashness, which are either coloured, or, as giving any true and candid statement of separate facts, or of the general controversy, are simply false. We hope that Mr. Jackson’s solemnly recorded account will be received with the respect it deserves; the rather so that counter statements may be expected in a promised memoir for which the public is as little impatient now as we conjecture it will be patient with it when it shall appear. If dead controversies must be revived, let them be exhumed in the presence of those who buried them and can identify their features. Mr. Jackson, in this book, still stands by, waiting the threatened resurrection of what, in the vocabulary of Methodism, but, shame to us! in no other, is known as “Fly-sheetism.”

It was in 1842 that he became Theological Tutor at Richmond. Once more he was the best man for the place. How-

ever, during his editorship, he had wandered, and wisely, into the paths of general literature, his tastes had continued to be essentially those formed by his earliest studies; and by this time he had read largely and to profit a great amount of Divinity, systematic and miscellaneous. If now he was too far advanced in life to promise any expansion of thought, any breadth of range over the boundless fields of theological inquiry, there were, perhaps, counterbalancing advantages. He was safe, the primary consideration in all such appointments; and his mellow graciousness of speech, spirit, and demeanour well became a chair whose occupant must sometimes assert and dogmatise, without immediate opportunity of explanation or defence. We suspect that his inveterate habit, to which we have before alluded, of always beginning at the beginning, even though his course of instruction was continuous, must sometimes have encumbered himself and his pupils. Another amusing instance of this habit occurs where he comes to narrate the history of this period. Seven pages are occupied with a sort of syllabus of his lectures. Judging by results, he occupied the position with indisputable advantage to the Connexion. Hundreds of ministers still feel their obligations to him for clear and accurate knowledge, and for the bent and tone given to their ministry, and, above all, as the model of a diligent and godly and tender-hearted "Methodist preacher." The chairs at Richmond and at Didsbury respectively well supported and supplemented each other. Perhaps it was from the latter that the theology of the Wesleys received its more strict, and, for that reason, its more liberal interpretation. Both divines knew well how to turn the one key to its exposition,—the connection between the doctrines of Assurance and Sanctification,—in the sometimes intricate wards of five volumes of matter, written at different epochs during Wesley's life of constantly maturing judgment and deepening religious experiences, with varying practical objects, and, let it be frankly admitted to objectors, with some obvious human infirmity, the result of a conflict between an exact and exacting logic on the one hand, and, on the other, phenomena for which logic will never account. Humouring the figure, it may, perhaps, be affirmed that, if a lock could have been better picked at Richmond, it would have been better made at Didsbury. Observations such as these in which we are now indulging may not be useless. Our eyes must rest with ceaseless and prayerful solicitude on those chairs, now three, all at

present, though with difficulty, ably filled, but which, in course of time, might come to want occupants who should fill them worthily. There are, among the ranks of our younger ministers, men who must, some day, somehow, fill them, and that, probably, before the perils of this age have given place to worse dangers in the next. What will those dangers be? Will growing worldliness, and impatience of preaching, and distaste for religious communion, take what, if they prevail, is their doomed destination, of coldness of affection and indistinctness of creed and ceremoniousness of worship, acting and reacting,—now assuming the superstitious, and then the sceptical, aspect,—alternately destroying, and as surely reconstructing, each other? Be this as it may, we know what kind of an ambition might well consume any fresh aspirant to the “good work” of a Methodist minister. Oh! to be ready for these encounters,—by the culture of heart and brain and habits, to take foremost part in them; from chair, if occasion come, as from pulpit, with conscious strength, to profess, and maintain, to make again and again victorious, the old demonstrated verities, and even to die by the standard! Any man now forming such a purpose may learn much from the story of Thomas Jackson.

He retired too soon from this last course of active labour. We regret to say he retired compulsorily; for a random hint as to the time he had filled the chair, uttered not in the heat of debate, for then the excellent speaker would have been on his guard, but for want of other matter at the moment available,—this hint grieved him sorely, and was sufficient to depose him. He took it meekly, and in this volume, not deficient in the mention of his personal grievances, he does not allude to it. If, as we have said, there be any tinge of asperity in his record, we cannot help remembering that its composition is probably to be traced to this period. But he lived so long as to attain perfect loveliness of character and thought and demeanour in what is sometimes the season of withered and melancholy dotage. In fact he had been always ripening, as he was forever to ripen, and the only question was how long we were to be permitted to watch the process. He became the Father of the Connexion, even of its ancient men, living habitually in an atmosphere above us, yet able and delighting to breathe ours. There was a blessed monotony of aspect and of utterance,—a type, nay, a part, of the unchangeable blessedness. Now and then, indeed, there was a ruffle of the surface; such, for instance, as that he recalls on pp. 450, 451;

but his spirit soon composed itself; and the pain it caused him must not rest on him, or on those whose love and veneration he very erroneously thought he had lost, but on any who took the liberty he resents. He died gradually away in the house of a daughter whose own virtues and age made her his fit companion and guardian. Of "last words" there was no need, but they were uttered, and they turned out to be the very words he had been saying nearly all his life, words of assurance, love, and hope. The story of them is admirably told by Dr. Jobson and Mr. Frankland at the end of the volume.

Thomas Jackson's name will endure as that of one of the most distinguished worthies of Methodism. His opinions and his character will alike preserve his reputation. The former were those of the Wesleys, very partially modified by the times in which the disciple lived, and by the force of events, though assuredly not so largely and widely as Wesley himself, that wisest adapter of opinions to circumstances, would, as he longer and longer lived, have changed the aspects of his unchanging principles. The idiosyncratic Toryism, ecclesiastical and political, of Mr. Jackson, crops up here and there to the surface, whatever be the soil with which accident or necessity may cover it. The Yorkshire boy, who personally owed so little to the Church of England, and who, until he began to think and study for himself, cared so little for it, became its advocate and champion, when sectarianism or ignorance assailed it. "The moderation of the Church of England," "a most excellent thing" in all Churches, and especially in those favoured by the State, may be,—is, certainly, in our time—carried too far; but its counterpart cannot be practised too rigorously by the Methodist people. Their entire system affines so closely to all other recognised forms of faith, worship, and discipline, that attacks on any adjoining territory must lead to the waste and spoiling of its own,—not to add that it cannot afford the spiritual cost of war. It must be either Catholic or the narrowest of sects. It cannot deny a certain Apostolic succession in the ministerial order, or of what validity are the claims, now, on both sides, so hotly contested, of its own ministers? It cannot dispute that there is a sure, though not necessary, efficacy in the sacraments, as in the preaching of the Word; else its standards and its hymnology must be revised,—and then, indeed, the deluge! It cannot condemn Episcopacy, even when Diocesan, for it takes that very shape, but partially,

indeed, here at home, but with some strictness abroad, while it boasts of its substantial identity with that unique development of it in the United States, which, defying precedent and baffling conjecture as to its future, is at present, in many aspects of it, flourishing and useful. Nor can warfare be waged successfully on other boundaries. Presbyterianism, with its gradation of Church courts, equally clerical and lay in their composition, may, at first sight, present a tempting object of attack; but we should find out, to our shame and routing, that we had been trying to storm our own positions, and to massacre our own troops. Ministerial parity will, more and more, obtain amongst us, in spite of certain mild symptoms to the contrary; and the ultimate mode in which the laity shall effectually influence the counsels of the Church, so far as Scripture, and Wesley's constitution, and common sense declare they have any legitimate sphere of action, is a question which will assuredly receive, ere long, an easy and, we trust, a safe solution. Even with Congregationalism, in its strictest essence, it is not our part or interest to quarrel. Its contention for spirituality of worship, for purity of Church membership, for freedom of opinion, for the absolute right, and, in not infrequent cases, for the imperative duty, of secession from established forms and institutes—this contention is—and, more strenuously, more persistently, more deeply founded in the ancient principles of Nonconformity than in the case of any other religionists—the claim and cry of our many-sided Methodism. All this Thomas Jackson saw, and it pervades, to some extent, the varying utterances of this volume. But love of the Church of England underlies the whole; unwillingness to deal rashly or irreverently with it; sympathy with it even in its latest agitations and agonies; unwillingness to believe that the death-throes of the old champion of the Reformed Faith have yet come,—even can come; earnest interest in those of its members who, under the countless difficulties of connection with the temporal power, and of a certain subjection to it, and with the easy habits which a long course of prosperous quiet has engendered, and in the absence or disuse, for the most part, of workable appliances of contest,—struggle, if with much feebleness, hesitation, and delay, to maintain the right. Of Dissenters, as such, and we are even anxious to admit the fact to such of them as shall read this book, Mr. Jackson had an instinctive horror. He would ride lovingly by the knight, so

long as he saw the white side only of his armour, and recognised the reconciling cross upon his banner. But when he discerned the black side, he was aghast, and half angry, as though he had been taken in. Here was, emphatically, a regicide; a rebel; a whig—he was accustomed to quote, at least once a week, Dr. Johnson's dictum, as to who was the first to whom that name was applicable); a radical; a revolutionist; and, worse than all, a Calvinist; besides which, Mr. Jackson had a notion that, normally, and when not somewhat eminently wise and good, his typical Dissenter in his innermost bosom did not like the Methodists, even when grace extorted affection to them,—a notion not unsupported by facts. This last was a decisive test; as clear to his mind as, it is said, was the hatred of the once popular and amiable, but now forgotten, Dr. Collyer, an evidence to Robert Hall of love to that Saviour who loved them both. This antipathy was all the more remarkable in the case of a man whose first serious literary undertaking, and his last,\* was the *Biography of John Goodwin*. The Arminianism of his subject, and that, after all, was the main point, turned all his faults into virtues. Only Methodists need be sorry that their brethren of other nonconforming denominations have, as we think injudiciously, been permitted to see so much of this weaker side of one of our pattern saints and heroes. His prejudices do not very generally tinge the body of our people. And surely, if mental digestion be sound, they may be profited by this picture of so much earnest honesty, zeal for what he deemed to be more essential than it really is, and resoluteness to protest against even fancied evils. At all events, they can smile at it.

But it will be on Thomas Jackson's character that his surviving friends, and, notwithstanding the awkwardnesses of this book, the Methodists of the future, will chiefly love to dwell. His primary virtue, and Mr. Arthur at the funeral services, with his usual felicity, pointed it out as such, was the resoluteness and constancy with which, so soon as the sense of duty took possession of his mind and heart, he gave himself to do it. He trained himself up to the mark of his utmost possibility of attainment and service. The requirements of each successive day's epoch and position were at

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\* The Second Edition of *John Goodwin's Life* owed its appearance to the delicate liberality of the brothers McArthur, who guaranteed Mr. Jackson against loss;—a fact which gives the pleasure of a new sensation.

once apprehended by this man of strong sense and simple aim ; he saw, and studied, how to meet them ; and he met them sufficiently and well. No analysis is needed ; philosophy would be out of place. An ordinary man, with no abundance of any special gift, lacking, indeed, in the qualities which usually command a very brilliant success, he did succeed, and held his own in any competition in which the one supreme motive led him to engage. There were limits his intellect could not pass ; but within these he was wide, broad, and overflowing.

And his modesty,—notwithstanding, we repeat, all evidence in this book to the contrary,—was as eminent as were his merits. Often, indeed, we heard his simple, glowing testimony to the Grace which had “ begotten ” him “ again ” into a new and higher, the highest, life, and his illustrations of the mode in which it had moulded his pursuits and habits. But these illustrations always became vivid and impressive from the grateful contrast he loved to draw between the might-have-been and the actual ; between the ignorance in which he had been born, and the “ marvellous light ” of the knowledge into which he had been translated ; a change not less than that he has now realised in the blessedness of Paradise.

It was the charm of his vigorous but tender piety which, so long as any of us have known him, but specially during the last thirty years, warmed all who came into contact with him into veneration and love. It was graciously natural ; no ignorant imitation, much less any affectation, of the modes in which it displayed itself in other good men even of his own school of opinion and experience, but distinctively and exclusively his own. He spoke the vernacular of religion with faultless propriety, and eschewed all its vulgarities and vices. He could not but tell of the things he had seen and heard, but he conversed of them just as he had seen and heard them. Always in earnest, he was too much so ever to resort to conventionalities. No staring peculiarities, no sensationalisms, above all no inconsistencies, spoiled the picture of reverence toward God and benignity toward man. In a word, he was a saint, as “ perfect in love ” as Holy Writ and the Methodist theology teach that any weak mortal man may be ; not jumping at a leap, as mysticism would teach, into some depth of bewildering light, but, through even his long life, walking dutifully at the bidding of his Saviour, in a course ever happier and holier. It was good to mark how habitual this had become with him, how all things

were new but yet mature,—“all praise, all meekness, and all love.” And the saint was not less the man. There was a marked individuality about him; human infirmities and prejudices, as we have seen, sometimes beclouding, but never hiding, the clear, abiding lustre. He even hated as religiously as he loved.

We have imperfectly glanced at his history, opinions, and character. Whether his published works will exercise any permanent influence on the world at large, or even his own community, may be doubted. He contributed little to the grandest of all literature, that which digs into the depths of the Bible, extracts its golden ore, and, ever with the same image and superscription, coins it for the common use. His theological writings are sound and clear, but, probably, will be read rather as chapters in the history of thought, than as standards of ultimate appeal. Of his biographies nothing very highly encomiastic can be said. They are edifying; and they abound with facts which will be of great service to the future historian. That of Charles Wesley himself, full of incident, and suggestive to more enthusiastic minds of an infinity of elevating sentiment, is written with a faithful pen, but with no great amount of either force or fire. But, if he failed, it was in company with all the men who have hitherto attempted to pourtray either the Wesleys or the great work of which they were the main instruments. Never was a community more rich in its chronicles, and Thomas Jackson and others have diligently deciphered many of them. But excepting Southey, who lacked the requisite sympathy, and Watson, whose life of Wesley was purposely cursory and brief, no writer has yet done justice to the subject. None but a cultured philosopher and Christian can succeed. Mr. Jackson's polemical writings will greatly aid such a writer. Published for temporary purposes, perhaps giving a somewhat exaggerated impression of the evils they were intended to meet, they add considerably to that history of opinion and to those interesting chronicles, of which we have just spoken.

We must not part from the volume without referring to the multitude of lively notices of Methodist men and things which crowds its pages. Nowhere are there preserved more lively records of the good men who adorned the ranks of the laity, in the circuits in which Mr. Jackson laboured, and elsewhere. Some eminent ministers also, otherwise rapidly fading out of the Connexional memory—men such as William France—receive here almost the only memorial of their rare merit. On the other

hand, the future historian who shall consult this volume ought to be cautioned against some of Mr. Jackson's corrections of assumed mistakes by other biographers. He bears hardly on a recently published life of the most oratorical of the older presidents, as if unwilling to admit facts which he is yet able to account for on the indisputable theory of frequent and wild aberration of intellect. Our hagiology must be kept true and pure. He shows one phase of himself to the life when he admits his utter imperviousness to the charm of Wilberforce's eloquence; but he need not have added the illustration he has given of that great man's extreme churchmanship. It seems that Watson, when on a visit to him, was not asked to conduct the worship of the family. The truth is, as we believe, that, even when bishops were present, Wilberforce himself uniformly officiated.

We shall all judge Mr. Jackson's opinions very much by our own, deferring even when we continue to doubt. For ourselves, we feel only too happy to be able to quote his authority in confirmation of some observations which appeared in our last number (page 171),—not on the subject of the Methodist Class-Meeting, for, assert it who may, that is not the subject under discussion,—but of the due recognition and stated inspection of habitual communicants, and of the degree and mode in which their services can be better utilised for the common benefit. On this subject he, of all men, is entitled to a fair hearing; for none will question his anxious regard for the continued and increasing spirituality of the Methodism he loved so well, and for the old essential institute which has done so much to mature and conserve it. We need not indorse the argument by which Mr. Jackson supports his conclusion. It may be arrived at by many and different ways.

- ART. III.—1. *Ten Years North of the Orange River : a Story of Every-day Life and Work among the South African Tribes, from 1859 to 1869.* By JOHN MACKENZIE, of the London Missionary Society. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1871.
2. *Eleven Years in Central South Africa : a Journey into the Interior—Sketch of Recently Discovered Diamond and Gold Fields—Umzilikazi, His Country and People—a Brief History of the Zambesi Mission.* By THOMAS MORGAN THOMAS, of the London Missionary Society. London: John Snow and Co. 1872.

THE last two numbers of this Review have furnished successive summaries of the life-labour of Livingstone and of Moffat. We now propose briefly to introduce our readers to some of the remoter fields of Missionary labour into which, impelled by the influence and example of the illustrious men just named, the Church of Christ has recently entered.

To the London Missionary Society must be awarded the meed of honour, as having led the van in many a Christian enterprise. Her successes in the South Seas, in India, and in Madagascar supply some of the brightest pages in the annals of the Church. The volumes before us are proof sufficient that the present race of missionary labourers are not a whit behind any who have preceded them. It is but fifteen years ago since the suggestions of Moffat and Livingstone, that fresh missions should be established in Southern Central Africa, assumed a practical form in the selection of the first London missionaries, who did not reach their remote destination till more than a year later. Yet here we have two goodly volumes, profusely, if now and then somewhat roughly, illustrated, and overflowing with incident and information with regard to regions the very existence of which was but recently regarded as half-mythical. Mr. Mackenzie's book, though less bulky in appearance, is more lengthy, and covers a wider area than that of Mr. Thomas, who, having been uninterruptedly identified with the Amandebele Mission from the commencement, wisely devotes his almost exclusive attention to what may be called an exhaustive survey of a part of the world previously unvisited by Europeans. Notwithstanding evident disadvantages for effective English composition, arising from Welsh

birth, which slightly detract from the value of his book, he writes vigorously, and sometimes even eloquently, and gives evidence of great powers of observation, and indomitable energy, courage, and perseverance. Mr. Mackenzie wields the pen of a more practised English writer, and his pages abound with striking episodes and sagacious observations, diversified by occasional strokes of dry humour. His sketches of Dutch border life are equally vivid and amusing; his story of the tragedy of the Mission to the Makololo, and the subsequent fate of that remarkable people, is thrillingly told; and his narrative of personal labour among the Bamangwato never flags in interest. He also devotes a couple of chapters to Umzilikazi, the Amandebelean king,\* and his country. But here, as might have been expected, his brother missionary's work possesses peculiar value, in view of the writer's more lengthened residence, and the somewhat unusual plan which he pursues. In addition to the ordinary detail of missionary experiences, Mr. Thomas has successfully aimed at a more orderly "classification of objects," and a more "thorough elucidation of subjects referred to," than is usually found in "the works of African missionaries and travellers." His pages, accordingly, contain a reliable description in successive chapters of the natural features, the flora and fauna, the ethnology, the history, the language, the laws and customs, and the superstitions of Amandebeloland. With two such guide-books, the one supplying us with the general historical surroundings of the great enterprise, and the other with the inner life of its most distant field of labour, we are placed in a most favourable position rightly to estimate the influence and prospects of Christianity in Central South Africa.

We have been afresh and forcibly impressed, whilst perusing these volumes, with the value of that organising faculty in connection with initial Christian effort, of which the late lamented William Shaw was, among foreign missionaries, so illustrious an example. The ruling policy of that venerable man was that, one step forward being taken at a time, a closely connected chain of mission stations should be gradually developed from an original starting point. A different plan was unfortunately adopted in commencing twin missions to the far interior warrior tribes who owned the supremacy of Sebituane and Umzilikazi. In fresh enterprises of this description, public

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\* We adopt Mr. Thomas's orthography, as he states that the forms "Mosilikatze" and "Matabele" are incorrect.

enthusiasm, when once fairly aroused, is somewhat unmerciful in its demands, and those who have originated it are liable to be carried beyond themselves by its contagious impulsiveness. Kuruman, which had hitherto been the advanced post of mission work, is 800 miles from Cape Town, and was now to be the starting-point of a fresh effort, which aimed at the evangelisation of nations as much farther inland, unprepared for the Gospel, and only to be reached by passing large tribes, who were already anxious for Christian instruction. This early mistake has been slowly rectified by the filling up of the vacant townships on the road. There is now a series of prosperous mission stations stretching northward: of which Kanye is 250 miles from Kuruman; Sechele's Place 50 miles in advance; and Shoshong 150 miles farther still, and only 350 miles from Inyati, in the centre of the Amandebele country. Molepolole, or Sechele's Place, is Mr. Price's station, and consists of a number of contiguous towns, with 25,000 or 30,000 people; whilst Shoshong, the political centre of the Bamangwato, where Mr. Mackenzie laboured, divides the palm with Thaba'Nchu, in Bechuanaland, as the largest native town in South Africa, containing as it does 30,000 or 35,000 inhabitants. In order still more clearly to realise the relative importance and mutual dependence of this chain of missionary stations, it should be understood that they lie between the immense and fertile region on the east, called the Transvaal Republic, which the Dutch boers have occupied, and the desolate Kalahari Desert on the west, over whose arid plains the scattered Bushmen snatch a scanty subsistence. The intervening belt is neither so poor as the latter, nor so rich as the former of these two tracts of country. Indeed, attractive as are the immediate surroundings of the little paradise of Kuruman, with its beautiful stream of water, its fertile cornfields, and its fruitful and well-kept gardens and orchards, it is somewhat disappointing to read Mr. Mackenzie's account of the neighbourhood. He writes:—

"These irrigable gardens at Kuruman are, however, comparatively few in number, and limited in extent; and the country being unfavourable to cattle, great distress frequently prevails. . . . The constant uncertainty of obtaining a supply of the necessaries of life would seem to have impressed itself on the mind and language and features of the people. In districts often visited by scarcity, there is a certain restless, anxious, greedy expression to be observed on the people's faces. And just as the energetic and enterprising Englishman says, 'How do you do?' as a form of salutation, the Bechuanas,

who in times of scarcity are in the habit of cooking a little food during the silence of the night, lest their neighbours should beg from them—make it their first question when they meet on the street next day—‘Lo yang?’—‘What are you eating?’ ‘Nothing whatever,’ is the conventional answer. This has passed into daily use as a mere form of greeting, and is used in times of plenty as well as scarcity. It is evident that missionaries labouring in such districts have much to discourage them in connection with the outward circumstances of the people.”—Pp. 70, 71.

Such is the general character of the intermediate stations thus occupied by the London Society; and it is only on emerging into the remoter northern abode of the Amandebele, that the traveller reaches a well-watered region of abundant vegetable and mineral resources.

When Dr. Livingstone resigned his connection with the Society, the devoted Helmore, who had already successfully laboured for seventeen years in the south of Bechuanaland, was appointed to lead the Makololo Mission, whilst Mr. Moffat was to superintend the establishment of the more southern one to the Amandebele. Everything was risked in entering upon two such remote enterprises. Both expeditions, after surmounting tremendous obstacles, reached their destinations, only, however, to encounter additional, unexpected, and alarming difficulties, which utterly wrecked the Makololo Mission, and nearly overwhelmed the other. One cannot but be struck with the illustrations of Divine sovereignty displayed in the contrasted fortunes of the two warlike nations to whom the Gospel thus simultaneously made its appeal. Sebituane and Umzilikazi had long rivalled each other in sanguinary ferocity; but, after a brief period of jealousy at the arrival of the white men, the latter, yielding to better advice, heartily welcomed the heralds of the cross. The strength, on the other hand, of the Makololo power was also their weakness. Lurking in the swampy fastnesses of the Zambesi, whither even Umzilikazi dared not pursue them, they issued at irregular intervals, lionlike, from their den, to rob and kill their neighbours, and then return laden with the booty. But malaria did its deadly work even amongst them, and Dr. Livingstone had succeeded in extorting a promise that, if missionaries were sent them, they would, for self-preservation, remove to the healthier highlands. The dread of losing their supremacy probably induced their refusal to fulfil this promise, when urged by Mr. Helmore and his party to do so. To the mission circle the consequences were most

disastrous. There had evidently been a want of clear understanding with Dr. Livingstone, who had agreed, if possible, to meet them from the east coast at Linyanti, but was unavoidably detained. To secure the aid of his influence they had pressed forward through a desert country at the most unfavourable part of the year, and arrived among the Makololo, exhausted by appalling sufferings, resulting from heat, thirst, and fatigue. Disappointed in meeting Dr. Livingstone, and foiled in every effort to persuade the people to move, they settled down at the unhealthiest season in the habitat of disease with enervated frames, and soon began to be attacked by fever. To crown their troubles, Sekeletu, the son and successor of Sebituane, too ready to yield to the appeals of base counsellors to his cupidity, seized the opportunity to rob the stricken survivors in the most dastardly manner. Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and several of the children, and the Bechuana attendants, succumbed. And, when at last Mr. Price succeeded in leaving the inhospitable region, it was only to bury his excellent wife in the wilderness. He was the sole adult European survivor who escaped to tell the melancholy story to Mr. Mackenzie, from whose pages the tragic details may be gathered, and who was guided in a very remarkable manner to the assistance of his bereaved and impoverished friend, and the two remaining Helmore children.

Sekeletu may be acquitted of the charge brought against him, and which he to the last earnestly repudiated, of poisoning his defenceless guests. But, Mr. Mackenzie writes :

"Hospitality is a sacred obligation among the tribes of Southern Africa. A chief may refuse admission to his country ; but, having invited the stranger to enter, his good name demands that no harm should befall him as long as he remains his guest. It was this feeling which protected isolated traders and travellers in Kaffirland during the Kaffir wars. These men had entered the country in time of peace, and were under the protection of the chief. The '*leina*' (name) of the chief would suffer, were anything to happen to them. Now Sekeletu degraded himself in the eyes of all natives, if not in killing his guests with poison, by robbing them when sick and helpless and completely in his power. I have never heard a native speak of this conduct but as an enormous offence—almost the greatest that could be committed. Their argument, indeed, seems to have been : he who could rob the little children of a guest, and send them away hungry and almost naked from his town, had a heart black enough for anything."—Pp. 197, 198.

Thus is the Apostolic statement afresh verified that "The Gentiles . . . having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another" (Rom. ii. 14, 15). The wretched king too late showed signs of remorse, and offered to restore the stolen property. But the opportunity which the Makololo as a people had had, of receiving the Gospel, now passed finally from them, and Sekeletu soon afterwards died of leprosy. The result to his people was lamentable. Internal discord and feuds succeeded the chief's removal. Portions of the Makololo fled for refuge to neighbouring districts; and finally the subject tribes, to whom, unlike Umzilikazi, Sebituane had allowed the use of arms, simultaneously rising against the remnant of their cruel oppressors, the Makololo, as a separate people, perished in the insurrection. We may again quote Mr. Mackenzie, where, whilst disclaiming the right of personal judgment, he observes:—

"In Bechuanaland, and especially among the heathen community in the northern part, the feeling is very general, that the destruction of the Makololo, so soon after their inhospitable and perfidious conduct towards the missionaries, is to be traced to the vengeance of God. Nor is this mere theory in the native mind; for in some of our difficulties at Shoshong, when sinister councils had well-nigh prevailed, some Gamaliel was sure to stand up and advise, 'Let the missionary alone: the Makololo injured the missionaries, and where are the Makololo?'"—P. 248.

The case of Sekhome, the former restless and intriguing chief of the Bamangwato, apparently illustrates the same general design of Providence. Mr. Mackenzie's volume contains a deeply interesting account of the conflict which ultimately arose between this heathen ruler of Shoshong and his two sons, who had become Christians, and did honour to their profession by their consistent fidelity under the most trying persecution. The issue is that the Gospel is settled in this important town on a securer basis of public respect and confidence than ever. Sekhome is a solitary refugee, and his godly children are esteemed heads of the people under Macheng, their lawful chief. As of old, in the infancy of the Mosaic dispensation, monumental exhibitions were provided in the Sea of the Dead, and the destruction of the Canaanites, to impress on a rude age the lesson of God's

anger against sin ; so in the heart of Africa the introduction of the Gospel is in our own day attended with warning events, which with almost equal vividness strike the minds and consciences of heathen tribes of still more elementary moral development.

It is time, however, to refer more particularly to the Amandebele, to whom Mr. Thomas's labours have been confined. Umzilikazi, their great leader, whose son Ulopengule inherits his throne, was a very extraordinary man. The son of a murdered Zulu chief, he early rose to high military command under the terrible Tshaka, whom after a time he deserted with a triumphant detachment of the army, and fought his way northward, till, at the end of eleven years, he reached the country now called Amandebeleland, which has the Zambesi for its northern boundary. Here first he regarded himself as safe from Tshaka and his successor, Dingaan ; from the Griquas, or half-caste Hottentots ; and, worst of all, from the Dutch emigrant colonists, all of whom had in turn assailed him with more or less of success, inducing him to remove from the Marikwe district, north of the present Transvaal territory, where he had at first settled. Umzilikazi's power was attained at a terrible cost to the numerous tribes with which he came into contact. His rule was a despotism based on military celibacy, so that—

"In order to secure the continued allegiance of his men, he had to devise work for them, in which they would meet the gratification of their savage passions. The clamour to be led forth to pillage, outrage, and bloodshed never ceased to issue from men forced to live under the restraints of Amandebele barracks. This dreadful organisation, created by the chief, and guided by his wisdom, came by-and-by to act with great precision. Every year a war-party marched against some neighbouring tribe ; every year multiplied the number of murdered innocents, whose blood cried to heaven for vengeance."—*Mackenzie*, p. 311.

The result of the chief's policy was that, the increase of the population depending on their success in taking children in war, this strange people consisted, when the missionary families first settled among them, of a few Zulus, advanced in years, the life-long companions of Umzilikazi, who under him governed some ten or twelve thousand soldiers, gathered from the various tribes through which he had forced his way. The middle-aged and full-grown men were Bechuanas, taken captive when the Amandebele resided in the Transvaal, and

the young men were Makalaka and Mashona, seized in the country now inhabited. Mr. Thomas tells us that these three divisions of the nation bear the names of Abezansi, or people of the south or low lands, Abenhla, or highlanders, and Amaholi, or (cattle?) leaders. These last are the lower classes, and the slaves. (Pp. 153, 154.)

In various ways, suggested by circumstances, Umzilikazi consolidated his power to an amazing extent. For instance :—

"The captives grow up in the service of their captors," says Mr. Mackenzie (pp. 327, 328), "or of those to whom they sell them within the tribe. They herd cattle in time of peace; they carry the impedimenta of the soldier when he goes to war. At home they practise fighting and running with boys of their own age; in the field they are familiarised with deeds of blood. Their physical frame thus becomes more fully developed than if they had grown up in their own unwarlike and ill-fed tribes. I have seen children of Bushmen among the Amandebele whose personal appearance formed a perfect contrast to their ill-favoured relatives in the desert. As the captive boys grow older, they become impatient of the restraints of their position, and laying their heads together, all living in a certain town march off in a body to the chief's quarters, and present their petition to Umzilikazi. 'We are men, O king, we are no longer boys; give us cattle to herd and to defend.' If the chief approves of their petition, he drives out a few cows as their herd, and gives these boys in charge of an experienced soldier, with some assistants, who, in the new town or barracks which they erect, proceed to train them as Amandebele soldiers. . . . They are no longer baggage carriers; they bear their own weapons now like their former masters. Should they succeed in killing and in taking captive, they at once occupy the position of their former owners, and on a second war have their boy to carry their food and water: should they not succeed in killing man, woman, or little child, their position is still one of dishonour. They are not men."

Something similar is an arrangement which Mr. Thomas describes :—

"Attending upon the king, dancing before him, and taught by him in the art of war and all court and state affairs, is a number of young men called the *ibuto*. These are boys from the various towns and villages, who, according to custom, have come together to headquarters. . . . The preparatory course of the *ibuto* may be from two to four years, at the end of which period the king appoints a head man over them, and, putting a number of cattle under their care, . . . allots to them a certain locality wherein to settle down and build a town. It was in this way Umzilikazi founded all his towns. This accounts very largely for their uniformity, and for the

way in which, as the father and feeder, as well as the master and king of his people, he became so well acquainted with all their affairs, and had such perfect control over them all."—Pp. 183, 184.

Very striking, again, is Mr. Thomas's description :—

"He had so divided the country into districts, and these districts in turn into towns, and had so distributed his officers and wives (of whom there were 300) throughout his dominions, that all the affairs of the whole land were known to him, and it was he that conducted them. Settled down himself about the centre of the country, at the town of his chief wife, the king divided the land into several provinces. These again were sub-divided into smaller districts, and the districts into towns. Over each province a very loyal subject was appointed to represent the sovereign, . . . but was accountable to the king, . . . and generally of the blood royal. The province was divided into districts, over which were appointed *izinduna* (chiefs), who were accountable to the *induna enkulu*, and had in turn similar power over their districts, . . . in which the head men were similarly accountable for all events of importance that happened in their towns and villages. The men of the village must give an account to the head man, the wives to their husbands, and the children to their mothers. In this way the king had the means of reaching every one of his subjects; and it was astonishing to find how conversant he was with all the affairs of his country, and how completely he had under his power and control every person, whatever his position or circumstances. Towards completing the power of the late Amandebele chieftain over his people, his wives contributed largely. These were so many, that one or more of them resided at every considerable town throughout the land. The queen was called mother of the town. She was consulted in most matters of importance by the *induna*, being nearly equal to him in power; and, for the sake of her own interests and safety, she was bound to be faithful to her husband. Thus she was a check also upon any disloyal inclinations which might otherwise have arisen among some of the remote subjects of the king, while the least indication of insurrection in any part of the country would be immediately known through her at headquarters. To retain the confidence of his people, Umzilikazi was in the habit of visiting, in their turns, a large number of the leading towns of the land, and of slaughtering and giving away scores of cattle at each of them. He also encouraged visits to his court from all his subjects, treating each one, when there, with very great kindness. In addition to all this, he made a great feast once in the year, at which all the great men of the country met. Through all these agencies this wonderfully great heathen king had gained such power over his subjects, that the very lifting up of his finger, or the nodding of his head, was enough to cause the death of any man or even number of men."—Pp. 224—226.

It was into the den of this savage heathen lion that Messrs.

Thomas, Sykes, and Moffat, junior, with families, made their way, after formidable difficulties, toward the end of 1859, under the guidance of the venerable father of the last-named missionary. To their surprise, their first reception was very unfriendly. Precisely as with the Makololo mission, a designing native succeeded in gaining the ear and arousing the easily-excited jealousy of the Amandebele chief, who, however, was at length induced to listen to wiser counsels. After a trying suspense of two months' duration, the mission party were at Christmas conducted to the fertile valley in which they settled as a home. The period which has since elapsed is altogether too brief for one to expect any very marked change, especially where the history, government, customs, and general tone of a nation have been so peculiarly hostile to the elevated morality of the Gospel. In such circumstances we may safely assert that the very existence and preservation of Christian institutions is no mean success, and one in which lies the pledge of future triumph, and the seal of a special Divine protection. The physical toil which the missionaries had had to undergo in order to force their way into an unknown region, by means of roads not only previously untraversed, but actually constructed by themselves across ravines and through forests, only symbolised the more protracted spiritual labours which lay before them, ere the "valleys should be filled, and every mountain and hill brought low, and the crooked made straight, and the rough ways smooth," that alien races might "see the salvation of God." Dwellings had to be erected, agriculture commenced, the language learnt and systematised, a native literature begun, and the first efforts made to wean a people from the savage pursuits to which they owed their political existence. Slow to tediousness, however, as must be the process, the moral force exerted over heathen bowed down for ages beneath Satanic bondage cannot but at all times be marvellous, of the spectacle in their midst, untainted by their pollution, of a Christian home-life. For this is the practical exemplification of the theoretic truths insisted upon by those who, as Providence opens the way, proclaim, with undeviating perseverance and heaven-given authority, the character and prerogatives of the God of the Bible, the terrible vileness and need of human nature, and the adaptation and claims of the Gospel to universal acceptance. It is not to be wondered at if, as thus recommended, the truth sooner or later comes home to the spiritually debased with such marvellous

power, that individuals among the first generation, who are brought to embrace the Gospel, rise to a height in some sense corresponding to the depth of their previous degradation. The elevation, however, thus attained, is so much above the ordinary *mental* level of its subjects, that there is generally a perceptible falling off in the morale of the children whom they in turn train amidst customary evangelistic surroundings. Such has frequently been the saddened experience of missionary labourers; and hence the paramount importance of utilising for influential service, at as early a period as possible in the upward growth of a people from error, the piety of the inexperienced converts. Much may thus be effected toward maintaining the higher tone of an earlier theoretic appreciation of the truth, by the moral reaction resulting from a sedulous cultivation of habits of practical and self-denying obedience to its precepts.

In this connection it is very satisfactory to hear Mr. Thomas say (pp. 314, 315) at so early a period, and immediately after the description of his initial difficulties in securing any hearing at all for the Gospel,—

“A good deal of my own attention was given to a young man called Khukhwe, who followed us from the Kuruman. He was already able to read Sechuana, and wished very much to speak, read, and write the English language. He seemed to me to be a promising youth, and was taught to read English, with a view to his future usefulness as a native teacher. More recently he was received into church membership, encouraged to teach and speak in public, and is now at the new institution preparing for the ministry. Khukhwe is a man of no mean natural parts; he is a consistent Christian, and has the qualifications of a useful native teacher. From a letter just received (June 28, 1872) from his brother Gaseitsiwe, who was also my servant, I am very glad to learn that he is also about to join his brother at the Moffat Institution.”

The London Missionary Society is heartily to be congratulated on having, if somewhat late in the day, started this noble institution for the training of native teachers and preachers in the interior of South Africa. We extract some remarks from pp. 80, 81, of Mr. Mackenzie's volume, called forth by a consideration of the present aspect of mission work at Kuruman. He writes:—

“And here we have suggested the importance of trained native agency, which, considering the number of years it has been established, is perhaps the weak point of the Bechuana mission. The success of the Griqua mission is largely to be ascribed to the diligence and tact with which the energies of the more promising natives.

were thus guided. As early as 1834 two natives were employed at Kuruman, and others were subsequently appointed to surrounding districts. In 1842 a missionary then newly arrived in Bechuanaland thus writes on this subject :—' At present the state of the mission here is very promising regarding native agents employed in teaching and addressing. Six such men are now connected with the Kuruman. It is truly delightful to observe the fervent zeal of these godly men. It is the imperative duty of all of us to raise up and instruct such men as far as possible.' All the schoolmasters mentioned were trained by Mr. Moffat at Kuruman, and some of them continue to do worthy service in the country. But they would seem to have had few or no successors; and a seminary for native preachers in Bechuanaland, although often projected, was never fairly established. And so in 1868 we have not such an encouraging view as in 1842. In 1868 a missionary writes from a station in South Bechuanaland :—' The educational department of the mission has been kept in the back-ground. The youth have sunk back for want of a continued course opened up to them. The village schoolmasters, uneducated themselves, and mostly unpaid, make but a feeble impression.' "

It is matter for great rejoicing that the various Societies are directing special attention to this question of a native missionary agency. The experience already gained should be invaluable for the laying down of the principles of future evangelistic work. It is impossible to fix a uniform limit, varying as does the moral and intellectual capacity of the objects of missionary effort; but we are disposed to accept the general theory which we have heard stated, that the subject of a native ministry should, *not later than the first quarter of a century*, be earnestly grappled with, even where the degradation has been like that of the tribes of Central Africa. Every year lost after the transition period in a nation's pupilage renders it additionally difficult to deal with a problem, the solution of which is essential that Christianity may take root. Even with reference to the general tone of Christian feeling amongst those who have been recently reclaimed from heathenism, Mr. Mackenzie, notwithstanding what has been already said of the inferiority of the native schoolmasters in Bechuanaland, does not hesitate to assign an "undoubted superiority to the Christians who are not directly under European influence."

"On the mission station," he observes, "the learning, the skill, the higher civilisation of the Europeans become overwhelming, almost repelling, to the native Christian. An attitude of reverent wonder and ready assent becomes habitual to him. The question with him comes to be not so much what does the Bible say, as what does the teacher

say; he does not seek to think for himself; the missionary thinks for him. . . . On the other hand, where there are a few Christians under the care of a native school master, more independent thought is begotten. The Bible is the court of appeal. It is studied with some amount of intelligence. From its armoury they obtain weapons in defence against the snares of surrounding heathenism."—Pp. 78, 79.

Such a testimony is encouraging, too, with reference to the capabilities of the races thus dealt with. And here we may appropriately quote the statement with which Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, furnished Mr. Mackenzie as to the comparative intellectual endowments of Africans and Asiatics:—

"Though I am a missionary to India, I have had much to do with natives of the shores and inner countries of Eastern Africa, from Abyssinia south to Zengebar; and I must say that, after my experiences in attempts to instruct and educate them in our Bombay mission, I have been led to form a very favourable opinion of their talents and aptitude to learn. In those respects I do not think them inferior to the average specimens of the Hindoos. I have seen individuals of them at the top of some of our largest classes. I have not observed in them, when properly attended to, anything of the fickleness, caprice, and idleness often laid to the charge of the negro races; while I have felt myself bound to respect their common-sense, straightforwardness, fidelity, and strength of affection. The people of Africa, when Christianised and civilised, will be found to occupy a respectable position in the scale of humanity."—P. 399.

We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to invite special attention to the Appendix to Mr. Mackenzie's book, which contains very valuable information, clearly and succinctly put, under two heads, *The Races of Southern Africa*, and *The Contact of Europeans with Natives of Southern Africa*.

As to the former matter, it may be as well to quote our author's statement that "the tribes of Southern Africa may be divided into two families," of which the smaller or Gariepian consists solely of Bushmen, Hottentots, Korannas, and Griquas, whilst the larger (by the Germans somewhat unmeaningly called Bantu, which simply denotes "human beings") will be better identified if we call it the Kaffir group, with sub-divisions such as the Amaxosa, Abatembu, Zulu, &c. Much misapprehension would be avoided by bearing this simple and comprehensive division in mind. Mr. Moffat's earlier labours were devoted to the Namaqua-Hottentots, to which tribe Africaner belonged. In that western part of South Africa the Wesleyans now have but one solitary mission

station at Khamiesberg. They are surrounded in Namaqualand by the Rhenish Missionary Society, who are perseveringly doing a great work amid trying difficulties occasioned by the sterile nature of the country; and under whose auspices the Finnish Society has also recently broken ground farther north among the Damaras, who belong to the other and greater family. Mr. Moffat's chief and later work lay among another tribe of this latter group, the Bechuanas, amidst whom, as well as the many cognate tribes of Kaffirland in the east, the Wesleyan body has very extensive and flourishing missions.

With reference to contact with Europeans, it is unquestionable that under the stern rule of the Dutch the Hottentots decreased in number. It is equally satisfactory to have proof that under the kindlier sway of the English the process has been reversed. So far as can be discovered the Hottentots have increased nearly *sixfold* under English rule. There were 81,598 of them in the colony when the census of 1865 was taken. Notwithstanding, too, all the ravages of war and disease, and repeated wholesale banishments by the English, the same enumeration gave 100,536 Kaffirs who had forced their way within the boundary. Multitudes again of Bechuanas prefer the colony to their own country, and are to be found as servants in every colonial village and agricultural and pastoral district; these are included in the vast host of 132,655 "other natives," returned in the census. In short the African races as a whole have displayed a native strength and a power of adaptation wholly at issue with the assumption that advancing civilisation is likely to sweep them at some future period, like some other races, off the face of the earth. And this is pre-eminently true of that great group of the Kaffir family, which occupies nearly the whole of the South African continent: no one can prognosticate the part which it is destined to play in the world's history when brought beneath the power of Christianity.

The last paragraph in Mr. Mackenzie's book is well worthy of quotation in this connection. He writes:—

"I have been much interested to find that Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke recommends, for the preservation of the remaining Red Indians, the very process which is now taking place, in God's providence, in Southern Africa. 'Hitherto the whites have pushed back the Indians westwards; if they would preserve the remnant from starvation they must bring them east, away from western men and western hunting grounds, and let them intermingle with the whites, living,

farming along with them, intermarrying if possible.' In Southern Africa, and without the interference of anyone, the restless, the powerful, and skilful are passing northwards; the comparatively weak and ignorant are emigrating southward, and there finding a peaceful home."—P. 523.

Returning, however, from this ethnological digression, we have to state that, with regard to direct success among that tribe of the great African family which goes by the appellation of Amandebele, Mr. Thomas says all that, in view of the circumstances of the case, ought reasonably to be expected, where he writes:—

"Our work has been almost entirely of a preparatory character, and in this we have been successful. We have succeeded in doing something towards emancipating the slave, teaching the ignorant, elevating the degraded, correcting the erroneous, clothing the naked, staying the hand of the slayer, obtaining civil and religious liberty for the subjects of a despot, opening up the country for commercial and scientific purposes, and diminishing the evils arising from war, polygamy, and witchcraft. The language has been acquired, access to the heathen gained, and commerce introduced. Civilisation rapidly advances, the language is being reduced to a written form, and a gradual change is coming over the whole country. These facts supply clear evidence of real success in connection with the Amandebele mission, and they should encourage us to go on labouring in Central South Africa with still greater energy and yet stronger hope. It is now the seed-time there, the harvest will come in its proper season, and 'in due time we shall reap if we faint not.'"—Pp. 346, 347.

It was no small thing that the Evangelical enterprise should gain a firm footing during the despotic sway of Umzilikazi, the founder of this people, whose strength of character seemed requisite to protect the mission in its infancy. Yet his arbitrary power was one of its greatest obstacles. At first he summoned the men (the women being forbidden to attend any public meeting) to hear the missionaries, and took his seat in the centre. An amusing account is given of the early preaching services:—

"On approaching their king the men stared him in the face, uttered his praises, and in a stooping posture took their seats before him in semi-circular shape; and except when he sneezed—at which time his praises were loudly repeated—they listened to the speaker very attentively. At the end of these first services, at least as a rule, one of the chief officers present would stand up and repeat an oration, composed either by himself or somebody else, to the honour of the sovereign, taking care, as often as he could, to bring in parts of the missionary's discourse just listened to, in order to ridicule the whole

of the white man's novel teachings, and to make the new religion an object of laughter. Nor did Umzilikazi himself hesitate to criticise what was advanced by the missionary on such occasions. Listening to an address one Lord's-day, founded upon the words, 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' he seemed pleased with the first part of it—that is, as long as it was urged upon the child to honour his father; but the moment the mother's honour was asserted, he cried out, saying, 'It is all false, believe him not; for what honour is due to a woman, seeing she never goes out to war?' At one time I was waxing warm with my subject, and the large congregation present seemed to be much interested, the king, sitting next me, exclaimed, 'Thomasi, you have had some coffee this morning, and I feel the want of mine;' and with this he quietly walked away, and was followed by a portion of the congregation.—*Thomas*, pp. 312, 313.

So writes Mr. Mackenzie:—

"When one of the missionaries was preaching concerning the acceptability of God, he said that all might repair to Him in prayer, the poor people as well as the greatest king, and that God would hear the one as soon as the other. 'That's a lie!' interrupted Umzilikazi, who did not like to be thus publicly ranked with the poor and abject. The missionary was immediately interrupted by the shouts of applause which greeted the emendation of their chief. As he found, however, that his disapprobation did not alter the preaching, and that in every discourse there was a good deal which was unpleasant for him to hear, the Amandebele chief did what people in somewhat similar circumstances do in England and elsewhere, he gave up attending the public worship. His outward friendliness to the missionaries, however, suffered no abatement."—P. 318.

In less than a year after their arrival in the country, the missionaries obtained permission of the king to preach at other towns and villages besides Myati, then the capital. But "his subjects thought that such a permission was to them of no value, unless their king gave it in their presence, and told them directly to go to church and school." Hence years passed by of the scantiest possible encouragement, till at length, after repeated suggestions to that effect from the natives, Mr. Thomas availed himself of a favourable opportunity to obtain the royal *imprimatur* to freedom of public worship. He writes:—

"Taking the prime minister, who was present, with me, I proceeded to the royal court. We found the king in his waggon in the cattle-pen, looking feebler than ever, and seemingly unconscious of the presence of the thousands of warriors who were still dancing and praising him on all sides. (It was the time of the great feast, when all the chief men of the country would be at head-quarters.) 'I am glad to see you,' he said. I told him my object in coming. 'I will

‘speak to them,’ said he, ‘in such a manner as will cause them to obey.’ I became somewhat alarmed at this, lest I should have been misunderstood. Notwithstanding my anxiety, he was left to enjoy his *siesta*. Returning in the evening, I again reminded him of my object in coming to the capital, and now we had a long conversation in reference to the very small amount of real success we missionaries had seen in our labour among his people, and the chief causes of such indifference. He sent for Umbumbulu, chief man of Inyati, and his men, to return. They arrived after two days’ waiting for them. Having all appeared before him, the king said, ‘Mbumbulu, there is Thomas, your teacher; he came to teach you seven years ago, but you have not yet learnt to read, and now you must listen to him, and learn.’”—Pp. 334, 335.

It is evident that a work thus dependent on the smile or frown of a sanguinary heathen despot must be very slow in its development. Umzilikazi, however, died in July, 1868, and one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Thomas's book is devoted to the narrative of that event, and the circumstances which followed, culminating in the coronation of Ulopengule, the present king. The course of events has been decidedly favourable to the missionary enterprise. The usual excitement with regard to the succession to the chieftainship followed the removal of Umzilikazi, whose power was built up in so peculiar a manner, that no successor, however talented, would be likely to acquire an equal share. At the very commencement of the new state of things, the moral superiority of the missionary strikingly asserted itself; for “when first informed that he was the real heir to the throne,” the young chief “became so alarmed, and convinced of the existence of a plot against his life, that he escaped from his own town, and riding about fifty miles, took refuge,” says Mr. Thomas, “at our house. Three days after, being rather doubtful of the propriety of sheltering him, and having been advised by parties in whose judgment I had the greatest confidence, I prevailed upon him to return home. He would do so, however, only on the condition that I would accompany him, and ascertain from the ruling chief (that is, the regent) what was the real state of affairs in respect of him.”\* When Ulopengule ultimately ascended the throne, he took the opportunity of announcing certain radical changes of the greatest importance. For example, the custom was now to cease of attacking neighbouring tribes, unsuspecting of assault, murdering the men, and carrying away the women

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\* P. 230.

and children as slaves. No one should henceforward be killed on a charge of sorcery, until he had met his accuser, and been proved guilty. And farther, the practice, which had had a most demoralising influence, and ultimately had not a little embarrassed the late chief, would no longer be allowed, whereby fathers offered their daughters in marriage to the king, who, if he wanted a wife, would henceforward make his own choice. The marriage customs of the nation at large have also greatly improved:—

“Years ago the law forbad all the young men and regular soldiers to marry, and the consequence was there were women enough for each marriageable man to have half-a-dozen wives, and these old polygamists always choosing the most beautiful young ladies, there were frequent compulsory, unnatural marriages, causing much misery. But since permission to marry has been given to all the young men, the sexes have become more equal the one to the other, and polygamy has lost much of its popularity, while children have partly shaken off the fearfully heavy yoke of bondage which had been borne for ages by their predecessors. Times of peace and freedom of will are the mortal enemies of polygamy.”—Pp. 267, 268.

In a word, the nation is gradually passing from its earlier condition of a savage military despotism into something more like a state of social and constitutional liberty. The present chieftain's supremacy, though now universally acknowledged, is a very different thing from that of his late father. Indeed—

“His position is one of much difficulty, and it requires superior skill to maintain it. Umzilikazi was a singularly gifted man, and, having become king under unusual circumstances, he formed, as it were, the whole nation himself; and, having founded every town, appointed each *induna*, and put under the care of every head-man in the country some of his own cattle or flocks, and having trained his councillors according to his own taste, found it comparatively easy work to rule his people. With the young king it is very different. Surrounded as he is by a number of the councillors and grey-headed associates of his father, who, by a long life of popularity had gained great influence in the land, he is regarded in a very different light to that in which his predecessor was looked upon. Should he displease these veterans, they will soon manifest their displeasure; nor will they hesitate to remind him that they were the friends of his father, that he owes them his crown, and that they may transfer it to another. . . . As the power, moreover, of a Zulu king is great in proportion to his wealth, Ulopengule will never acquire the same influence over the Amandebele as his father. His wealth at present consists in the few thousand of horned cattle

which he received from his father during the lifetime of the latter, the cattle of the inauguration, and the cattle left him after the decease of his predecessor, together with his waggons and other valuables."—Pp. 241, 242.

All this manifestly tends to leave the people more free than formerly to accept the Gospel. Mr. Thomas adds :—

"It is worthy of notice that for some time before our departure, and especially since the coronation, the natives took more interest in religious things than they had done at any previous time since the mission had been established. The king, having manifested a desire to learn to read and understand the Bible, and being generally at our services, the people followed his example, the result being that our services were better attended, and that many expressed a wish to be able to read, and were making the attempt. For some Sundays before we bade the king adieu and returned to Inyati (no longer the royal town since the death of the late monarch's chief wife), our congregation averaged more than a thousand, while we were permitted daily to read portions of the Word of God to and address the soldiers in their temporary barracks. Holding service near a village on our way home, the whole population attended all day; while on the last Sunday we spent at Inyati, so many were present, that we had to conduct the service in the open air, the chapel being much too small for them to enter. When, on Tuesday morning they heard, for the first time, that I was leaving them for a season, they became so urgent in their applications for books, which they were desirous to learn before my return, that I gave them the last I had."—P. 415.

While such great changes have been taking place in the internal, social, and political economy of this singular people, others not less remarkable have been happening from without. Mr. Thomas has an instructive chapter on the newly-discovered Tati and Zambesi gold-fields, both of which are situated in Amandebeleland. Here we learn that the European immigrant population is yearly increasing, and that, in addition to miners and artisans connected with the gold establishments, farmers are settling down in the country, tilling the soil, and cultivating stock. A land with such abundant capabilities as are indicated by the volume before us, cannot long remain undeveloped.

"The distance from the gold districts to Delagoa Bay is not more than 400 miles, while the river Limpopo would be navigable with small boats for a long distance from the sea. The Zambesi is only about 150 miles from the northern gold-field, and the company up there may easily make an arrangement with the Portuguese for a passage up and down that river."—P. 404.

Thus does Divine Providence appear to have been occupied in this promising country, in the centre of South Africa, in erecting a compact native power on the ruins of its corrupt predecessors, and then bringing it into contact with Christian civilisation, that it may mould its future. Surely the Church of Christ will not delay more largely to enter the doors opened from the east coast, especially now that the slave trade is nominally abolished. To make that abolition a real success, Christian missions must be more widely established; and for this purpose a glance at the modern map of Africa will show that the great river system of this part of the continent affords peculiar facilities. It is not without a clearly defined Providential purpose that Christendom has been led to concentrate her multifarious activities upon the Cape of Good Hope. The second stage of the history of the colony as a settled country is now making way for the third. Its entrance on the political functions of self-government, with greatly enlarged financial resources, suggests proportionately enhanced Christian responsibilities to its motley population. The Churches which have hitherto so generously ministered to its spiritual necessities, confidently anticipate the fruit of their labour in a rapidly extending solicitude, on the part of the colonists themselves, to meet the religious wants of the coloured classes at their doors, thus gradually relieving the missionary societies for the work to which a Divine hand beckons them in the interior. Some of the colonial Churches are already also beginning to grapple with that remoter work. May the time soon come when Evangelical labourers from the north shall everywhere in the centre of the continent meet their brethren from the south, and exchange congratulations over their mutual triumphs in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

- ART. IV.—1. *Manzoni. Opere complete di Alessandro Manzoni.*  
Three Vols. Milano: Fratelli Rechiedei. 1872.
2. *Alessandro Manzoni. Eine Studie von CARL MARQUARD SAUER.* Prag: Ehrlich. 1872.

THE readers of *The Betrothed*, in the English, *Les Fiancées* in the French, or *I Promessi Sposi* in the incomparable original, feel more than a mere passing interest in the announcement of the death of the author of that best of modern novels. They sympathised with the enthusiasm of Milan, which, on May 29th, both mourned and rejoiced over the funeral solemnities of Alessandro Manzoni. They will remember that representatives of all the cities and great towns of Italy followed the procession with banners; that princes bore the bier; and that united Italy seemed as one man—all save the priesthood—in honouring the memory of the most illustrious of its later sons, who united in himself the three characters of poet, patriot, and true Catholic, and was foremost among modern Italians in all the three. We cannot let the year of his death close without paying some slight tribute to one who has conferred so much pleasure by the works of his finished art. In the case of Manzoni, indeed, no delay is necessary. He had long been as one dead, having reached his ninetieth year when he passed away. All that biography could do had been already done, though in a fugitive manner, to make the world familiar with his history; criticism had long established the character of his works; and therefore nothing could be gained, so far as our brief notice is concerned, by waiting for any final memorial.

Alessandro Manzoni was born on the 8th of March, 1784, at Milan. His family was illustrious, and had furnished on both sides some members to literature. His father was a count, and the owner and transmitter of a modest fortune; but he did not live to see the maturity of his son. Like many other poets, however, it was to his mother that he owed his genius. She was the daughter of the Marquis Beccaria, the celebrated Jurist of European fame, and herself much devoted to literature. The youth commenced his studies at Milan, and completed them at Pavia; in 1805 he found his

way to Paris, where his mother procured him access to some of the most distinguished society, especially in philosophical circles, where Cabanis and Fauriel and Madame de Condorcet reigned. The tincture of French philosophy did him no harm, and familiarity with the French literature and conversation permanently enriched his style. In 1806 he wrote his first poems, which contain nothing so remarkable as the pure description of a philosophical life which is found in one of them. "To feel and to meditate; to be contented with little; never to turn one's eyes from the end of life; to preserve the hands and the soul pure; to have no more commerce with merely human things than is necessary to detach one's soul from them; never to suffer oneself to be a slave; never to make truce with baseness; never to betray sacred truth; never to utter a word that should sanction vice or turn virtue into ridicule." The beautiful verses which contain these lines gave promise of genius that was afterwards more than fulfilled, nor did the life of the writer ever fall short of these lofty aspirations. It is true that at the time he wrote them he was a sceptic, and the philosophical ideal he set up for himself was one that Christianity alone, though that never in its purest form, enabled him to realise. As yet he was a young enthusiast, dreaming of the revival of poetry. M. Sainte-Beuve has left a sketch which gives an interesting account of those early days: "How often, towards the end of 1806 and the years that followed, did the two friends, Manzoni and Fauriel, walk up and down the garden at the Maisonnette (Madame de Condorcet's), discoursing of the supreme object of all poetry, of the tawdriness and false imagery which must be driven out, and the fine simplicity of art that must be brought to life again. Poetry must come from the depths of the heart; it must be felt and sincerely expressed. Manzoni, in these young years, gathered his ideas and matured them by turns under the suns of France and of Lombardy, without being in haste to give them publicity. His little poem of *Urania* was commenced in 1807; he vaguely meditated a longer poem, such as the *Foundation of Venice*, for example. But he lived in the midst of abundance, and without the *arrière-pensée* of the moral life, or the life of the heart. In 1808 he married Henriette-Louise Blondel, daughter of a Genevan banker; he occupied himself with agriculture, and the embellishment of his residence at Brusuglio, near Milan; he came back to see his good friends at La Maisonnette, and made Fauriel the godfather of his first child. Thus the seasons passed in the

midst of his family, his trees, and his verses; and always these last occupied the least place in his thoughts."

But there was something going on with which M. Sainte-Beuve would have little sympathy. Miss Louise Blondel was a godly Protestant, and her influence led the youth to Christianity. It is not difficult to determine what led him to overpass Louise and go on to his hereditary Romanism. He took her with him, and she became as zealous a Catholic as he. From that time, and for many years, his writings give evidence of a deep religious feeling. In 1810 he published the *Inni Sacri* (*Sacred Hymns*), which placed him at once in the foremost rank among the modern lyrical writers of Italy. Herr Sauer shall give account of them.

"There are five poems, or rather hymns, as he calls them, on the Birth of Jesus, the Passion, the Resurrection, the Pentecost, and the Name of Mary. In these consecrated poems the poet produced an altogether new kind of lyrics, which is represented elsewhere only in the ancient lays of the Church; and thus he placed himself at once before the world as a champion of positive Christianity. Here he found the basis on which it was possible for him to become a great Italian poet. In the midst of a sceptical time, which, with its everlasting doubts, throws the pale cast of thought over every bloom, there are only two courses open to the genius which would reach that conscious clearness of willing and acting, that sphere of tranquil confidence where alone pure imaginations can be produced. Either he must, like our Dioscuri, wrestle through the regions of storm and unrest, and throw off the fetters of common life, in the light of nothing but pure beauty; or he must, like Manzoni, the singer of the less speculative South, seize the standard of faith, and cast its anchor there where it thinks it has found a firm basis. Only in one or other of these two ways can that great unity be reached which impresses upon every work of the poet the genuine classic stamp. Here we may find the point of contact and sympathy between Goethe and Manzoni; and thus I explain the fellow-feeling of the "great heathen" for the specifically Christian Catholic singer. In the *Sacred Hymns* Christendom has received a perfectly beautiful glorification. This Christianity is to Manzoni, of course, Catholicism, which appears however not in the designedly obtruded external confessions of faith, but in the glorious garments of the world-compassing doctrine of the Conqueror of Calvary. Hence Manzoni's lyrics are not the ministers of any particular tendency, but they are themselves their end. His hymns are Catholic in the sense in which the *Stabat Mater* is a Catholic hymn: that is, they present the highest poetry of the Catholic-Christian idea. In them breathes that spirit which created the Gothic cathedrals, which guided Raphael's pencil, and pervades Palestrina's music. Although Manzoni's lyre glorifies

the positive dogmas of the Catholic Church, it is not by any means a poetic polemic engaged in the service of the *ecclesia militans*. It is the free effusion of a genuine poet, whose faith is at the same time an outward conviction."—P. 16.

For our own part, we have no pleasure in the hymns of modern Catholicism. They seem never to find the happy medium between the pure spirituality and the sensuousness of devotion. When we enter one of their places of worship, the externality and earthliness of the machinery of worship stifles our senses at once. We see and feel that access to the God of worship is through an elaborate mediation that is not content with the One Mediator. The same impatience of the simplicity of the Gospel is apparent in the sacred poetry of later Romanism. The warmth of the devotion goes out after the human nature of our Lord and His human mother. The morbid delight in the tragical details of the passion, whether of the Son or the mother—sometimes there is a most fearful intermingling of the two—is utterly alien from the spirit of Scripture, the hymns of which are a perpetual rebuke to this so-called modern devotional poetry. It is true that Rome is not the only offender. The Lutheran Church has in some of its branches sinned against reverence and taste in the same manner. The Moravian hymns are many of them such as should be expunged from Christian literature. There are individual hymns and isolated verses in the devotional poetry of almost every denomination which have nothing in Scripture to justify them. But Rome in this, as in everything else, has been the chief offender. The effusions of Manzoni are very touching in this line; but there is not one of them that we should like to transfer to our pages.

It is pleasant to turn to the last and greatest effort of his lyrical muse; the ode written on the death of the prisoner of St. Helena, and entitled "*Il Cinque Maggio*," "*The Fifth of May*." This is a beautiful example of that condensed and chastised use of language which has always distinguished Italian poetry, and of which Dante was the consummate master. Words could not be more economically used, and every one serves its purpose without failing. The study of this piece would be exceedingly useful to some of our poets, whose licentious diction hangs about their thoughts like the folds of a badly-fitting dress that allow no clear outline of the thoughts to be seen. At the same time the words are not so compact and pared down as to make the meaning

matter of conjecture and study; and in this respect our ode would be a useful discipline to those spasmodic poets whose meaning must be so profoundly pondered as to take away all the pleasure that a work of art should impart. Take the first stanza:—

“ Ei fu ; siccome immobile,  
Dato il mortal sospiro,  
Stette la spoglia immemore  
Orba di tanto spiro,  
Così percosso, attonita,  
La terra al nunzio sta.”

Without paraphrase this cannot be translated; but no paraphrase would make the thought clearer. “ *He was*, and his course and race is run, and, like the corpse, motionless after the last sigh was spent; bereft of so great a spirit the smitten world stood silent and astonished at the tidings.” Not a word is thrown away here, and not a word could be improved. After the swift detail of the triumphs and dishonour of this great troubler of the nations, the poet asks:—

“ Fu vera gloria?—ai posteri  
L’ardua sentenza; nui  
Chiniam la fronte al Massimo  
Fattor, che volle in lui  
Del Creator suo spirito  
Più vasta orma stampar.

“ La procellosa e trepida  
Gioia d’un gran disegno,  
L’ansia d’un cor, che indocile  
Ferve pensando al regno,  
E’l giunge, e ottiene un premio  
Che era follia sperar.

“ Tutto ei provò; la gloria  
Maggior dopo il periglio,  
La fuga e la vittoria  
La reggia e il tristo esilio,  
Due volte nella polvere  
Due volte sugli altar.”

We hardly know where to find, out of Dante, so much thought and fine imagery in so few words: and those words so simple, and seemingly so prosaic until their arrangement lights them into the finest poetry. “ Was it true glory? to posterity the hard judgment: we bow before the Supreme,

whom it pleased to stamp upon this man a larger impress of His Creator Spirit than had been known before." And then the alternations of success and sorrow in that fierce spirit, agitated by the stormy joy of a great purpose, could not be more beautifully depicted by a thousand words than by these few sentences. Perhaps there never was a more graphic description written than that which carries us to St. Helena, and sets the brooding captive before us in the attitude that history has made celebrated:—

" Oh ! quante volte al tacito  
Morir d'un giorno inerte,  
Chinati i rai fulminei,  
Le braccia al sen conserte,  
Stette, e dei dì che furono  
L'assalse il sovvenir."

*Dei dì che furono!* The most beautiful stanzas are the last, which, however, carry the lyrical license very far, especially in a Romanist poet, and one remarkable for the vividness of his Romanist faith. When the indomitable spirit was at last tamed, and sank under the pressure of such unheard of trial,—

" Venne una man dal cielo  
E in più spirabil aere  
Pietosa il trasportò,"—

and lifted him to the land where rewards surpass desire, where all transitory glory is silence and darkness. Not, however, that the great disturber of the world was accepted through the inspiration of his own amazing sorrows. The poet makes him a captive of the cross of Christ.

" Bella, immortal, benefica  
Fede, ai trionfi avvezza,  
Scrivi ancor questo ; allegrati ;  
Che più superba altezza  
Al disonor del Golgota  
Giammai non si chinò.

" Tu dalle stanche cineri  
Sperdi ogni ria parola ;  
Il Dio che atterra e suseita,  
Che affanna e che consola,  
Sulla deserta coltrice  
Accanto a lui posò."

Nothing can be more beautiful than the tribute to the power of faith on the "reproach of Golgotha," the cross; faith accustomed to triumph! Apart from its application to the smitten conqueror, nothing can be more true to the Gospel of Christ. Nor would we deny it to him, on the supposition of his perfect trust in the mercy of the Atonement. But the striking thing is, that the Romanist poet should, under the inspiration of his art, deny so much of his own theology, or rather, omit so much, and sing in the spirit of an Evangelical poet of justification by faith. It was a true instinct that said, "Write down this man too!"

This exquisite ode has been admired by all Europe; it taxed Goethe to the uttermost in its translation, and he failed; others have essayed in other languages—whether in English we cannot tell—but it is the peculiarity of Italian poetry of the Dantesque type to defy translation, both on account of the classic severity of the diction and the peculiarity of the metre. But we recommend our young students of Italian to make it their text until they have thoroughly mastered its beauties. The specimens we have given will be a good preliminary exercise; and if they add Manzoni's works to their library, they will find not this only, but all his purely literary productions, the very best material for their use. He will give them a sure insight into the fascination of the language of Italy! and he will do more than this: he will teach them what is the secret of the charm of all finished writing—the perfect adaptation of language to thought, as the raiment which, however beautiful in itself, is after all less than the body that it adorns.

It seems to have been regarded by Manzoni as his vocation to inaugurate a new era in each of the departments of Italian literature. The drama was not an exception; he wrote two tragedies, which we have not studied carefully enough to criticise, and shall be content to translate a few sentences of Herr Sauer, which will give the reader some insight into modern Italian literature generally.

"Italy is not rich in great dramatic poets. The nation possessed, before Alfieri, no remarkable tragic writer. I must be understood, of course, to apply the German standard, untroubled by the judgments of Italian critics and historians. The importance of Alfieri himself is, despite the imposing characteristics of the man, on the whole merely negative. He scattered troops of plunderers from the French; but he did nothing to create a *national* drama, and that is the point concerned here. There is no warm fresh life pulsating

in his creations. He substituted for the French figures ghostly creatures formed by abstraction though moved by the powerful subjectivity of the poet. Alfieri could not penetrate into the sanctuary of the dramatic art, for he had not the plastic power of creation which alone can produce works that will live for ages.

"Tragedies like Shakespeare's or our own *Faust* and *Wallenstein*, the Italian Parnassus has not to show. The tragic poets Monti, Pindemonte, Ugo Foscolo, and even the general Florentine Giambattista Nicolini, are only poets of the second rank. And Manzoni, however eminent in lyrical poetry and romance writing, appears in the domain of tragedy not so much a great and creative spirit, forming, like Goethe and Schiller, a perfectly new era, as a liberator of the drama from the narrowing and embarrassing 'unities.' Acquainted with German and English literature, he undertook the task of reforming this branch of poetry, with taste and intelligence and skill; moved, moreover, by the spirit of A. W. Schlegel. Thus, while we look for the great tragic poets of Italy in the future, it is the merit of Manzoni to have begun to make the Italian drama *national*. People were weary of seeing dramas woven of the wearisome materials of old history, plundered to bankruptcy, while modern history was offering its attractive and rich matter in vain. Manzoni went to this improved mine, and produced his two tragedies, the *Conti di Carmagnola* and the *Adelchi*."

Manzoni was a vigorous reformer in Italian lyrical and dramatic poetry, but it was his destiny to be the creator of its historical romance writing, since so abundant. He was fired by the success of the early novels of Sir Walter Scott, and conceived the idea of a perfect national romance, which he long and carefully revolved in his mind. It is needless to say, that Sir Walter gave him no more than the suggestion; beyond the common element of a scene in the middle ages, and the delineation at once of national fortunes and of private life, there is no resemblance. Manzoni and Sir Walter were much alike in many respects. Both were poets, and poets of the romantic school; both had an intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the poor, while able to paint the manners of the rich; both were penetrated through and through with national traditions; both were great masters of humour, though Manzoni kept this gift much in abeyance; and, finally, both were true artists in style, though they worked on rather different principles. Sir Walter gave the reins to his genius, and was content with very little pruning of what he wrote. Manzoni produced one book, every sentence of which was chastened to the very point of perfection, edition after edition bearing witness to the

Manzoni.

stern severity of his taste. Hence, his few works are perfect masterpieces of Italian style; and the *Promessi Sposi*, being literally a book of the people, is one of the most important factors in their education. Such is the reward of the diligence of genius.

The *Promessi Sposi*, known in England as *The Betrothed*, was first published in 1825. It became immediately a general favourite. In Italy, it was hailed as the first production of the kind in the language. And the Italians were encouraged by some of the first judges in Europe to believe that this solitary work placed them at the head of modern literature in this department. Goethe gave his testimony:—"Manzoni's romance transcends all that we have any knowledge of in this kind. I need only say, that the internal part, all that comes from the soul of the poet, is thoroughly perfect, and that the external part, all the notes of localities and so forth, is not a whit behind its great inner qualities. The impression upon the reader is of such a kind that he ever falls from sympathy to admiration, and from wonder to emotion again, so that he is never out of one or the other of these deep influences. I thought in myself that this kind of work could not be carried further. It is in this romance that we first found out what Manzoni really is. Here comes the real and consummate nature of the man into exhibition, which his dramatic works had never given adequate opportunity to show. His internal culture appears in such perfection that nothing can easily be likened to him. The work gives us the pleasure of an absolutely ripe fruit. And there is in it a clearness in the treatment and representation of the details like the Italian sky itself." The tale was in due time translated into most of the languages of Europe. It defies translation; at least, such is the testimony of those best acquainted with the original. But the English reproduction in *The Betrothed* gives a very fair notion of the original.

The story of the troubles of the hero and the heroine—two simple specimens of the peasant life—is one of profound interest. Their history is the thread which binds together a series of wonderful sketches of Italian life in the seventeenth century. Looked at in this light, the work indisputably takes the lead of its class; there is no historical romance in any language comparable to it for the fidelity with which it paints the manners of the time. There is a marvellous affluence of characters and of situations; so rich,

indeed, is the tale in this respect that one might suppose the author's intention to have been to make this his solitary effort. The oppressed and the oppressors, the peasants and the nobility, the burghers and the signors, monks and nuns of every degree, learned of all professions, soldiers and their generals; in short, all the various elements of Italian society, pass before us in such sharp outline and living truth that we seem rather to be living among them than to be reading about them. The description is such as could never be reached by any amount of antiquarian reading, or simply dramatic skill; it needed the observation, imagination, and creative power of the highest genius.

The individual characters are as beautifully drawn as the sketches of society. Not one of them fails; and when their acquaintance is once made, they can never be forgotten. Don Abbondio, the parish priest of the book, is as fine a conception as the range of literature presents. As soon as we are introduced to him, we know the man and what his communications will be. His anxious care for self, faintly relieved by a sense of his vocation and responsibility, strikes us at once. We are prepared for everything that comes from him; and yet, any situation into which the worthy man is thrown by relentless circumstances seems to bring out some feature not marked before. The individuality of this poor curé is preserved in an inimitable manner. He is a universal favourite, without, strange to say, enlisting any sympathy for his unworthiness, or suffering us to forget for a moment how far he falls below the humbler people about him, whom he is supposed to guide. A better picture of the self-seeking, ease-loving parson, whose worst apparent vice, however, is his inability to exert a resolute will, was never drawn. But how magnificent is the contrast with Fra Cristoforo and Federigo Borromeo. Much loving, reverent care did Manzoni spend upon this character, the representation of the best and noblest elements of the self-sacrificing minister to men's souls: of those priests, in short, whom every age has produced as living protests against the corruption and selfishness of the system they helped to administer. The character of the *Innominato*, the Unknown, is a skilful piece of drawing. Never was there a more lovely development of the true woman's heart than Lucia's. In the whole compass of romance, there is no one person whose memory haunts the reader more importunately. When we have closed the book, we cannot help thinking that there lives such an individual, and

that we know her. She is a marvellous combination of childlikeness and heroism, of vigour and of gentleness, of simplicity of thought and depth of emotion, the whole being penetrated by a religiousness of spirit so perfectly beautiful that it seems hard to disparage it as somewhat unreal. Such, however, it is in some of the features; at any rate, it is very difficult to think otherwise. Most touching is the resignation and trust in God with which she receives all the strokes of her hard fortune; and with an exquisite absence of that self-consciousness which mars the recital of the deeds and woes of so many saints in real life. It is pitiable and yet glorious to see her deprived by degrees of almost all that woman's heart delights in—tried as very few women are ever tried—and preserving the gentleness and depth of her devotion unimpaired throughout. It is not easy to exaggerate the perfect art of this character. Renzo, her betrothed, comes halting behind, but not far. Great pains seem to have been taken to make him a counterpart of Lucia. The poor silk weaver is a fine study of the Lombardy artisan, a faithful and honourable youth, hard-headed and not over burdened with learning—one of average sense, but desperately true to what he thinks to be right. The dash of cunning and rough humour thrown into him is a wonderful improvement. Renzo is a good Catholic in his way; but his religion is of a very different type from Lucia's, and would often require to be helped by hers to face its difficulties. Most remarkable is the skill with which Manzoni rivets our interest on these two sharply defined peasant characters, though far greater persons and scenes of absorbing interest independent of them abound. This interest too is equally distributed, for, as neither Lucia nor Renzo is prominent, they must be taken together.

Generally speaking, there is a deep religious interest in this simple tale; and in this respect it stands out clear and distinct from most of its predecessors and followers. It shows by a most striking instance what an immense element of strength religion is in fiction; when combined with a pure earthly love, and exhibited by a genius like Manzoni's, there is nothing so effectual among the resources of art. The religion of *The Betrothed*, however, is not introduced for proselytising purposes, as in many similar productions, like *Fabiola*. The opportunity is never made or found for polemic attack upon religious ground: indeed, there is scarcely a line in the book that alludes to heresy, defends Rome, or condemns its enemies.

Its good is fairly exhibited, its evil is keenly satirised. The following extract from Herr Sauer brings out this point, and at the same time gives the reader who has read, or is reading, the work, a criticism that will help his appreciation.

"Three of the most prominent characters have a specifically religious character. Don Abbondio, the natural defender of the oppressed, is not equal to his obligation; he, in a cowardly spirit, gives up his office. Fra Cristoforo takes his place, being nearer the social sphere of the potentates; but even he is not high enough to be the counterpoise of the great oppressor. A skilfully contrived event takes him away from the scene, and the poor people are absolutely without any defence against the plans of Don Rodrigo, who, unable to carry out his purpose alone, calls in the aid of the Unknown. Poor Lucia has been treacherously given over into the hands of this the worst of her persecutors, while Renzo is abroad in exile. When her fate was absolutely sealed, an event takes place of such a marvellous character as to seem miraculous until we carefully notice how the artist has given prominence to the human element in the conversion of the Unknown. This man was Don Bernardino Visconti, but for family reasons Manzoni suppressed his name: a hardened reprobate, the last mighty representative of the feudal robber knights of the middle ages. This dread personage is brought, by the innocent bearing of the imprisoned, and as it were by the immediate operation of the Almighty, to a state of reflection upon the wretchedness of his past life. The description of his sleepless night after Lucia's arrival in his castle, the fearful agony of the old sinner's soul, is a picture of a frightfully impressive kind. And yet all is so internally true, we so often see the same change wrought without any dogmatic apparatus, that we cannot feel any scruple as to the poetic probability of such an event.

"The scene between Federigo and the Innominato, which has not its equal for solemnity, shows us, as Goethe says, what Manzoni is. A sinner in the high style of the nameless man needed for his conversion a priestly presence yet greater in good than he himself was in evil. This sublime apostolical figure Manzoni has sketched in Federigo Borromeo; and that, not altogether as a product of his fancy, but with close faithfulness to history, as indeed the entire scene of the conversion is known to rest on historical facts. The pride of the reprobate melts before the simple words of Federigo like snow before the sun. The work of conversion is complete, but not through the application of dogmatic apparatus, to which, probably, one of the *Dii minorum gentium*, like the Jesuit Breciani, or the author of the tasteless and dreary *Ebreo di Verona*, would have had recourse, but by the Divinely inspired enthusiasm of the Good Shepherd, who leaves the ninety-nine to seek the one lost. Lucia is saved from the hands of men. From the last and highest danger, the Plague, she is saved, like her betrothed, by the hand of the Almighty."

It will be understood from all this, that the remarkable tale which we have been praising was not written in the interests of Romanism. Had it been so, we should not have given it the prominence it has had in these pages. It is in many respects the perfect opposite of the many romances, written by new converts and others, that have been constructed as instruments for recommending Rome to the unwary. It is impossible to imagine anything more misleading than the tone and spirit of some of these works. Manzoni is perfectly true, and never betrays a polemical purpose. The book is a fair picture of the evil and of the good in Italian society of that century. It would never pervert any Protestant mind. In fact, it would, with its author, be placed in the Index by the Ultramontane fanatics. Not that we are recommending it, on the other hand, as a fair exhibition of the Christian religion. We do not send our readers to such books for their knowledge of religion. The type of religious truth found here is without the dogmatic truth on which, in real life, true piety is founded. The author shows a keen perception of the beauty of benevolence, self-denial, trust in Providence, hope, and the instinct of immortality. These virtues he has painted as one who has learned them, not from Rome, but from the Gospel. And the impression he makes upon the reader is that, notwithstanding his chivalrous championship of Catholic morality, there was far more of the Protestant Christian than of the Romanist in Manzoni.

As to the celebrated conversion-scene, we are bound to admit that something very like it is reported to have taken place. But the hardened reprobate whom Borromeo humbled only paid the tribute that many thousands have paid to the power of truth when addressed at the right time to the conscience. It was undoubtedly conversion after a fashion. It even went further than that of Felix, Festus, and Agrippa. But mighty as was the power of eternal truth in the hands of the priestly enthusiast, it lacked the element that gave perfection to the work of human conversion. But we are wandering into a forbidden region. We have only to do with a masterly historical picture of men and manners, which is a nineteenth century classic. We do not recommend any to read it save in the original, and as a study of beautiful Italian. He who thus reads it will have added something to his knowledge; and will rise from its perusal admiring the piety that no superstition could extinguish, but deeply thankful for a purer faith.

When we recommend this work in the original we must be understood to recommend it only to those who are advanced far beyond the rudiments of the language. It can hardly be appreciated by those who have the grammar and dictionary always at hand to help them: it is not a book for the elementary scholar. This will appear from the following remarks of Herr Sauer:—

“Considering the fact that in Italy the dialects play a much more important part than in Germany or France, it was for Manzoni, the Milanese, no small matter to have educated himself so entirely into the Tuscan that not only no traces of provincialism affect his style, but also that the pure Italian should be made in his hands the fitting vesture for a history that is so essentially local in its character. Not only had he to be true to the provincial character of his story, but he had also to find the appropriate expression for the habits of thought and speech belonging to an epoch far remote. What difficulties Manzoni had to encounter can be understood only by those who have made the Italian dialects their special study. Not only are these dialects, for instance, the Milanese, further removed from the Tuscan than one German dialect from the High German, but their influences go so far that in Lombardy, as in Naples or Venice, the highest classes of society speak a dialect among themselves, and unwillingly adopt the language of books in which they are by no means so much at home as an Austrian or Pomeranian in the German literary language, always supposing that these have had the necessary education. All the more must we marvel at the exquisite accuracy that is always evident in Manzoni’s management of language. If the poet had been a born Florentine, and breathed through life no other atmosphere than that of Siena, he could not have written in a more correct, elegant, and harmonious style than that which his last edition exhibits, and Clarus is right who says that the Romance in its present form is ‘the most perfect stylistic masterpiece of modern Italian prose.’”

This being the case, we have not wasted the pages we have devoted to the consideration of the literary character of the author whom Italy has this year been called to mourn. He is no less than the modern founder of Italian literature. He lived long enough to see a large and flourishing school of authors who faithfully followed his guidance and reflected his spirit. There are between twenty and thirty Roman writers whose works have been moulded by his *Promessi Sposi*, and their number is increasing. And the general influence of his style on the purity of modern Italian can hardly be over-estimated.

It remains only to speak of his later life. Manzoni lived

long in retirement, watching the regeneration of Italy, and hoping for the restoration of its faith. He deeply deplored the modern attitude of the Roman Curia, and had a deeper repugnance than perhaps he betrayed to the dogmatic tendencies of Ultramontane Romanism. But we cannot say that he turned his eye towards the only true light that can irradiate the darkness of Italy. His sentiments were those of his son-in-law and close imitator, Massimo d'Azeglio, who thus wrote a few years since:—"The masses in Italy will be either Catholic or nothing. All the efforts of Bible societies and Protestant missionaries will never avail to bring in another faith in the place of the faith in which our generations have grown up, which has given Italy its arts, its manners, and its entire social life. Men may from beyond the Alps work a dissolution of religious ideas, a moral revolution or reduction of all to nothing. They may destroy the Catholicism which was our glory; they may falsify it, take it away, and with it the moral principles of our people; but replace it by Protestantism—never!" These are melancholy words, and they touch Christian operations in which we also glory and have great confidence. We think that since these words were penned Protestantism has done very much in some parts of Italy to disturb the superstitions of the old faith, and to substitute for them what is much better than nothing. The writings of Manzoni have helped to deepen in our minds the conviction that there is a grand basis of good in the Italian character which the pure Gospel will yet develope; and that the one thing that has seemed most hopeless will yet be accomplished by the power of truth—the gradual elevation of the land that has been so long brooded over by darkness into the light and liberty of true Christianity. But classical Italian literature does not seem likely to help forward the work.

Manzoni's long life was governed by piety. He was devout from his youth up. Nothing in his works, nothing in his career can be pointed at as disparaging his religious character. His religion was that of a Roman Catholic, but it penetrated through Roman Catholicism to Christianity, and was fed from a deeper and purer fountain than flows through the Roman sacraments. This might seem to be hardly reconcilable with his ardent defence of Catholicism; but a deeper consideration will remove that appearance. Anyone who reads carefully the volumes that are before us will find many hints, and more than hints, of the precious verities of the Christian faith as they are Evangelically taught. Manzoni was

one of those to whose thoughtful and poetic natures Roman Catholicism always presents its ideal and more Scriptural aspect, who absorb the good and reject the evil with an instinctive fidelity to truth. It is easy to say that this is impossible, and that a thorough and even bigoted adherent of Catholic doctrine, such as he was, must needs neutralise the truth by errors vitally opposed to Christianity. But we cannot persuade ourselves of this. We believe that men like Manzoni live and die by the true Gospel which they implicitly hold—to use their own word—and that the whole mass of false doctrines which they seem to believe are in reality not objects of faith to them, and do not affect their relations to the common Saviour to the extent many are disposed to think. They must be judged by the standard of their education, prejudices, long established habits of thought; and in the judgment formed of them, their sincerity, good morals, and freedom from the current vices of their communion must be taken into account. Nor should it be forgotten that Manzoni was brought up amidst the influences of the French Revolution, and that the desolation that spread over Italy he was taught to regard as the fruit of a spirit which only Catholicism could resist. From revolution the Church was the only refuge.

Be that as it may, his Catholicism was of the type which the struggles of the more recent Old Catholics are teaching us to respect. He was not an enemy of other forms of the Christian religion. He was once an apologist for the Roman Catholic faith, but never a polemic against Protestantism. At an early period his mind had been stirred by the attempt of Sismondi, in the History of the Italian Republics, to prove that the morals of Catholicism were responsible for the decay of the Italian people. In 1834 he published an elaborate essay which he had kept by him for twenty years, *Observations on Catholic Morality*, and surprised all men by the enthusiasm of his championship. But he has not accomplished his object. Neither he nor any other man can vindicate the degraded Christianity of the Humanistic Italy. By dexterously shutting out the Jesuitism and the casuistry and the bypaths of Romanist ethics, a very fair case may be made for the remainder. But the influence of Rome on Italy, or any other land, is not the influence of its purest treatises and pages, or of its ethical teaching as expurgated and passing through the hands of its careful writers, but it is that of its volumes of casuistry and its ethics of the Confes-

sional and indulgences. There can be no doubt of the sincerity with which Manzoni believed, in common with Massimo d'Azeglio, his son-in-law, Cesare Balbo, and many others of the foremost statesmen of young Italy, that Catholicism is the only form of faith that suits the Italians and will ever succeed in holding their minds in submission. In this they are mistaken; and it will yet be seen that the Italian mind is not more allied to superstition by any pre-established harmony than that of any other European people. It lost its hour in the seventeenth century, and perhaps that hour had not yet come when Manzoni wrote. Who can doubt that it is now all but on the stroke!

Manzoni was one of many sincere and upright Roman Catholics who have had in late years to decide between conscience and the hierarchical pretensions of Ultramontanism. A more severe conflict can hardly be imagined than that which has been going on in many a faithful Italian Romanist since the question of the national independence was raised. Manzoni gave abundant evidence of sincerity both to the Catholic power and young Italy. He never could persuade himself that the temporal authority of the Pope was really answerable for the misfortunes of Italy. His aim, in earlier life, in common with many Italian patriots, was to bring about a federation of Italian states, but the agitation of 1848 put an end to that delusion; when the course of events and the providence of God brought matters to such a crisis that the decision had to be made between the temporal power of the Pope and the unity of Italy, Manzoni solemnly and firmly decided for the latter. Hence this earnest Catholic, who a quarter of a century before wrote the most effective, though not an effectual, vindication of Catholic morality, and was indeed in Italy what Moehler was in Germany, the foremost and most trusted apologist of Romanism, was found publicly accepting the new government of Victor Emmanuel. From the king he took the dignity of a senator; he appeared in Parliament to approve of the transference of the capital; and, finally, when Rome was freed from Papal misgovernment, he permitted himself to be invested with its new municipal freedom. His clear vision saw that the destruction of the temporal power was necessary to the unity and independence of Italy, and that it would tend to the reformation and strengthened influence of the Church itself. His writings had indirectly done very much to prepare the way for the movements that rejoiced his old age. They had exerted

an influence that it is hard to appreciate, and hard also to exaggerate, upon the popular energies and tastes and aspirations. And it was not to be expected that he would himself be found unfaithful to the patriotic impulses that he had done so much to foster among his people. But not one of all the promoters of Italian regeneration betrayed less consciousness of having been an important factor in that regeneration.

We have no means of determining the attitude which this sincere son of Rome would have taken towards the Old Catholics. But there are evidences enough to render it probable that he would have been one of their foremost leaders. In the work above alluded to, on the Catholic Morals, he taught that the Church arrogated infallibility for none of its members. But before he died he saw the dogma imposed upon the Church in a form and amidst circumstances which must have profoundly disturbed his mind. If the effect was not seen, the reason is obviously to be found in his extreme age and absolute seclusion from the outer world. The testimonies of his friends give proof, however, that he remained faithful to his convictions. And the manner in which the Ultramontane press has written of him, as well as the marked absence of the clergy from the national tribute at his grave, show clearly enough what was the relation which this sincere, ardent, patient, and discriminating Catholic bore to the Roman Curia in his last years.

- ART. V.—1. *Confession as Taught by the Church of England.* By the Rev. C. N. GRAY. Fifth Edition. Manchester, N.D.
2. *Absolution. A Sermon Preached in the Parish Church of Lower Moville, on Sunday, June 15th, 1873.* By the Rev. FRANCIS SMITH, A.M. Londonderry. 1873.
3. *The Priest in Absolution. A Manual for such as are called unto the Higher Ministries in the English Church.* Part I. Second Edition. London. 1869.
4. *The Priest's Prayer Book, with a Brief Pontifical.* Fourth Edition, much enlarged. Ninth Thousand. London. 1870.
5. "Times'" *Report of Debate in the House of Lords on Monday, July 14th, 1873.*
6. *Letter of the Bishop of London, Addressed to the Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, and Dated Fulham Palace, July 21st, 1873.*

CHARITABLE people, who have long thought that the Ritualistic movement in this country was a mere phase of the theologic mind, created by one singularly gifted man, brought out in striking prominence by a select band of Oxford clerics, and likely to vanish away in a single generation, leaving the heart of England unscathed and sound, have surely by this time discovered their mistake. Forty years have now passed since Newman spoke to Wiseman the historic words, "We have a work to do in England;" and at no time since then has that work, the nature of which is sufficiently manifest from its fruits, been progressing with greater intensity and success than the present. Public secessions to Rome are not perhaps so frequent as they were some thirty years ago, but this is more a change of tactics than a sign of subsiding force. Experience has shown that the grand work can be carried on more hopefully within the Establishment than beyond it. Neither Pope nor cardinal, priest nor friar, could Romanise a Protestant people with so much success as the man who, occupying the position of a parish clergyman,

adopts the language, copies the forms, and seriously apes every attitude of Rome, while at the same time he disarms suspicion by magnifying the Church and praising the Liturgy.

To Englishmen in general, no Romish institution is more odious than the Confessional. To buy and beg from man what can be had from God without money, to expose to the unsympathising eye of a stranger the secrets of private and domestic life, to convey to the priest the knowledge which enables him to exert over the penitent an unlimited power and to assume the direction and guidance of his individual life, is repugnant alike to the principles and feelings of all English Protestants. Nothing, therefore, shows in a more striking light the power of the Ritualistic movement than the fact now known to the world, that the institution of the Confessional, which it was supposed had been virtually swept away at the Reformation, has been, within our own time, revived in the Anglican Establishment, and that many clergymen, officiating in Protestant Churches and to Protestant congregations, designate themselves parish priests, and in common with their Romish namesakes make it their business to shrive the souls of their parishioners. To such an extent has the practice grown, that in May last four hundred and eighty Anglican clergymen petitioned the Convocation of Canterbury to have public confessors appointed, and most of the prelates, before whom this remarkable document was laid, while stating that they disapproved of *habitual* confession, seemed to feel neither surprise nor displeasure at the proposal. That most fearless and outspoken of theologians, Archdeacon Denison, when preaching in August last before the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Mayor and Corporation, in the Wells Cathedral, is reported in the *Times* to have concluded "by expressing his gratitude to the Almighty that priests by thousands were teaching and practising private confession, and that the laity by tens of thousands were rejoicing in the comfort which was thus afforded." Not only so, but the community is flooded with a stream of publications, designed to recommend confession as a means of grace, and to persuade Protestants that Anglican clergymen have received from God power to forgive sins, and that this has always been the doctrine of the Church of England, as taught in her Liturgy and by her most eminent divines.

The treatises whose names stand at the head of this

article furnish proof and illustration of this last remark. Mr. Gray's pamphlet is an able and industrious attempt to show that not only the formularies of the Church of England, but the published sentiments of many of its most distinguished prelates and theologians, both dead and living, are in favour of the Confessional. Mr. Smith is, we believe, an Irish clergyman, and, if we are right in this, Ritualism, it is clear, has found a footing elsewhere than in England; for his sermon is a Jesuitical effort to persuade a Protestant congregation that absolution is the prerogative of the clergy as distinguished from "unordained Christians," and that to men in orders belongs the exclusive right of conveying to the penitent God's pardon in an authoritative form. The *Priest in Absolution* is anonymous, but is said to be written by the Rev. J. C. Chambers, who has given Part I. to the public, but reserves Part II. of his work "for priests specially recommended." Not having the advantage of being "specially recommended," we have had to content ourselves with Part First: it gives full directions to the Anglican clergyman, how he is to conduct himself in the Confessional,—how he is to examine the penitent, as to the nature of the questions to be asked, and the kinds of penance to be imposed; and it professes to aid the confessor in deciding when to grant and when to refuse pardon. The *Priest's Prayer Book* purports to be revised in part by certain bishops and theologians of the Established Church, and contains a collection of forms and services designed to be used by clergymen in a variety of cases not provided for in the *Book of Common Prayer*; such as a service to be used in case of "Reconciliation of a baptized Dissenter," and forms proper for the blessing of water and of candles and of palms, for the consecration of chrisms and of oils, for the installation of a mother superior in a nunnery, and for other purposes. From the largeness of its sale, we presume the clergy find it to be a useful and pleasant manual. In a recent debate in the House of Lords, it was stated, on the authority of the *Catholic Register* for February, 1873, that so many as two thousand persons pass over every year to the Romish communion out of the Ritualistic Churches of London, and it was added that at present the tide of fashion is running strongly in that direction. These all are evidences of a movement great and influential, which bids fair to give a new turn to the religion and history of England.

Let it be carefully noted that the kind of confession which

these books peculiarly recommend is not that which a man makes, and, as a sinner, is bound to make, when, in the closet, or in the public congregation, or elsewhere, God and he are alone together; or when it has come to his knowledge that he has done injury to his neighbour; or when by his misconduct he has given offence to the Church or Christian society of which he is a member. Confession of sin to the person or party injured by the sin, is a sort of confession which Scripture approves and enjoins, and which no Protestant who knows his principles denies to be a duty. Nor is the absolution, here recommended, the simple announcement that God frankly forgives a man the very moment that in his heart he repents and believes the Gospel. Such an announcement is authorised by the Word of God, it is itself part of the Gospel, and no man can preach the Gospel fully who does not give it as part of the message that he brings. But the doctrine of the above-named book is, that it is the duty of every baptized person to confess to the priest sins committed against God; that all priests, and none but priests, have power to forgive sins; that sacerdotal absolution is the Divine means of deliverance from sins committed after baptism, and that the priest is possessed of special power to convey or to withhold God's pardon for such sins. The particular kind of confession now recommended publicly to the laity is Auricular Confession, and the authority now claimed by the clergy to pronounce forgiveness is that usually called Priestly Absolution. The inquiry as to the amount of claim which these doctrines have on the reception of Christians can scarcely in present circumstances be judged out of place.

To men who by some mysterious process of logic or effort of credulity have reached the conclusion, that the outward and visible society known as the Church Catholic is infallible in all its statements, that a section of the Church Catholic, known as the Anglican Establishment, is authorised to speak for it all, that the formularies prepared by a few of its prelates and laity several hundred years ago fairly express the judgment of thousands upon thousands in its membership who have never bestowed an hour's serious thought as to what these formularies mean, and that they may be taken as the deliberate sentiment of the whole Church, there would be no need to address any argument founded on anything outside the Articles and Liturgy, the Homilies and Canons. But at present we speak to readers who know no rule of faith except the Word of God, who believe that the Church Catholic and

visible has no means of speaking infallible truth except through the lips of Christ, its only lawful Head; that the Anglican communion is at best but a part of the Church Catholic, and as such is not entitled to speak for the whole; and that any formularies prepared by men, whether they do or do not express the sentiments of the whole community whose leaders have adopted them, are valuable in so far, and only in so far, as they represent what is written in the Holy Scriptures. It is for their satisfaction that we propose to inquire whether the doctrines in question have any solid foundation in the Word. Dr. Fiddes, a writer quoted by Mr. Gray, speaks of sacerdotal absolution as "the institution of God;" and Archdeacon Denison, in his recent sermon, said that "It was required of every member of the Church who found himself unable to quiet his conscience, to go to God's priest to confess himself; it was an integral part of the commission received of the Holy Ghost by every priest at the hands of his bishop, that he should hear the penitent's confession, and, when he saw fit, give him absolution:" and he complained, "That, in face of the plain natural meaning of the words in St. John's Gospel, and of the parallel places in Holy Scripture, it was commonly denied here in England that Jesus Christ gave to man the power to forgive, or to withhold the forgiveness of, sins in His name." We propose to inquire whether it is true that sacerdotal absolution "*is the institution of God*," whether it is true that, according to the Scriptures, a man is required under any circumstances to go to a priest to confess himself, and whether it is the plain natural meaning of the words in St. John's Gospel, and of the parallel passages, that Christ gave to man the power to forgive, or to withhold the forgiveness of, sins.

First, as regards CONFESSION. As it is not pretended that any authority for the alleged duty is found in the Jewish Scriptures, our inquiry is narrowed to the statements of the New Testament, which are supposed to allude to it. The most important of these are the following, as given in Dean Alford's version:—

"Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea and all the regions round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins."—Matt. iii. 6.

"Many that believed came and confessed and made known their deeds."—Acts xix. 18.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt

believe in thy heart that God raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved : for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness ; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 9, 10.

"And [God] put into our hands the word of the reconciliation. On Christ's behalf then we are ambassadors, as though God were intreating by us : we pray on Christ's behalf, be reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 19, 20.

"Confess therefore one to another your transgressions, and pray for one another."—James v. 16.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9.

"Every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ come in the flesh, is of God."—1 John iv. 2.

Such we believe to be the passages of the New Testament most frequently quoted in proof of its being a duty to go to the priest to confess our sins. From them it is quite evident that there are some sorts of confession highly commendable in themselves, and which it is a Christian duty to perform. It is a duty to confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh ; it is a duty to confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus, as well as to believe upon Him with the heart ; but such duties every one who makes profession of true Christianity both admits and performs. We are commanded to confess our faults one to another, but this is a confession that one Christian is bound to make to another Christian against whom he trespasses, and which the priest is as much bound to make to the people as the people are to the priest. It is never right for a believer to deny the sins of which he is guilty, and if he confess them to God, God will be found faithful and just to forgive him his sins. The confession made by the Jews, when submitting to the baptism of John the Baptist, and by the Ephesians at their conversion to Christ, is the confession of sin which all men make, who in adult years have their eyes opened to their past guilt, submit to ordinances in the Church, and resolve in the strength of grace to enter on a new and holy life. Such confession is approved by God, is denied by no Protestant who knows and believes the Bible, and is daily practised by multitudes of men and women who never whispered their secret acts into sacerdotal ears, and who never will till they are laid in clay. God has given to men the ministry of reconciliation, and they fulfil that ministry when they stand forth as ambassadors, and beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. All these passages are consistent with Protestant doc-

trine in its soundest form. But in none of them is any such doctrine taught, as that a priest, and no man except a priest, has power to forgive sins and to receive confessions: nor in any of them is there any such obligation laid upon the erring soul, that it must at stated times or otherwise, whether it feel sin to be a burden or not, seek an interview with an ecclesiastical functionary, who in vestry or secret chamber sits robed in cassock, surplice, and stole, pour its base thoughts and immoral acts into that man's ear, and submit to his authority as one who has power, according as he thinks fit, to grant or not to grant forgiveness. In none of the passages quoted above is auricular confession taught to be a duty; no special privilege is promised to those who perform it, believing it to be a duty: and therefore, what God has not enjoined we must not allow men, however venerated or holy, to impose upon us as "a Divine institution." The Confessional a Divine institution! There is no Divinity about it; nothing but what is human and earthy in its origin, its instruments, and its ends. If the formularies of any Church recommend a practice which God has not instituted, that fact condemns the formularies. In religious matters, if men command what God has not commanded, we simply ask to be excused. If they condescend to humbler ground, and appeal to reason, we cannot, and do not, refuse obedience to what can be shown to be necessary and reasonable. But every institution must stand upon its own ground; the Divine upon the foundation of the Scripture, and the human on the foundation of necessity and reason. The Divine receives no real support by an appeal to the authority of man; and the human is discredited when its advocates vainly attempt to rest it on the authority of God. Nothing is more common than to quote in support of auricular confession the opinion of Anglican theologians and of other theologians of great note. But this is labour lost. If the Confessional is a Divine institution, it must have some better authority to produce than the authority of man. If it is not a Divine institution, the statement of any theologian, however distinguished, does not pass for much with those whose only rule of faith is the written Word of God.

It deserves to be remembered that the Confessional is not only unauthorised by Scripture, but is quite unnecessary for the ostensible object that it has been devised to secure. Its design, as we are told, is to enable the spiritual physician to inquire into the diseases of the soul in order that he may be

the better able to prescribe a remedy. There is, however, but one great moral disease that afflicts humanity, and only one true remedy. The disease assumes, no doubt, a variety of phases, but every phase of it is some form of SIN, and the one sovereign remedy for sin in all its forms is the BLOOD of Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." In order to bring the remedy to bear upon a man or woman's nature, it is not necessary to inquire into the nature of the sin, the time when it occurred, the frequency of its repetition, and the circumstances under which it was committed. These are the subjects in regard to which, we are informed. questions are asked in the confessional "by experienced priests."

"They begin by inquiring into the beginning and grievousness of the evil; they ask about the *frequency* and *duration* of the sin—*when*, *with whom*, *where*, *how*, in order to be better able to counsel and rebuke the penitent, dispose him for absolution, and apply to him suitable remedies. Having thus inquired, the priest becomes acquainted with the origin and gravity of the offence, and gives the necessary admonitions."—*The Priest in Absolution*, p. 49.

The priest, of course, may have his own ends for inquiring into such things, but he does not need to be informed as to the *when*, *with whom*, the *where*, and the *how*, in order that he may be able to prescribe for the spiritual disease. Enough for him it is to know the fact of sin and the reality of the repentance, both of which it is possible to ascertain without the confessional; and all he has then to do is to press on the sinner's acceptance the remedy offered in the Gospel. And if the spiritual cure were his only object, what is to prevent him from giving the one true prescription without the mystery of the confessional or vestry, without surplice, cassock, or stole, open and above board, in face of the world? Not only so, but the counsels usually given by the confessor to penitents might be given to them in presence of the congregation. Here is a summary of them:—

"In general the penitent should be urged to direct all his efforts towards obtaining the end for which God made, redeemed, and sanctified him. Nothing should be valued but what tends to promote that end, nothing undervalued but what is useless for that object, nothing feared but what stands in its way. All things that he must do or suffer, should be regarded as so many aids to it. All must be regulated or discontinued, subject to that consideration. The priests should instruct penitents how to pray, what prayers to use,

and when, and how often, according to their different needs and opportunities. They should be told to pray at least twice a day, at morning on rising, and at evening on going to bed. Besides this, they should be urged, as often as it may be in their power, to be present at the celebration of Holy Communion, or at the saying of matins and evensong, and especially on festivals; they should be instructed, if capable of being so, how to engage in mental prayer, to say the penitential Psalms, or use like religious exercises, and be exhorted to make a daily examination of conscience, and be taught how to do it. They should be exhorted often to go to confession, and receive the Holy Eucharist, if possible, every Sunday, as St. Augustine advises. They should specially be urged to confess and communicate at the greater festivals, such as Easter, Pentecost, and Christmas, and the first Sunday in Lent. By-and-by it may be easy to persuade them to communicate oftener, and at length monthly, after which it will not be difficult to bring them to a weekly reception. The priest should endeavour to win them to a religious observance of festivals and other solemnities by holy reading, meditations, and prayers. He should direct them to the purchase of suitable books of devotion for reading during special seasons. The wife should be urged to use her endeavours to gain over her husband to a religious life, and the husband in like manner his wife, and both to win the hearts of their children to the service of God. And it should not be forgotten to instruct them in the necessity of almsgiving, and giving the tithes at least of all that they possess."—*The Priest in Absolution*, Chap. VI., sect. xi., pp. 79, 80.

A true minister of Christ would speak to those who sin of the Advocate with the Father, and of the Great Propitiation (1 John ii. 1, 2), never of the observance of ordinances, and of rites, and of festivals, as a remedy for sin. But supposing the counsels here given were in every respect Scriptural and wise, there is nothing that requires the priest to give them from behind the curtain of the confessional. The fact is, that a priest, on their own showing, has nothing that it would be right to tell the penitent in private which he might not tell in public if he chose. What then is the use of the confessional? To the sinner, it is of no use whatever.

It were vain to deny, however, that some sinners, conscious of guilt and ignorant of the one Divine method in which pardon comes, do feel that they need something which they are led to believe that the confessional can give. They have an impression that God has delegated to man the power of conveying forgiveness, that this power is deposited with the priest alone, and that, as he at his pleasure can bestow or refuse pardon, it is their interest to seek from him the benefit, whether Scripture has or has not commanded them so to do. The

power of absolution, which they understand to be vested in the priest only, is the golden bait that lures them to the confessional. It may be well, therefore, to inquire whether there is any solid foundation in the Holy Scriptures for this doctrine of SACERDOTAL ABSOLUTION. That the right of conferring pardon belongs to the Sovereign Ruler of heaven and earth, no Christian denies; that it was exercised on earth by the Son of Man, all admit; that it is alike conceivable and possible that God could delegate His power to mere men, few would question. The questions on this subject that admit of discussion, as it appears to us, are these: Is it a fact that God has delegated this power to ordinary men; and are the priesthood, whether Anglican or Roman, the class of men exclusively to whom this power has been entrusted?

The passages of Scripture usually alleged in favour of absolution are the following:—

“Christ said to Peter, ‘I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.’ Matt. xvi. 19.

“He said to the disciples, ‘Verily I say unto you, what things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.’ Matt. xviii. 18.

“Jesus said to them again, ‘Peace be unto you: as the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.’ And when He had said this He breathed on them, and saith unto them, ‘Receive ye the Holy Spirit: whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whose soever ye retain, they are retained.’ John xx. 21—23.”—*Texts quoted from Dean Alford's Version.*

It is supposed by the friends of the confessional that the Lord in pronouncing these words bestowed upon the Apostles authority to forgive sins, and that this authority has been transmitted by the Apostles down to the clergy of the present generation. Archdeacon Denison thinks it “the plain natural meaning of the words in St. John's Gospel and in the parallel places,” that Jesus Christ gave to man the power to forgive or to withhold the forgiveness of sins in His name;” and the doctrine supposed to be taught in the above passages of Scripture is, to use words quoted with approbation by one of the pamphleteers,\* that “God, who alone hath the prime

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\* *Confession as Taught in the Church of England*, p. 14.

and original right of forgiving sins, hath delegated the priests His judges here on earth, and given them the power of absolution, so that they can in His name forgive the sins of those that humbly confess unto them." Is this, we may inquire, the plain natural meaning of the words in the Gospel of John?

First let us inquire into the alleged fact of the transmission. On the supposition that Christ delegated to the Twelve the power of pardoning sin, what evidence have we in Scripture that they either did or could transmit it to any beyond themselves? It is rather much to assume without evidence that either priests or bishops have a right in virtue of their office to exercise every power that was possessed by the Apostles of Christ; and before we are asked to believe that the Apostles transmitted this portion of their power to others it is only reasonable that proof of this be produced. It is well-known that the Apostles did many things which nobody can do now, and made use of powers which have not come down to those who followed them. The Apostles spoke with tongues, but the gift of tongues has not been transmitted. They employed the gift of prophecy; but the gift of prophecy has not been transmitted. They were inspired men; but their gift of inspiration has not been transmitted. They performed miracles; but their power of working miracles has not descended to their so-called "successors." But if the power to speak with tongues, and to predict the future, and to announce inspired truth, and to work miracles, has not come down to the bishops and priests, what sound reason can we have for believing that the power of forgiving sins has come down to them? May not the prerogative of pardoning sin, like the gift of inspiration, have died out of the Church when the last Apostle died? The teachers who followed the Apostles did indeed perform the ordinary duties of preaching and baptizing and ruling; but we do not find from the Scriptures that they attempted either to forgive sins or to exercise supernatural powers of any description. One thing, at least, is clear; neither priest nor bishop now can tell what will be to-morrow, or speak a language which he has not laboriously learned, or make a blind man see, or a dead man live, all of which we know that the Apostles did. And yet we are told that, like an Apostle, a priest can forgive offences against God. Where is the evidence of this? In the Bible not a single line. All we have is the bold unscrupulous statements of men repeated and repeated. But with those whose only rule of faith is the Word of God, the mere asser-

tions of men, however bold and oft repeated, are no evidence whatever.

But it may be naturally inquired, did the Apostles themselves possess this extraordinary power? If so, then, in view of the priceless advantages which it was calculated to confer upon immortal men, it must have entered largely into the matter of their public instructions. They could not in the circumstances supposed have done otherwise than the Redemptorist Fathers do now—announce to the multitude their possession of this great prerogative, summon sinners to meet them in the confessional, and hold out to the penitent the hope of carrying away the full benefit of the sacerdotal or Apostolic absolution. But it is a striking fact that there is no trace of such teaching in the New Testament. The instructions of the Gospel are quite in harmony with those of the Law and the Prophets on the same subject. The Apostles never address sinners as men would speak who themselves had it in their power to dispense pardon to whom they pleased, but as those who would persuade sinners to apply to God for what cannot be had from man. "Repent," said Peter to Simon Magus, "of this thy wickedness, and pray the Lord, if, perhaps, the thought of thine heart may be forgiven thee." "If any man have sinned," says another, "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;" and again, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." There is no instance in the Scriptures of an Apostle ever calling on sinners to come to himself that he might give them absolution; in every instance, he directs the fallen to have recourse to Christ. From this we infer that the inspired founders of Christianity did not themselves understand, that their commission from Christ invested them with the powers now claimed on their behalf.

We may observe further, that if the Apostles had possessed this privilege, we may fairly conclude, from what we know of their love to the brethren, they would not have been slow to put their prerogative in force. Moral delinquencies were common enough, even in that age, to supply them with opportunities in abundance. Under the very eye of the Apostles of the Lord, there were Marks who grew weary in the work of the Gospel; and Demases who loved this present world; and men of the stamp of Diotrophes, who struggled for the pre-eminence; and others, like Hymenæus and Alexander, who made shipwreck of the faith. To some

of these, at least, grace would bring repentance, as it did to Mark, and the Church would take them to its fellowship once more; but there is no hint that any Apostle ever took it upon him to forgive any of these people the sins which they had committed against God. It would help greatly to a settlement of the question, if there could be produced from the Scriptures one clear case of an Apostle acting on the authority which it is now alleged was derived from Christ, or of a Christian, who, having fallen into sin, came to the confessional to whisper his offence in an Apostle's ear, who had his penance prescribed, and who finally obtained absolution from Peter or Paul. It is the part of those who profess to believe that sacerdotal absolution was practised in the Apostolic age, to provide us with such a case. Hitherto, however, no such example has been produced, and till it is done we are entitled to say that no such example exists. No Apostle ever uses the well-known words of the Anglican and Roman ritual,—*Ego absolvo te*—"I absolve thee." If, then, there is no instance in Scripture of an Apostle remitting to any individual the sins which he committed against God, we are warranted in saying that it was because that no authority to do this on behalf of God was ever conferred; and if this power was not conferred on the Apostles, bishops and priests cannot claim it; for even Apostles cannot bestow upon others what they themselves never possessed. The passage in St. John's Gospel quoted in support of priestly absolution must, therefore, be entirely misunderstood.

But if we thus take exception to the interpretation which so large a portion of the Christian world puts upon John xx. 23, nothing is more reasonable than the demand which follows as a thing of course, that we produce a better. The words are the words of God as much as any in the New Testament, and if they do not confer upon the Apostles the power of absolving from sin against God, they confer some privilege or enjoin some duty. At least they must mean something. What is that something? In what sense is it true that they had authority to remit and to retain sins? View the matter in an historical light and the difficulty vanishes away. It is surely not too much to assume that an Apostle understood his own commission, and acted up to the powers he received. Had it been otherwise he would not be fit for his office. If he knew his instructions, and carried them out with fidelity, his conduct is the best explanation of the commission that he bore. The practice of an inspired servant of God is the best com-

ment upon the law under which he acted. What was that practice, let us inquire, in regard to the remission of sins?

From the specimen of Apostolic instruction presented in the Acts, we find that the Apostles, in every place which they visited, preached repentance and remission of sins in the name of Jesus. In the life, miracles, and sufferings of their Master, they point out how the prophecies of the Old Testament found their fulfilment. They dwell especially on His death and His resurrection—the great foundation facts of the Gospel system. On this grand doctrinal basis they rest their call to men—to repent of their sins and to believe the truth. To everyone who repents and is converted, they promise instant and complete remission in the name of Christ. To them who reject the Gospel, and persist in sin to the close, they declare the inevitable penalty of eternal death. As ambassadors of Christ, to whom was committed the ministry of reconciliation, they speak in their Master's name, and beseech men to be reconciled to God.\* The doctrine which they preached may be summed up in the words of Peter to Cornelius—"Through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." By bearing witness to Christ, and pressing the invitations of the Gospel so urgently that sinners felt themselves shut up either to repent and be pardoned, or refuse and be lost, they virtually remitted or retained sins. So that the words in St. John's Gospel do not necessarily mean more than the power of declaratory absolution—authority to announce to men as is announced in the Anglican form for Morning Prayer, that God "pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel."

The question under discussion, it must be kept constantly in view, is whether there has been delegated to any class of men the authority to forgive sins committed against God. Nobody denies, as has been already stated, that a man has full power to forgive any sin committed against himself. If a subject transgress the law of his country, it is within the power of the monarch, or other head of the commonwealth, to grant a pardon for the crime. In like manner the Church, in common with every other society, has the right of forgiving sins committed against itself. The man who enters into membership with a Church does so on the ground of a profession which

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\* Consult Luke xxiv. 47; Acts ii. 22—39; iii. 19—26; iv. 8—12; v. 31; x. 34—43; xiii. 38, 39; xvi. 30, 31; 2 Cor. v. 18—20.

implies he is sound in faith and moral in behaviour, and should he prove afterwards unsound in faith and immoral in behaviour, he has broken the contract into which he entered with the Christian society, and justly exposes himself to admonition, rebuke, expulsion, or whatever other ecclesiastical penalty Scripture may prescribe for the offence. Conduct of this kind is not only a breach of the law of God, but it brings discredit on the Church of which the culprit is a member, and involves his fellow worshippers to some extent in the shame of his transgression. Now the Christian society has a right to punish with its censures offences thus committed against itself, or to forgive them; and in certain circumstances, when they are duly repented of, it is its duty to forgive them. But the congregation of believers, consisting as it does of many members, has no means of corporate action except through its officers, who are appointed to rule, and therefore invested with authority to act in the Church's name. The Apostles were the supreme church-governors of their own time, and in virtue of their office as rulers they had power to impose or to remove the ecclesiastical penalties attaching to sin, according as the misconduct or as the repentance of a Church member was found to justify. This power was exercised by Paul in the case of the incestuous Corinthian; Titus was directed to use it against a heretic; and the Church at Thyatira was severely censured for not putting it in force against the woman Jezebel.\* The most memorable case of an Apostle, on the other hand, removing an ecclesiastical penalty thus pronounced is the case of the incestuous man at Corinth, after he came to repentance. Paul directed the Church to forgive and to comfort him, "lest by any means such an one should be swallowed up with the increase of 'sorrow;'" and the Apostle adds, "To whom ye forgive anything, I forgive also."† This is the only recorded way in which the Apostles ever gave absolution. They did not claim to exercise by delegation the prerogative of forgiving sins against God, nor to sit as judges in the seat of God to shrieve the penitent, nor to convey to sinners in an authoritative form a Divine pardon, which must depend on the sincerity of the repentance, and which therefore no confessor who cannot "search the heart and try the reins of the children of men" can ever pronounce with that certainty which an authoritative pardon requires. But the

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\* See 1 Cor. v. 4, 5; Titus iii. 10; Rev. ii. 20. † 2 Cor. ii. 5—10.

Apostle, acting as the recognised ruler of the Church, forgave the penitent his sin in so far as it was committed against the Christian society on whose behalf he acted, removed the censure which his offence had incurred, and restored him to his position as a Church member.

With the exception of praying to God to forgive their own trespasses and the trespasses of others, as the duty of every Christian is, the only action in regard to remitting or retaining sin which the Apostles ever took, is, that they preached everywhere to men forgiveness through faith in the name of Christ, and that by Divine authority they retained or remitted the censures, inflicted by the Christian congregation on those who by some gross offence had discredited their holy profession, and thus brought shame upon the Church. Guided, therefore, by the sure and steady light of the Apostolic history, we are justified in saying that it was authority to do one or other of these two things, that the Lord Jesus actually conveyed when he used the words in question.

But which did Christ mean? Is the remission spoken of in St. John's Gospel, that which is announced to believers every time that the Gospel is preached, or is it that pronounced on behalf of the Christian congregation when the sinner who has repented of his offence is restored to its communion? It is not probable that two kinds of remission so entirely distinct in their nature should both be included under the one phrase; and yet there is some difficulty in determining with any degree of confidence as to which of them was specially intended. In offering an opinion upon the matter, we call attention to the fact that, according to the form of expression used, the remission that comes from the Apostles is supposed to precede the remission that comes from God; the Divine act comes in to ratify something already done on earth. But in preaching the Gospel, even an Apostle could say no more than that if men would repent God would pardon, or, if he addressed any already pardoned, he could only announce a fact which, it is implied God had previously performed. The case of remission in St. John's Gospel, for this reason, is not probably a case of declaratory absolution. In declaratory absolution the minister announces officially an act that God has done, or is sure in certain circumstances to do. But in the case before us the minister does the act, and this act God confirms, "Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted." The human act is instantaneously followed by the Divine.

But this is what actually occurs in case the officers of the Christian congregation retain or remit—exclude the immoral or admit the penitent to Church fellowship. Here the rulers of the Church take the initiative, but their act, if right in itself, done from right motives, and in a right way, is ratified in Heaven. For this reason we believe that the words of Jesus refer to the authority that Church officers are called upon to exercise in connection with the government of the Christian society, rather than to the offer of Divine remission officially intimated by the Gospel ministry.

The other passages supposed to be parallel present no difficulty whatever in this connection. Neither of them says that an Apostle or anyone else is vested with the right of pardoning sin committed against God. To St. Peter was given "the keys of the kingdom of Heaven:" that is, the right of admitting or excluding from membership in the Church visible—a right which all Church rulers have it in their power by the law of Christ to exercise, and which was exercised by St. Peter in a special manner when he opened the door to the Jews on the day of Pentecost, and to the Gentiles in the person of Cornelius, and shut it against Simon Magus when his hypocrisy was manifested. The privilege of binding and loosing, first conferred on St. Peter, was afterwards conferred on the other Apostles; and this privilege they called into exercise when they legislated for the Church, imposing moral obligations on men by a word of their lips, and by a word of their lips setting them free from obligations already imposed. Of the power conferred by the "binding and loosing" we have a fine example in the 15th of Acts, where at the Apostolic Council in which the Apostles were the prominent members, the Gentile Christians are "loosed" from obedience to circumcision, and the other peculiarities of the law of Moses, but have it bound upon them to abstain from meat offered to idols and other things mentioned there.

The spirit of the three passages now under review, is that Christ confers upon His own Apostles both the legislative and executive authority in His kingdom. Inspired by His own Holy Spirit, they lay down as they have done in the New Testament the law for all after ages of Christianity; and, as rulers in the house of God, they impose or remove as they see right the penalties which the Church has in store for those whose conduct involves it in shame. But this is a very different thing from saying that an Apostle is invested with the princely power of forgiving transgressions committed against God.

The latter is the prerogative of Christ only ; the New Testament records no instance in which any such power was ever exercised by a mere man.

The minister of Christ who goes to Scripture to learn from it humbly what his duty is in this regard, is not left in uncertainty. He is to announce to sinners the grand remedy provided and offered in the Gospel for the soul's disease ; he is to assure them of forgiveness full and free the moment that they repent and believe ; he is to impose or to remove, as the case may be, the ecclesiastical penalties of sin ; and the aim of his instruction is to exhort men that they "sin not." For all this he has Divine authority at every step. But he has no authority to sit in God's seat and assume to himself a Divine prerogative. He must not take it on him to forgive sins committed against God without showing that he has God's warrant for so doing. No such warrant exists. He cannot prove from the Scriptures the alleged fact of his delegation thus to act. For sacerdotal absolution, therefore, there is no foundation, either in St. John's Gospel or anywhere else in the Divine Word. Besides, it is useless as it is unscriptural. If the sinner does not truly repent, pardon does not come from God, though the priest go through all his forms and make as many pretensions as he may. If men, however, do truly repent of the faults in which they have been overtaken, God pardons without money, and therefore they need not go to beg it in the vestry from a man no better perhaps than themselves, arrayed in his cassock and stole.

For a Christian desirous only to know what his duty is and to do it, it is quite sufficient to be shown that the practices of sacerdotal absolution and of auricular confession are not found in the Bible, and that the passages from which they claim support lend them no support whatever. But it is always interesting, if it can be done, to trace an error to its source ; to mark its origin, apparently so natural and innocent ; to follow it in a course that promises to be useful ; to watch its development into something that its author never contemplated, but of serious consequence to the purity of religion and to the happiness of men ; and then to mark how, long after it has been found out and condemned as an exploded heresy by the intelligent and good, it still asserts for itself a place in the symbolical books of the Churches, and still finds multitudes to cherish it and love it with a devotedness and homage which are beautiful only when offered to the truth. In regard to the errors in question this can be done satisfactorily.

They grew out of the primitive practice of Church discipline. The Apostolic arrangements in regard to admitting and excluding members were simple. A person guilty of notorious sin was admonished, rebuked, or excluded from Church communion, according to the nature and circumstances of the offence; then when he repented, as in the case of the incestuous man at Corinth, the censure was removed, and the penitent was restored to Christian fellowship. This simple regulation had, by the fourth century, given place to a more cumbrous system, in which the penitent had to submit to various humiliating rites and forms, the observance of which, in some cases, extended over several years; and this period of probation was, at last, ended by a formal absolution from Church censure, pronounced usually by the bishop or presiding presbyter. These protracted rites of humiliation were intended to test the penitent's sincerity; and, as it was the Church that was injured by his fall, these evidences of sorrow, in common with the acknowledgment of guilt and the removal of the censures, were all performed publicly in face of the congregation.

About the beginning of the fifth century, it had become the custom for the Church to take cognisance of the greater sins only; minor offences were reserved for private communication to the priest. Pope Leo the Great (440—461) usually gets credit for establishing the system of private confession and absolution; but then, and for long after, the priest did little more than remove Church censures if they had been inflicted, and supplicate for the penitent forgiveness from God. As yet he did not claim Divine authority to forgive; he merely prayed that God would forgive.\* The opinion, however, steadily grew throughout the Middle Ages, that sacerdotal power extended to sins, not only as they affected the Church, but as they affected God. The clergy did not do much to discourage a notion which strengthened their influence over the populace. The sound of the words in John xx. 23, viewed apart from the explanation of them presented in the Apostolic history, favoured the popular belief, exactly in the same way that the sound of the words, "On this rock I will build My Church," favours the primacy of St. Peter, or that "This is My body," proves Transubstantiation. The ecclesiastical penalties of sin were so mixed up with its spiritual and eternal penalties, that many could not see why

\* "... ut indulgentia Dei nisi supplicationibus sacerdotum nequeat obtineri."—*Epistola Leonis Magni*, cviii. 2.

it was right for the clergy to have jurisdiction in the one case, and no jurisdiction in the other. The same confusion of thought is manifest also in the Mediæval Fathers—so much so, that when one of them claims for the clergy the power of remitting sins, we scarcely know whether to affirm or to deny; the claim may be true or false, according to the nature of the instrumentality employed, or of the sins to which reference is made.

That the subject, however, was thoroughly understood by some of the Mediæval writers will be evident from the following passage of Hugh of St. Victor, who flourished about 1130 A. D. :—

“God alone remits sin. Nevertheless, there is authority for saying that priests remit sin, and that God remits it by their means. Priests are said to remit sin, because they dispense the sacraments, in which and by which sin is remitted by Divine authority. Or, they are said to remit sin for this reason, that they absolve him who for his sin was bound with the bond of excommunication. In whatever way they remit sin, they show that on account of his former sins a man is no longer to be avoided. But they retain sin when they excommunicate once and again, that the sinners may be shunned the more; and the Lord approves of both, as it was said to the Apostles, ‘Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted: and whose ye retain, they are retained.’ It does not seem, therefore, that we are to understand it of all sins that priests can remit or retain them after this manner, but of those only on account of which a sentence of excommunication has been brought.”—Hugo de S. Victore, *De Officiis Ecclesiasticis*, Lib. I. cap. xxv.

The Master of the Sentences was very nearly as correct on this subject as Hugh;\* but they, it must be remembered, were men of high attainments, and the same accurate discrimination could scarcely be expected from others. Up till the twelfth century, however, few or no priests attempted to absolve by their own authority; most contented themselves with prescribing some penitential acts to such as came voluntarily and confessed their sins, and with praying God to grant pardon to the penitent. But at the Fourth Lateran Council, held under the presidency of Pope Innocent III., in 1215, it was decreed, in the 21st Canon, that every one of the faithful come to maturity shall at least once a year make confession of all his sins to his own priest, and the priest is authorised to inquire diligently into the circumstances of the sinner and of the sin [“diligenter inquirens et peccatoris cir-

\* See his statements in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, Vol. CXCII. col. 887 and 888.

cumstantias et peccati"], that he may be able, like a skilful physician, to prescribe the proper remedy.\* This decree asserted the priest's jurisdiction over all sins, gave regularity and system to the practice of confession, and made it obligatory on everyone in membership with the Romish Church to seek absolution periodically, whether his conscience was alive to the burden of sin or not. The result was that men came to believe that it was not enough to receive pardon directly from God Himself: the priest took it on him to forgive sin of every kind on the ground of special authority granted to the Church and to him; and the prayer to God for pardon to the penitent was soon supplanted by the authoritative language, "I ABSOLVE THEE FROM THY SINS." As at present practised, therefore, absolution is neither a Divine nor even a primitive institution. Like many other errors, it was of slow growth, for it attained its present dimensions so recently as the thirteenth century.

The Reformation, in its religious aspect, was a grand attempt, on the part of the Christianity of Europe, to shake itself free from the errors in doctrine and worship which had been gathering around it for many ages, and to return to the purity of the Apostolic time. From various causes, it was but partially successful. The Greek Church it never touched. Of the Western Church, one half took no part in the movement, refused to reform, preferred the modern and the false to the ancient and the true, and is still engaged in developing new doctrines, such as the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope, which are alike unknown to the Scripture and unheard of in the primitive ages. Another section threw off the grosser stains which then disfigured the faith, but still retained not a little, for which to seek authority in the Scripture would be labour in vain. Another swept away, or at least tried to sweep away, everything which could not prove its lawfulness by the Word of God. It is interesting to mark the consequences. Those of the Reformed Churches which aimed at complete deliverance from all rites of human origin, have never since been troubled very much with tendencies and aspirations Romeward, and in particular no attempt has been ever made in them to revive the confessional and to practise priestly absolution. It has been very different with those others which were based upon a compromise, and aimed to occupy a medium position between

\* See the Canon at full length in Hardouin's *Acta Conciliorum*, Vol. VII., col. 35.

Protestantism and Rome. In the Anglican communion, the practice of confession and absolution was provided for in certain cases by the formularies of the Church: prior to Communion, the sinner who cannot quiet his own conscience is directed to go to the clergyman and open his grief, that he may receive the benefit of absolution; and if a sick man, after making a special confession of his sins, shall earnestly desire it, the priest, in the form for the Visitation of the Sick, is to absolve him after this sort:—

“Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee thine offences: and by His authority committed to me, *I absolve thee from all thy sins*, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

Not only so, but in the Ordinal, or Form of Ordination, the bishop says, as he lays his hand upon the head of the candidate:—

“Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of His holy sacraments, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

It is this admission in the formularies of the Church, which gives to auricular confession and sacerdotal absolution much of their power. It is owing to this that a succession of Anglican theologians have always spoken in their favour; that many prelates are slow to condemn them; and that many of the clergy think themselves justified in erecting the confessional in their parishes. Here, too, in these statements of the prayer-book, not in the statements of the Bible, we have the so-called authority which the Anglican priest pleads for his presuming to convey to men the forgiveness of their sins. It is an authority founded on the false assumption that what Christ bestowed upon His Apostles a prelate now can bestow upon his priests; it is authority founded on the supernatural communication of the Holy Ghost—a gift which no man now can bestow upon another; it is authority from a bishop to do what no bishop can do himself; it is authority to do what no Apostle of Christ ever dared to do; it is authority from man for man to usurp the prerogative of God. True Christianity denies all such authority alike to priest and prelate. The only forgiveness that avails for eternity must come from

One higher than man. "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." When God is willing to give, why should men beg from the priest? So long as there is access to the living fountain, ever flowing, ever full, why should any fainting spirit go in quest of drink to the broken cistern that can hold no water?

The stout resistance to all attempts, even the most moderate, to revise the formularies of the Anglican Church, in the interests of truth, are accounted for, to some extent, by the cover which a few of its forms and expressions cast over those who aim to restore the confessional and other papistical rites. Driven from the Scriptures, they seek shelter for their errors under the authority of the Church. It concerns all who have at heart the interests of religion and of truth, that this covert shall not much longer be available. But whether such a change can be effected or not, it is important that all should know that the doctrine of sacerdotal power, on which the confessional rests, is false in itself. Priestly absolution is not sanctioned by a single line in the Scriptures; it rests on the misinterpretation of a single verse. It finds no support in the example of the Apostles; none of them ever presumed to say to an erring soul, "*I absolve thee from thy sins.*" It is in opposition to everything which the Bible teaches on the subject. There is no evidence that Christ ever gave even to His Apostles authority to forgive sins viewed in the light of offences against God. Under such circumstances, therefore, to pretend that any class of Christian ministers at the present time derives from the Apostles power to do what the Apostles themselves never did, is more than an insult to the understanding, it is an outrage on the very credulity of men.

To obtain from men of intelligence a verdict against the errors under discussion, it is enough to show that they have no foundation in the Scriptures; that as they now exist they are a gradual growth of the Mediæval Ages, and that at the Reformation they were entirely discarded by the purest branches of the Reformed Church. But some weaker minds have a notion that some spiritual advantages are derived from these practices, as if what is false in itself could be of spiritual advantage to any one, or as if any supposed spiritual advantage whatever could warrant a mere human addition to the doctrines of Christianity. Upon inquiry, it will be found that the alleged benefits are very questionable indeed;

and, if benefits at all, that they may be obtained in a less objectionable form.

We are told that "Confession is a supernatural means allowed by Jesus Christ by which men can obtain forgiveness for sin." But this is the very thing that we deny, and which has yet to be proved. We deny that the confessional is allowed by Christ, and that there is anything supernatural about it. Let it be shown from the New Testament that Jesus Christ instituted the confessional, that any priest of the Apostolic age ever sat in it, that any fallen brother or sister ever came and whispered the story of shame into that priest's ear, and received absolution from the man who, we are told, "simply acts as the dispenser of God's mercy." If this can be proved from the Bible, let it be proved. All we have to say is, that it has never been proved so far; and until it be, no man is entitled to say that auricular confession is a supernatural means authorised by Christ.

It is said, moreover, that "there is an instinct in the soul of man which makes the confessional a necessary institution." And if so, what then? There is many an evil instinct in the depraved heart which craves its gratification, and the means of gratifying that evil instinct is thought, by all who are under its influence, an essential to human happiness. It does not follow that the confessional is a necessary institution, because some morbid, unhealthy natures, in their weakness, seek there a remedy that they might have directly from the Fountain of Mercy, and because many periodically visit the priest in that routine of superstitious forms to which they have been accustomed from infancy. No instinct of the kind is natural to man. For more than four thousand years of the world's history, it never showed itself; and even yet it is manifested in connection with only the more degenerate and corrupt forms of Christianity. The wisest and best Christians have never felt any longings for auricular confession. The Throne of Grace is found sufficient for all their needs.

But it is added, that confession is "the best means of giving ease to a burdened conscience." This is admitted, provided that the confession is made to the party injured by the sin. By all means, if a man injure his neighbour, let him confess to his neighbour; if he bring shame upon the Church, let him confess to the Church; and if he offend God, let him confess to God. This kind of confession Scriptural sanctions, and confession of this nature, in proportion to

its sincerity, always will give relief to a burdened heart. But with sin committed against God, the priest has no more business than any other man, and it can bring no ease to the conscience to confess to him rather than to any wise and judicious Christian. When Holy Scripture says, "Confess your faults one to another," why should we substitute for this, or permit another to substitute for it, "Confess your faults to the priest?" When two ways of obtaining peace—the Divine and the human—open before us, why should we not take the Divine? "Being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Further, confession is said to be "a most effectual means of restraining from the commission of sin." If that were true, Spain, Italy, and France, would be the most moral countries of Europe, and the Roman Catholics would supply the jails with a smaller percentage of prisoners than any other Christian denomination. Unfortunately for the argument, the statistics of crime do not bear out this result, as anyone may ascertain for himself who chooses to examine. The modicum of truth in the statement—for there is a modicum of truth in it—is found in the fact that with some the fear of the priest is a more powerful motive than the fear of God; and where this is the case, the dread of penance acts as a restraint; but when the love of the pleasures of sin rises above the fear of penance and the priest, the confessional is no barrier. On the contrary, it acts upon some natures as an incentive to sin. They prefer to deal with man rather than with God. Pardon can be had, they know, for penance and a consideration. Why not sin, they think, when on such easy terms absolution can be had? Why not indulge the flesh, when men have once brought themselves to think with Bellarmine, that—"As a blast of wind extinguisheth fire, and disperses clouds, so the absolution of the priest disperses sins, and causes them to vanish away."\* With men, in general, the dread of civil penalties is the main check on the commission of crime: the Christian has higher motives still in the love of Christ, the desire of happiness, and the terrors of hell: and some on whom these motives have little power may perhaps be deterred by fear of the priest. But even if the small gain to morality, which accrues

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\* "Ut enim flatus extinguit ignem et dissipat nebulas; sic etiam absolutio sacerdotis peccata dispergit et evanescere facit."—*De Penitentia*, lib. iii. cap. 2. See *Opera*, Vol. III. p. 450.

in this way, was not outweighed by a greater evil, still it would furnish but a feeble argument for what is not a Divine institution but a sacerdotal device.

We are informed by one of its Anglican admirers that, "confession has been, is now, and ever will be the means, through Christ, of saving many souls."\* Of confession in the scriptural sense this is quite true, but not of the confession which the writer means. Auricular confession is not God's way of saving souls; it is not in evidence that one soul was ever saved by an institution which is itself the supremest form of "the sleight of men and of the cunning craftiness by which they lie in wait to deceive." The preaching of the Gospel, the word of truth, believing prayer, the ordinance of baptism and the Lord's Supper, faith, repentance, sanctification: these are the outward and inward means honoured of God to convert sinners and educate men for saintliness and glory. But confession and absolution have often been formidable instruments used by a designing priesthood, not to save and emancipate human souls, but to keep them "all their lifetime subject to bondage."

It is said that the confessional "gives due severity to religion," and this is supposed to be necessary, not merely to its progress, but to its very existence. But may we not well ask why is man to intervene in order to give Christianity more severity than God has given to it? A merely human religion can be as severe on its devotees as it chooses to be. Paganism in some of its forms is very strict; its severity amounts to cruelty. Endless are the sacrifices it demands, and the mortifications it imposes. The Hindoo widow, till British law mercifully interposed to prevent it, was required by her religion to burn herself alive on the same pile with the corpse of her husband. Superstition in fact knows no limit to its austerities; and every religion of man's creation may be as exacting in its demands as its authors please. But Christianity is from Heaven; everything precious in it or about it is from God; man's taste and man's judgment were not consulted when its elements were combined into one grand and beautiful fabric, and no man now has a right to make human additions to a structure which in all essential parts is Divine. No Christian has a right to impose on himself or on others any severity which Christ did not impose. Christianity is to be received in the form in which it came

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\* *Confession as taught by the Church of England.* P. 64.

from its author, or it is to be rejected *in globo*. Every human improvement, however amiable the design of its promoters, is in reality a corruption, or at least an excrescence out of which in due time a serious corruption is sure to develop itself.

But no sentimental advantages, even were they more numerous than they are, ought to weigh for a moment against the evils, which as a matter of fact have sprung out of the confessional in the course of ages.

The existence of such an institution implies and necessarily suggests an erroneous view of the plan of Gospel salvation. A penitent fresh from the presence of the confessor cannot but feel that by the frankness of his confession he has deserved absolution, and that by a strict performance of the prescribed penance he can make some amends for his sin. That this is the belief of some who do not deserve to be classed with the ignorant is evident from words which Mr. Gray\* ascribes to Dr. Moberly, the Bampton Lecturer for 1868, and who we understand occupies at present the See of Salisbury :

"Ah, let no shrinking from the honest and faithful use of the Divinely descended powers that come to the Church and to her Priest from the holy words and breath of Christ, let no base fears of worldly objection or scorn lead a Priest of God to grudge to his dying brother the clear, outspoken, ringing words of holy absolution which the Church has put into his mouth, which the sad sinner humbly and heartily craves, which his *faithful full confession has earned!*"

Few of our readers require to be told that, when a man "imagines that by any confession, however full, he can *earn* pardon, he must have let go, if he ever held, the grand characteristic doctrine of the Gospel—salvation by the grace of God. But if a Divine of the intelligence of Bishop Moberly is found to think that a man can in this way establish a claim to pardon, what may be expected from persons of "inferior knowledge!" Pardon becomes in their eyes not a gift to be received, but wages to be earned, and to which, something to be done by them can establish their title. They are thus taught by the confessional the grand characteristic falsehood of every merely human religion—salvation by works.

It strips a man of his sense of responsibility. He has only to act as he pleases, confess his sins, get absolution, do his penance, and sin again. He puts himself entirely in the

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\* *Confession as Taught by the Church of England.* P. 62.

priest's hands, does his bidding, and devolves on his spiritual guide all the responsibility. The tendency is to relax his power of self-restraint, and to make himself a mere instrument in the hands of another to be wielded and used by him at his will. In proportion as this practice prevails, a nation's moral independence and manhood oozes out of it. Humanity in such circumstances grows up a feeble dwarfish sort of thing, emasculated of its vigour and spirit, that the priest can bend around his finger and turn to his own ends. The spiritual director gathers up and uses what is by right the native power of the man. Ireland, we are told, is the most Catholic of the Catholic nations. If so, then in that blighting ecclesiastical influence under which all national virility sickens and dies, we may see there, where no healthy public opinion exists, the consequences when a country for ages is subjected to the action of the confessional, and God is forgotten in the priest.

The institution is dangerous to the morals alike of the confessor and confessed. No one who has ever carefully examined a Roman *penitential* can have any doubt on that score. If the scholar do not shrink from the task, let him only turn to Dens' *Theologia Moralis*, and read in the original Latin those passages which, when translated into English have been, under Lord Campbell's Act, forbidden to be circulated as obscene, and remember that this is, or at least was, a few years ago the class-book used in educating for their work the young priesthood of Maynooth. If his modesty recoil from such a task, then let him in lieu of it read the following extracts from *A Manual for such as are called unto the Higher Ministries in the English Church* :—

“If the penitent confess wilful thoughts, he should be questioned about conversations, looks, touch; if he confess these, he should be questioned, whether perchance anything worse has been committed, or, at any rate, lusted after, or willed to be committed, if shame or fear had not held him back; for some are so uninstructed that except they be thus questioned they remain silent, thinking it enough to give the priest an opportunity of questioning them by their dropping hints. Finally, the nature and number of sins should be asked.”\*

Nothing could tempt us to extract such a passage were it not that a mystery hangs around the confessional which requires to be removed, and that the edge of the curtain

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\* *The Priest in Absolution.* P. 23.

that conceals what goes on within needs to be lifted up a little. Let any man read this passage and think of what it suggests. Let any father consider the consequences to both parties, when the young curate who undertakes to confess his daughter follows out the line of examination hinted at here. We pass from this unpleasant part of the subject merely by remarking that a Divine institution, and happily for Christianity it is not of such an institution we speak at present, would have difficulty in keeping its ground against the melancholy but well authenticated facts, which are known to have occurred through a long course of ages in connexion with the confessional.

Absolution is so connected with confession, that except people have recourse to the one they can derive no benefit from the other. Both are so nicely jointed into the same system, that they contribute to the common end—to make every man and every woman who believes them the humble servant of the priest. The confessional supplies the confessor with the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the most private concerns of every individual who resorts to it. The moment that the priest knows a woman's secret, that moment she is in his power. He may keep her secret to himself, as we can believe he does in the majority of cases; or without divulging it, he may take advantage of the information which it gives him; or he may in some instances be so base and unprincipled as to disclose it to others. In ordinary circumstances this may not occur; still it is a possible case; every man in orders is not of necessity a man of truth and honour, and the woman who under the seal of confession has made the priest her confidant never can be quite sure, that, if enough pressure is brought to bear upon him, the deepest secret of her life will not ooze out. She knows this; and from the hour that she was weak enough to whisper her tale into the ear of a man in the vain hope that he could convey to her the forgiveness of God, she is her own master no more. She is obedient to that man's will, and must humbly do his bidding. She dare not contradict or disobey him. He has her happiness and her destiny in his hands. The divulgence of her secret might be the ruin of her life. Hence the influence over women, which the priests of one Church have, and the priests of another are so desirous of obtaining. Nor are the other sex exempt from a similar control. To believe that the priest can at his pleasure forgive or not forgive us for sinning against God, is to believe that

he can admit us to heaven or exclude us from it, save or condemn us, at his will. The man who has brought himself to believe, that the salvation of his soul is thus at the pleasure of the priest, must at the peril of his eternal welfare, submit his understanding to his confessor, take the law at his mouth, and do what he bids him. He who has a secret worth keeping and tells it in confession, has voluntarily resigned his freedom, and made another his master. With his eyes open he has thrust his head into the lion's mouth, and if he do not feel the teeth, he is at all events very much indebted to the lion. True liberty cannot live among a people who are thus content to surrender themselves to the will of a clever and an irresponsible order. Every family and every people, who are devotedly attached to the doctrine of Rome, and who carry it out conscientiously in practice, must of necessity be under the heel of the Priesthood. It is for this reason that among a clergy covetous of power, and anxious to reduce and to retain society in subjection, auricular confession and sacerdotal absolution will always be popular; history has proved them to be the most powerful and successful instruments ever invented for accomplishing the ends which ambitious ecclesiastics have in view. But there are two classes of men in Protestant lands with whom such practices never can find favour: these are they who set more value upon the pure and simple truth of God than upon the man-made rituals of Churches, and those also who have made up their minds that come what may, neither they nor theirs shall ever again, under any circumstances, allow themselves to be made the slaves of any priest, whether Romish or Anglican.

Some think it possible to preserve the confessional, and at the same time keep clear of its abuses; and it has been said suggestively by some one who knows a little of human nature, that if the Church were to modify its law so far that in future men would confess to men and women to women only, the institution would not be, perhaps, so attractive as it is. We have no doubt of it. But the wise old man at Rome is not likely to make the change. His purpose is better served by the law as it stands. To strip the practice of its grosser abuses, and yet to preserve the apparent good connected with it, has been tried in England, with what results the world at this time of day does not need to be told. Experience shows that the institution cannot be preserved, and its abuses removed. Its very existence is an abuse.

One of the main difficulties of Protestantism in present circumstances is the notion only too prevalent that there is no real danger after all, that Ritualism is a disorder affecting only the surface of society, that the heart of the country is sound, that there is no fear of the nation relapsing into exploded errors which it shook off three centuries ago, and that there is no great fear of husbands and fathers resorting in very large numbers to the confessional. No doubt we may to some extent rely on the good sense of the general community; but this confidence might be over-stretched. Once the confessional was resorted to by all England. In a more enlightened age, some Englishmen resort thither still; more now, perhaps, than at any time since the Reformation. In religious matters, it often happens that men in other respects wise take up out-of-the-way notions and do very improbable things. There is no saying to what extent a great delusion may fasten upon the popular mind, and when Divine Providence in His wrath sends upon men "Strong delusion to believe a lie," the lie they will believe in defiance of every remonstrance of sense and logic. Imbue men deeply with the notion that by going to the confessional they can earn pardon and make their salvation sure, and to the priest they will go through flood and flame. Nor does it make any appreciable difference whether the male sex do or do not favour the institution. If the wives and daughters of England go regularly to confession, husbands and fathers may stay at home if they please. In that case Rome has had her desire: the Pope needs no more.

The question of greatest practical importance arising out of the present subject, is how the false system—the effects of which are more widespread and pernicious than ordinary heresies, and one of whose phases only has now come under our notice—can be rooted out of the Christian Church. Such a task may be beyond the strength of the present generation; but every individual so disposed may do something in his own sphere, however limited, to encourage truth and check the growth of error. To accomplish this, we must take every lawful precaution, that the contagion of Ritualism shall not infect ourselves or our families, or spread where we can prevent it; and so far as we have any influence over those who suffer from it, we are bound to use every right means to restore them to sound and better health. The most likely means of accomplishing this, is a personal reception of the Gospel salvation; the prayerful study of the Holy

Scriptures; the persistent effort to leaven human Society with a knowledge of Divine truth; and the silent and mighty power of a useful and a holy life. No encouragement that we can give ought to be withheld from our brethren, who find themselves in closer connection with Ritualism than we do, in order to induce them to extirpate the seeds of error from their creeds and services; for a corrupt ritual is a hotbed of error, from which seeds of evil issue forth, and, as if carried by the wanton wind, fall sometimes in the most unexpected places, and root themselves often in ingenuous and noble minds, and spring up in due time as rank and noxious weeds, to choke the truth of God. The pulpit must never cease to ring forth the grand old doctrine that *none can forgive sins but God only*, and that *the Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin*; nor must the press fail in its duty to let the light stream in upon the darkness of superstition, and to rouse the Church, so very large a portion of which seems retrograding into captivity, to put forth a new effort for its final and complete deliverance. Our liberty as Englishmen has been bought at too great a price for us to surrender it now without a struggle, and the yoke of bondage having been broken off our necks, we must see to it that no man shall ever put it on again. Evil does not cease to be evil, because it is professed or palliated or [commended by a good man. Good men are not infallible; and even an angel underneath his shining robes may hide the spirit of a priest.

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- ART. VI.—1. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with an Essay on the Rowley Poems.* By the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, M.A., and a Memoir by EDWARD BELL, M.A. London: Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2 vols.
2. *Chatterton: A Biographical Study.* By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D. Professor of History and English in University College, Toronto. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

To form a just estimate of the position in the annals of humanity occupied by Thomas Chatterton, it is more absolutely necessary than in the case of any other poet to consider his works in the light afforded by his life—his life in the light afforded by his works; and furthermore, in considering any one phase of either life or works, to keep clearly in view every other phase of both life and works. Looked at from end to end in one broad comprehensive survey, the career of this astonishing boy presents a unique spectacle. Other poets have been unfortunate in the circumstances of their childhood and youth; others have produced pseudo-antique poems and succeeded for a time in foisting them on the world of letters as relics discovered; others have ended their lives at an early age by their own hands; others have had sufficient versatility to carry on political arguments, produce satires in the manner of the day, elaborate truly noble work, and be all things to all men with unflagging energy; others have had masterly self-retention in carrying out a secret scheme; and others have had that intense personality that sets an indelible mark in the mind of every person with whom its possessor comes in close contact; but there is no life but Thomas Chatterton's, as far as we know, that presents to the student of human nature the compact synthesis of all these elements, or reveals so momentous and multiform an operation of material and spiritual attributes compressed into the short space of less than eighteen years. If we analyse Chatterton's life and works, and appraise them piecemeal, we shall find that in almost every isolated particular he has been

surpassed, even the Rowley poems, which are by far his best works, not being as a whole, by any means in the first rank of poetry of like kind; and yet it may be said that the series of creative operations which gradually and steadily shaped the whole romance of Rowley and his companions, adding figure after figure and poem after poem, form a phenomenon sufficiently extraordinary to give Chatterton a separate and notable standing without taking into account the rest of his life and works. How he had a twofold existence from early childhood to the early end of his career, and how he literally *lived* the better and more fervent half of it *into* the strange creation that we call the Rowley Romance, may be seen in the best biographies of the poet; and it is beyond question that the most solid, continuous, and important manifest action of Chatterton's genius is the collection of poems which, in the latter part of his career, he persistently attributed to the imaginary monk Rowley,—including, of course, the prose pieces and notes elaborated in illustration of the poems, and the whole-hearted, almost fanatical energy which the boy brought to bear on the creation of a plausible romantic story, to connect and solidify both verse and prose into a whole, in which he himself may well have believed at times.

Had Thomas Chatterton been a simple, single-hearted "dreamer of dreams born out of his due time," with no desire to "set the crooked straight," and content to live out his romance without regard to the current world, we might have received from him as a legacy a far ampler Rowley Romance, and far more perfect individual Rowley Poems. But though, when we compare him with other dreamers whose most cherished dreams have been far from the sphere of current thought and feeling, we find him more absolutely given up to the power of a creative imagination than anyone save his contemporary William Blake,—though he doubtless lived in imagination the life of the "good preeste Rowlie," and wrote the poems attributed to that personage, with a vivid and enthusiastic sense of *being* Thomas Rowley and living in the fifteenth century, very nearly approaching, in completeness of illusion, the visions of Blake,—he also had his keen eighteenth century relish for satire, his love of admiration, his desire for sympathetic companionship, and his thoroughly realistic appreciation of the joys of contemporary life. It was this extraordinary and almost abnormal power of advance and recession between two opposite orders of life and thought, between the middle ages and the eighteenth century, that

coöperated more largely than anything else with his inborn unconquerable pride, to shorten his career and hurry him to that rash final act which we believe to have been perpetrated, not as some would have it, "while of unsound mind," but while he was as perfectly sane and self-possessed as he ever was throughout his short life. Artist enough in his ideal romantic character of Thomas Rowley to lose himself in genuine enthusiastic absorption, and pour out lofty impassioned poetry, he was yet, in his realistic character of Thomas Chatterton, the proud, ambitious, strongheaded, intellectual charity-boy and lawyer's drudge—a complete and unmistakeable product of the eighteenth century, ever hankering for the fulness of that literary fame for which his versatile talents proved him to himself to be so eminently qualified; and seeing in the Rowley Poems a far higher literary merit than he saw in those productions of his which gave him a sort of young fame among his Bristol friends and acquaintances, he yearned after the fit audience before whom he might reveal himself as the real Rowley, and gain the real Rowley's laurels. The Rowley half of his duplex personality could have existed without fame: to the Chatterton half fame was essential; and so, leaving the safe drudgery of the law, and the Bristol retreat wherein he had means of gratifying his really artistic propensities (though limited and hampered means),—leaving the circle of incredulous Bristol dunces, who would not believe in his authorship of those Rowley Poems which he confessed to having written,—he dashed into the brilliant literary life of London, determined to keep up the fiction of Rowley and Canynge, half forced upon him by the incredulity of Bristol dunderheads, at all events till such time as he should have mastered fame and position by the furious production of satires and political squibs, burlettas, elegies, eclogues and odes, after the various fashions of the leading writers of his day. Had this torrent of occupation brought bread sufficient to sustain life, there would have been ample energy in that wonderful organisation for the under-current of mediæval fervent poesy to have gone on, widening with its flow, and maturing the work begun in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe; but when bread failed, and there was no alternative in the world but to go back, confess himself beaten, and take up the dropped thread of his Bristol existence, or to remain in London and accept the charity of strangers, indomitable pride pointed to but one issue,—that the world was no place to remain in; and so,

with a firm, set, passionate purpose, supported by crude sophistical reasoning on the subject of suicide, the Thomas Chatterton of this unique double being arose and plunged headlong out of the world, and dragged with him into the abyss of the unachieved his Siamese-twin brother, the good priest Thomas Rowley.

We do not believe in that theory of the Rowley fiction which ascribes the persistent deception of Chatterton to an inherent and overwhelming love of deception amounting to what may be called "original bias." That the boy had a relish for asserting the superiority of his precocious intellect by carrying through those many literary frauds which he perpetrated on men who ought to have known better than to be so taken in, is unquestionable; but this proves no more than a love of practical joking, and an enjoyment of power; and there appears to be, according to the latest siftings, ample evidence that, when he first began to produce to the Bristol people his Rowley Poems, he was quite prepared to admit the authorship of them; and only began to fabricate his counterfeit ancient parchments, &c., when, incredulous of his authorship, these uncritical bunglers of an uncritical age pressed him for the originals. That he tried to challenge observation for these poems by at first producing them as transcripts, is merely one of many proofs that he had an insight, remarkable in one so young, into the drossy character of the age, which was afflicted with a spirit of peddling antiquarianism, and altogether lacked taste for the genuine beauties of mediæval literature; but when, emboldened by the attention bestowed on his "old Rowleys," he began to disclose the secret of their origin, only to meet with fresh proofs of the utter impracticableness of these men, his wounded pride fell back on the original statements, and passed into a dogged reiteration of the romantic version of his tale,—which reiteration was more and more strengthened and stimulated by the growth of circumstance.

This we believe to have been the true cause of Chatterton's persistent denial of identity with Rowley; and thus, just as the charity boy could emerge from his ideal life of the middle ages, and bring some of the produce of it to play off the sprightly joke of the "de Bergham Pedigree" on Mr. Pewterer Burgum,—just as he could send off the account of the "Mayor's First Crossing the old Bridge," to appear in *Felix Farley's Journal*, while he laughed in his sleeve at the ignorant raptures of the Dryasdusts,—so in that final

agonizing struggle in the desolate provisionless lodging in Holborn, when he gathered up all that was solemn and fervid in his fiery nature to end his existence, he had yet, in the commission of this rash, lamentable, sinful act, energy to spare for one last flash of gigantic saturnine practical joking: he destroyed every evidence in his possession as to the authorship of the Rowley Poems, and hurled into the arena of learned and unlearned discussion that riddle that has lasted a hundred years, and has only now been put to a final scientific solution by Mr. W. W. Skeat!

We do not by any means wish to imply that the question of Rowley's identity with Chatterton has remained until now without a very clear solution as far as the best judges of some generations are concerned; for the Chatterton side of the Rowley controversy was always adorned by far better names than those that stood upon the Rowley side. But until last year there might probably have been found, in the ranks of the narrowest class of antiquarians, some few persons ready to follow Dr. Maitland's leadership in the forlorn hope of one more attempt to establish the reality of Rowley: whereas now that Mr. Skeat has fairly and dispassionately, and with the most advanced philological implements, finished the iconoclastic work that Tyrwhitt began in his celebrated Appendix and Vindication of 1778 and 1782, we cannot conceive the narrowest of antiquarians, the warmest devotee to the idea of a real Rowley, seriously reading Mr. Skeat's essay, and then refusing to confess his idol shattered once for all.

The present moment is not one for going over again the well-known and still intensely interesting facts of Chatterton's brief life, or even for tracing over again the romantic and ever-attractive features of the Rowley fiction: both these tasks have been excellently and congenially performed by Mr. Edward Bell, in the last edition of the works of the Bristol Boy: to the brief memoir prefixed to Vol. I. of this edition, the volume containing Chatterton's avowed poems, the Chatterton-loving reader may turn with the assurance that he will there find the materials re-arranged and re-expressed in a delicate and appreciative manner; and he will find, in particular, an extremely lucid account of the nature and growth of the Rowley Romance. The chief duty now imposed upon critics is to re-examine the Rowley Poems,\* as now

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\* Forming Vol. II. of the present edition.

rendered accessible to the general reader for the first time, and to consider the means whereby they are rendered accessible. But we must not withhold the remark that, as regards the acknowledged poetical works of Chatterton, the present edition is infinitely superior to any that has ever appeared. Indeed, that is not saying a great deal; for neither the edition of 1803 (Southey and Cottle's), nor that of 1842 (Willcox's), is at all correct or well arranged. Mr. Skeat has arranged these poems chronologically, as far as possible, corrected many misprints by reference to the original sources made use of by Southey and Cottle, completely revised the punctuation, in other editions often so imperfect as to destroy the sense, and added notes explaining where the various pieces first appeared in print, thus giving honestly a set of references such as were "supplied but very scantily and vaguely in the edition of 1803, and in that of 1842 seem to have been frequently suppressed."

What Mr. Skeat has done for the Rowley text (besides proving it conclusively to be wholly and solely Chatterton's own), and why he has done it, are matters of more importance. Having examined, *en philologue*, the metres of the poems, their rhymes, their syllables, their coined words, analysing the language with the assistance of those word-books to which Chatterton had access, viz., Kersey's and Bailey's Dictionaries, and the glossary to Speght's Chaucer,—having taken the weighty evidence of anachronisms and plagiarisms, and of a modern letter of Chatterton's full of hard words *also furnished by Kersey*,—and having finally expounded clearly four methods employed by Chatterton in the formation of his vocabulary, Mr. Skeat has left no flaw\* in

\* We must except one instance in which Mr. Skeat has gone out of his way to make a very weak addition to the arguments whereof he has such a wealth in the very nature of the subject. In his essay on the Rowley Poems, p. xx, and again in a footnote in the text, p. 216, he refers to the first line of the following verse as being inconsistent with the supposition of a narration made by a contemporary of Canynge :—

"Straight was I carried back to times of yore,  
Whilst Canynge swathed yet in fleshly bed,  
And saw all actions which had been before,  
And all the scroll of Fate unravelléd;  
And when the fate-marked babe appeared to sight,  
I saw him eager gasping after light."

Mr. Skeat says "this one line is an unconscious admission of 'forgery'; it is clearly an oversight"; but the oversight here is certainly editorial. Rowley, writing as an elderly man, after Canynge has taken to the cloister, tells how, in a vision, he was carried back to the time when Canynge lay within his mother's womb, and how he witnessed the babe's birth. It would almost seem

the argument at all, no loophole whatever for anyone so disposed to effect a retreat on Roleyism. Thus much we may fairly and with confidence ask all intelligent readers who have not seen Mr. Skeat's essay to take on trust; as it would be waste of space to state here the details of an argument in proof of what all intelligent readers are naturally disposed to hold as a foregone conclusion; but, taking for granted the indisputable fact that the Rowley Poems were written by Chatterton, it becomes necessary to let Mr. Skeat speak somewhat for himself in regard to what he has done for the text of those poems.

Concerning his resolution to "do away with needless disguise" and give the poems "as far as possible in modern English," the editor tells us that "the process of thus re-writing the greater part" of them has been "rendered easier by frequently substituting Chatterton's words in his *footnotes* for his words in the *text*." Thus, at p. 29, the second line in the original stands thus:

" 'Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte in *gites* of goulde;'

but Chatterton's footnote explains *gites* by *robes*. It is, therefore, quite justifiable to substitute *robes*; indeed, we really thus approximate more closely to the true original text, viz., to the text as first conceived in the poet's brain before it was translated into the Rowleian dialect. Chatterton's notes are extremely copious, and when he fails, we have Kersey to fall back upon, with whom he, in general, agrees very closely indeed. . . . It is a most significant fact that the words thus substituted from the notes frequently suit the scansion of the line better than the old words actually employed; a result which might reasonably have been expected. But many words, especially at the end of the lines, had to be left. These are spelt as in the old editions, though occasionally made to look a little less bizarre. . . . A few of the less important poems . . . have been left in the old spelling, for the purpose of exemplifying it. The success of the undertaking is, in a measure, incomplete, solely because Chatterton has sometimes crowded his pages with hard words so mercilessly and unsparingly as seriously to increase the labour of perceiving his first thoughts. It is rather singular that these hard words often come in clotted masses, as if he at times resolved to make a special effort, whilst intervening passages are tolerably simple."—Vol. II. *Essay on the Rowley Poems*, pp. xxxix., lx.

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as if Mr. Skeat overlooked the final couplet for a moment, and mis-construed "swathed in fleshly bed" simply as "dwelt in the flesh"; for surely Chatterton might perfectly well suppose one old man to talk of the birth of another, his contemporary, having taken place in "times of yore." Chatterton does not in this passage identify himself with Rowley more than usual; and does not therefore betray himself.

For this last-named "rather singular" fact Mr. Skeat makes no attempt to account in any way; nor was it an essential part of his duty as editor to do so; and yet it seems to us by no means hard to account for it, and that on an hypothesis that affects seriously the question of reconstructing the text.

It is abundantly evident that the Rowley dialect was a thing easily enough invented and worked into some sort of shape by such a mind as Chatterton's; it is also pretty clear that his Rowley labours in Bristol were intermittent; and it is fair to suppose that, while his spiritual *rapprochement* with the middle ages (so to speak) was comparatively invariable, at whatever time he might enter upon his solitude to commune with the creations of his own brain, his fluency of expression in the Rowley dialect must have varied according to the recency and extent of his employment of it. It is fair to suppose that if, after any relaxation of his *antique* work, he sat down again to compose Rowley poems, they would first occur to him in the language he had been recently making most use of, that of every day—while, as he warmed to his work, and recaptured with every fresh stanza of his composition more and more familiarity with his half-forgotten artificial vocabulary, he would gradually get to write in a language more and more thickly sprinkled with Rowley words, and would reclaim from temporary oblivion, and re-employ, all his favourite old or coined expressions. Now we should not suppose that the passages where the hard words occur "in clotted masses" are those written as he warmed to his work, and began to *think* in Rowley dialect; for, as the artificial *language* got momentarily more and more naturalised and absorbed into the current of his *thought*, thought and language would probably adjust themselves into those passages most full of harmonious cadences, and only disfigured by the spuriousness, not the ugliness, of certain words. But, as the first draughts of the poems would in such a process be unequal, some portions being the ready-made Rowley article that needed no alteration, except, perhaps, in the spelling, other portions being mere unmingled modern English that required verbal disguising, the impetuous boy would probably, on reading over his first draught, for transcription, leave untouched the fine passages *thought* in Rowley dialect, and proceed to garble mercilessly the traitorous passages that were not Rowleian enough. We can fancy his seizing his Bailey, or his Kersey, or his Speght, or the manuscript glossary compiled

by himself, and ruthlessly obliterating every trace of genuine English from such passages as were deemed inappropriately modern. This would account for the "clotted masses" of hard words; but in this hypothesis is also involved the supposition that Chatterton did not always write, or even *think*, the Rowley poetry in unmixed ordinary English, and then translate it into Rowleian; and it is only on the supposition of invariable composition in English that a wholesale modernisation of the text can be defended as a legitimate restoration. It is extremely likely that the ugliest and absurdest of Chatterton's coinages were superposed on a really fine and comparatively chaste text; but it is hardly possible to doubt that he must have had numerous favourite words, real and imaginary, that would be constantly occurring to him as he poured forth his verses, and that thus, these words were not only the objects of his deliberate poetic preference to their correct equivalents, but also wove themselves inextricably with that exquisite sense of rhythm and harmony that he unquestionably possessed. Mr. Skeat's statement that by substituting *robes* for *gites* in the line

"Through half his journey dight in gites of gold,"

we "approximate more closely to the true original text, viz. to the text as first conceived in the poet's brain," is purely hypothetic; and if we are to take it as it seems to be meant, as a general typical statement, to be applied to the whole of Mr. Skeat's substitutions, we must confess we think his hypothesis vastly less probable than that we have advanced above. We are disposed to think that he is right in the case of that particular line, because *gites* is not a special favourite among the Rowley words, and also because the effective assonance which Chatterton's instinct would acknowledge in *dight in gites* is merely replaced by an assonance as effective, further on in the line, as written by Mr. Skeat, viz. the assonance in *robes of gold*. In many cases the lines certainly do gain by the adoption of the words in the foot-notes; but in others they lose immensely, in our opinion; and it must in each case be a matter of simple critical opinion or taste whether to retain the one word or the other,—not to speak of alterations for which there is no key in the notes. On one point everyone must cordially agree with Mr. Skeat,—that of modernising the spelling of the poems, inasmuch as the dreadful Rowleian orthography is merely a matter of disguise, and, while its abolition greatly affects the comfort

of the reader, it does not in any way affect either sound or sense. For the rest, we are heartily glad that this new text has been produced; while we would not on any account relinquish the original text, in many instances full of force and harmony and beauty of cadence that are sacrificed in even so delicate and scholarly a revision as the present.

What we mean will be more apparent on comparing one or two particular passages, as now revised, with the unchanged originals. Take first the magnificent fragment of a chorus on Liberty, with which the two extant scenes of the Tragedy of *Goddwyn* end. This sublime fragment has probably been as much quoted as anything of Chatterton's, except the dirge in *Aella*; but, inasmuch as it will hold its own against almost anything of the kind in our language, we need not fear to give a little space to it here. The original version is as follows:—

“ Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned veste,  
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,  
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;  
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.  
     She daunced onne the heathe;  
     She hearde the voice of deathe;  
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,  
 In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;  
 She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,  
 And sadnesse ynnne the owlette shake the dale.  
     She shooke the burled speere,  
     On hie she jeste her sheelde,  
     Her foemen all appere,  
     And flizze alonge the feelde.  
 Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,  
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,  
 Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,  
 Chafte with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.  
     She syttes upon a rocke,  
     She bendes before hys speere,  
     She ryses from the shoocke,  
     Wioldynge her owne yn ayre.  
 Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,  
 Wytte scillye wymples gies ytte to hys crowne,  
 Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,  
 He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.  
 War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld arist,  
 Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,  
 Tenne bloddie arrowes ynnne hys streynynge fyste—”

Now the orthography of this, irregular and shocking, is a real annoyance to many an appreciative reader who would not on any account have the sound materially changed, even in the direction of enhanced sense, where the sense is shaky. It is no new thing to see this and many other gems from Chatterton modernised in spelling, as for example in Professor Masson's *Chatterton: A Story of the Year 1770*,\* and Professor Wilson's *Biography*,—in both of which this Liberty fragment reads as a splendidly fluent piece of lyric fervour. But Mr. Skeat's version modifies more than the spelling, though there is not nearly as much to modify as there is in many passages of like extent. Here is the new version:—

“When Freedom, dressed in bloodstained vest,  
 To every knight her war-song sung,  
 Upon her head wild weeds were spread,  
 A gory *weapon* by her hung.  
 She danced on the heath,  
 She heard the voice of death.  
 Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,  
 In vain  *essayed* her bosom to acale.  
 She heard, *unscared*, the shrieking voice of woe,  
 And sadness in the owl shake the dale.  
 She shook the arméd spear,  
 On high she raised her shield,  
 Her foemen all appear,  
 And fly along the field.  
 Power, with his head *out-stretched* into the skies,  
 His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star;  
*E'en* like two *burning* meteors rolls his eyes,  
 Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.  
 She sits upon a rock,  
 She bends before his spear,  
 She rises from the shock,  
 Wielding her own in air.  
 Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,  
 Wit, closely wimpled, guides it to his crown;  
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone,  
 He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.  
 War, gore-faced War, by Envy armed, arist,  
 His fiery helmet nodding to the air,  
 Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.”—Pp. 102-3.

We have marked in italics six words for which there is no authority in either the text or the notes of Chatterton; and

\* *Essays, Biographical and Critical: Chiefly on English Poets.* By David Masson, A.M. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1856.

of these the first has a distinct effect of deterioration. The whole fragment is a most vivid and vigorous piece of personification; and the word *anlace*, so constantly used throughout the Rowley poems, has in those poems a distinct value. It is most unlikely that the "original text, viz. the text as first conceived in the poet's brain," gave expression to any such vague generality as is implied in the word *weapon*: Chatterton saw his incarnated Liberty with a definite sort of weapon, and that weapon was as a matter of course, an old-fashioned one with him; so he uses his own word *anlace* as conveying to himself and to the careful reader of Rowley the definite idea of an old-fashioned sword; and to sacrifice that word for an indefinite one is to detract from the completeness of the tremendous picture. In substituting the word *assayed* for *assayled* the meaning attached by Chatterton to *assayled* is retained (he explained it by *endeavoured*); and the sound is also so nearly preserved that we may almost regard the change as merely orthographic. *Onflemed* (translated by Chatterton as *undismayed*) becomes *unscared* without violence to sense or sound, and *unscared* may have been the original word. "*Head outstretched*," again, keeps strictly to Chatterton's meaning in *Heafod straught*; and the interpolation of *out* is cunningly harmless; but in the remaining instance we find that Mr. Skeat has been exercising his *taste* in words more than we should expect from certain passages in his introductory essay: \* *brendeynge gronfyres*, Chatterton translated into *flaming meteors*, which would come in without hurting the rhythm; and why Mr. Skeat should have substituted the far less vivid and picturesque word *burning* we do not make out, unless it were to satisfy his philological scruples as to the rendering of a word so nearly real as *brendeynge*. The interpolation of *E'en* weakens a very strong line; and after all, *gronfyres* is rather a grand word—among the poet's favourites—probably meaning, as the present editor explains, *fen-fires* (*ground-fires*). On the whole, we prefer to read this piece in Masson or Wilson,—spelt reasonably, but not tampered with.

In the delightful first lyric of *Ælla*, the "Minstrel's Song by a Man and Woman," Mr. Skeat has gone further in the

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\* "That the public does not want *me*, but Chatterton, is the fact that I have endeavoured to keep steadily before me; and I have never lost sight of the responsibility of such an attempt as the present, or forgotten my duty of faithfulness to the fame of a brilliant and original poet, whom I cannot but admire, and of whose superiority in poetical genius I entertain the most profound consciousness."—Pp. xlii. xliii.

work of reconstruction: we do not see much excuse for the substitution of *blackbird* for *ouzele*, in the line "Howe the ouzele chauntes hys noate;" though Chatterton gives the explanation himself: Shakespeare uses *ousel*, and the bird is well enough known as one of the ousels; and no doubt Chatterton preferred to call it so. Again, in dealing with the verse—

"(Man.) Drooried cattes wyll after kynde;  
Gentle doves wyll kyss and coe:

(Woman). Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde  
Tylle syr preeste make on of two;"—

the editor has been at some pains to coarsen the text in modernising it. Chatterton does not in this instance translate *ywrynde*; but it is elsewhere explained by *separated*; and the quatrain thus summarises very tersely and directly the distinction between the natural and the civilised: the man urges the natural unrestrained loves of the lower animals; the woman replies that man (referring to the species, male and female) must not give the reins to their natural passions except under the sanction of the law. Now when Mr. Skeat gives the verse thus—

"(Man). Dainty cats will after kind;  
Gentle doves will kiss and coo.

(Woman). Man's appeal must be declined  
Till sir priest make one of two,"—

he robs this maxim of its direct simplicity, and represents the woman as an advocate of mere feminine diplomacy,—besides changing the sense in which Chatterton used the word *man*. It should be kept in mind when making any substitutions of this kind that Chatterton meant his work to be in the spirit of the middle ages, which a great deal of the best of it was; and no *distinctively modern* phrases can be introduced altogether without damage. "Man's appeal must be declined" is simply dreadful in a mediæval pastoral; and there is something of a like kind in substituting

"Tempt me not to do foul thing,  
I will no man's mistress be;"

for

"Tempte me ne to the foule thyng;  
I wyll no mannes lemanne be;

The first line is changed without any apparent reason or authority, and for the worse; the second is ruined, because,

to fit in with the language of the whole pastoral, *leman* is an infinitely better word than *mistress*, and was almost certain to occur to Chatterton at first. The line

"By the Child of Virgin born"

is an ingenious and tasteful substitute for

"Bie oure ladie her yborne ;"

but here again we must protest against the removal of a term so dear to Chatterton, and so indigenous to his colour of thought as *oure ladie*. But in the final verse pronounced by "Bothe," when they have ended their amorous dispute by agreeing on the strictly moral course of being "made one" at "Cothberte's shryne" that very day, Mr. Skeat has found a real service to do to the text by the help of the poet's foot-notes : the old text and the new are as follows :—

"Wee wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,  
Hailie, though of no estate ;  
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve ;  
Wee ynn goodnesse wyll bee greate."

"We will in a cottage live,  
Happy, though of no estate ;  
Every hour more love shall give,  
We in goodness will be great."—P. 36.

The real service done here is in the first line ; for the word *bordelle* means neither more nor less than *brothel*, and carries that incongruous sense in the very sound of it : Chatterton either wilfully or ignorantly explained it by *cottage*. We are also disposed to regard *clocke* as a superposed affectation for *hour*, and to agree with Mr. Skeat in substituting *hour* without any but conjectural authority. But *hailie* we do not believe to be meant for *happy*. Chatterton does not so explain it ; though Dean Milles and Southey and Cottle do. Chatterton explains *haile* by *happy* and *hallie* by *holy* ; and we believe the unexplained word to be a variety not of *haile* but of *hallie* : *holy* would be more in keeping with the tone of the verse than *happy*.

The next song of Minstrels in *Ælla*, quite as choice a lyric as the first, fares very well in the new editor's hands for the first two stanzas ; and we venture to say that these two stanzas, as now disrobed of their eccentricities will help to make converts wheresoever the modernised Chatterton falls into the hands of readers not yet lovers of the poet :

"The budding floweret blushes at the light,  
The meads are sprinkled with the yellow hue ;  
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,  
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew ;  
The trees enleafed, unto heaven straught,  
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are brought.

"The evening comes and brings the dew along;  
 The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;  
 Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,  
 Young ivy round the doorpost doth entwine;  
 I lay me on the grass; yet, to my will,  
 Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still."—P. 37.

But when the second minstrel chimes in with his explanation, the song fares ill enough, as regards the sense, though the sound does not suffer:

"So Adam thought when once, in Paradise,  
 All heaven and earth did homage to his mind;  
 In woman only man's chief solace lies,  
 As instruments of joy are those of kind.  
 Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see  
 Winter, and barren hills, will have a charm for thee."—Pp. 37, 38.

The third and fourth lines in the original are

"Ynn wommann alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;  
 As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde."

We may pass by the weakening influence of the word *chief* interpolated to complete the line, deprived of a syllable by putting *man's* for *mannés*; but the new line,

"As instruments of joy are those of kinde,"

*kind* being explained by Mr. Skeat as meaning *nature*, not only misses the meaning of Chatterton, but fails of any meaning whatsoever. It is true that Chatterton does use the word *kynde* in the sense of *nature*, and so explained it in some instances; but if it is not obvious on looking at the single line now in question that *kynde* there means *sex*, this becomes abundantly evident further on, where the same minstrel tells us that

"Angels are wrought to be of neither kind,  
 Angels alone from hot desire are free,"

evidently implying by the use of the word *neither* that *kind* refers to some duality, not to a plurality or singularity; and the sentiment of the other sex being made as "instruments of joy" for men is repeated at greater length by this same "second minstrel" that first starts the gross theory:

"Women are made not for themselves but man,  
 Bone of his bone, and child of his desire;

First from a useless member they began,  
 Y-wrought with much of water, little fire;  
 Therefore they seek the fire of love, to heat  
 The milkiness of kind, and make themselves complete."—P. 39.

Here we have *kind* again, and so used that either *sex* or *nature* might be meant. It should always be borne in mind, in work such as Mr. Skeat's, that Chatterton's use and creation of words was altogether arbitrary; and it is unfair to the poet to attempt to establish the correct use of any particular word at the expense of the sense which the context gives it. That the poet chose to use this word in two senses is perfectly clear; nor indeed can either use be much objected to; for *kind* in the sense of *nature* is merely old-fashioned, while it is perfectly free to any one so disposed to talk of males and females as two *kinds* or *sorts*, thus making the word equivalent to *sex*.

Another old word which took Chatterton's fancy, and which he constantly used in a right sense though wrongly spelt, is *cherisaunce*; and we cannot see why, when that word occurs in the plural in the line

"Does no cherysaunceys from Elynour houlde,"

we should be asked to accept instead the three words "source of comfort" (p. 40), which were not at all likely to have occurred to Chatterton in writing the tripping little ballad in *Ælla* that he attributed to "Syr Thybbot Gorges."

Of the remaining lyric in *Ælla*, the well-known Dirge, which was modernised as long ago as when Sir Walter Scott superintended the two volumes of *English Minstrelsy* issued by the Ballantynes in 1810, we can but record our impression that Mr. Skeat has really restored the "original text." The music of that piece is so simple, and the disguises so slight, that it falls almost into modern English without effort, and appears in the present edition as a more perfect gem than ever. We abstain from quoting it because it is so well known even in pretty modern English; but the reader will have seen that in examining the labours of Mr. Skeat thus far we have followed the natural course of comparing the old and new texts of some of those lyrics which are Chatterton's best things, of course drawing specially on his masterpiece, *Ælla*.

It would be tedious to carry further this comparison of the old and new texts with the view of showing how far we are able to assent to the conjectural restorations; for after all it

must remain a question of taste or judgment whether Mr. Skeat's readings or our own are correct. But we shrewdly suspect that, supposing two men of precisely equal philological ability and general critical attainments were set to restore the "original text" of Chatterton in the light of Mr. Skeat's discoveries, there would be no more resemblance between the two texts thus produced than between either one of them and the received text. If this be so, the hope of true restoration is altogether chimerical; and we have already said enough to show that such is our opinion; and yet the production of such conjectural restorations by men of taste and learning is a clear *desideratum*; because such men are sure not to vitiate the poems to any disastrous extent, while their labours must have the result of carrying the "marvellous boy's" best works into hitherto unattained circles of readers, and thus creating the demand there should be for an ideally perfect and elaborate edition of his works on some such scale as Dyce's Shakespeare.

Beside the matters of critical taste to which we have already demurred, and which are but samples of a large number, we must also protest against Mr. Skeat's omission to give the received readings in his foot-notes in many instances of absolutely conjectural change. For example, in the course of the whole sixteen quatrains forming the minstrel's dialogue between a man and woman, of the many considerable changes in which we have already examined some specimens, the editor contents himself with giving at the foot the originals of five isolated words and one complete line; so that, unless the reader has by him some old copy of the text, he has no chance of knowing whether in many verses he is reading Chatterton or Mr. Skeat; and we have seen that there is a very considerable infusion of the latter. Certainly every *radical* change should have been marked by means of the notes; and this would have been perfectly practicable, had not Mr. Skeat sometimes wasted his space over the display of those philological attainments for which his essay would have sufficed to gain him ample credit. Indeed this weakness, perhaps a pardonable one, has led the editor sometimes to very objectionable conclusions, and induced him to overwork a rigid philological line of thought leading to an unsatisfactory issue, when mere common-sense would lead to a satisfactory one. As an example of this, let us turn to one of those instances in which Chatterton's Rowley words occur in "clotted masses." Take these two

very obscure lines in the contention between Magnus and Hurra, in *Ælla* :

"Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,  
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke."

For these lines we read, in the new edition,

"My shield, like summer marshy gronfer droke,  
My deadly spear is like a lightning-melted oak."—P. 53.

And the foot-note to the passage is as follows :

"*Gronfer* has been explained by *fen-fire*, meteor, and may mean *ground-fire*; a *drock* is a water-course, and there is a reed called a *droke*; and there is an old English word *druge*, dry. This line is, however, in all probability, a riddle without an answer, and was intended to be so. The word 'lightning-melted' in the next line is nonsense; it is meant to be 'high of sound,' as Hurra says. Cf. st. lxxv." [in which Hurra replies, "Thy words are great, full high of sound"]].

Now it is inconceivable that, in the middle of elaborating a hot dispute, Chatterton deliberately stopped to set down something that should have no meaning and be a mere puzzle; and we cannot doubt that the passage in question has a meaning that is merely mercilessly garbled by an after process. Mr. Skeat's substitution and note are almost useless in this case, as they supply no sense to the two lines; whereas, on the very natural supposition that in this passage of rapidly uttered anger and over-charged rhetoric Chatterton made use of an involved simile and an abbreviation, we can get a perfectly sound and consequent meaning to the lines. The whole stanza deals with tempestuous simile: the quatrain immediately before these lines depicts Magnus's *offensive* prowess, thus :

"As when a tempest vexeth sore the coast,  
The sounding surge the sandy strand doth tear,  
So have I in the war the javelin toss'd,  
Full many a champion's breast received my spear;"

and we suspect the original finale depicted his *defensive* prowess, and stood thus:

"My shield like summer marshy gronfer droke  
Mte. [*Meynte*] lethal spears alike a levin-melted oak,"—

meaning "my shield, like a summer marshy fen-fire, drank many deadly spears, like a lightning-blasted oak." Elsewhere

Chatterton uses *droke* for drink, and *dronke* for drank; and it is by no means unlikely he would adopt such a compromise as *droke* when it suited the rhyme. My he wrote *mie*, and many he wrote usually *meynte*; and in making the transcription, afterwards furnished by Mr. Catcott, as the basis for the ordinarily received text, *mte* (*meynte*) might easily have become *mie*. Of course the simile, when made out, is not a good one, and it is hard to say whether the shield is first compared on its own merits to a meteor, and the process of spear-drinking to the lightning-drinking of a blasted oak, or whether the idea is that, as an oak, split into spears by lightning, might be dispersed and some of the spears be drunk in by a marshy spot, so the boaster's shield appropriated the spears of his foemen. Whatever may have been the exact original form of the lines, the probability that the boast of offensive prowess was duly balanced by the boast of defensive prowess, in the manner suggested, is increased by the fact that Magnus's bombast thus has a correspondence with Falstaff's feat of taking "all their five points" on his target; and we have plenty of internal evidence of Chatterton's familiarity with Shakespeare, plenty of nearer or remoter echoes of the Bard of Avon in the works of the Bard of Severn.

In attempts to elucidate the Rowley poems, speaking generally, sufficient allowance has not been made for the probability that the poet had cooled down from his first inspiration, and perhaps forgotten the details of it, when he performed the mere mechanical and perchance hasty work of making those transcripts by which alone we have the good fortune to possess these beautiful works. There can be but little doubt that the best texts were those kept by the poet in his own possession, and destroyed by him,—those that are supposed to have been in that apocryphal parcel that figures as being carried out under his arm in the spurious tale\* of his final operations in Brook-street and its neighbourhood, a tale so admirably worked into Professor Masson's narrative that one almost regrets Mr. Moy Thomas did not let it alone instead of proving it beyond a doubt to be spurious. The loss of those texts is incalculable: the copies preserved would not be likely to be made while the fit of poetising was on the boy, and they would thus stand a great chance of being corrupted in cold blood, and even copied with mechanical *nonchalance* and with

\* The forged account of a Coroner's Inquest, for which we fancy Mr. Dix was culpably responsible, appeared, it will be remembered, in *Notes and Queries*, and was shattered to pieces by Mr. Thomas in the *Athenæum*.

blunders of all sorts ; for what did it signify, when the copies were only for Barrett, or Catcott, or some other dolt ? The explanations of hard words, too, are quite likely to have been done with no greater care as to the simply *poetic* value ; and thus we should not trust too implicitly on these explanations for purposes of reconstruction or elucidative comment. In the noble choric fragment from *Goddwyn*, quoted at pages 411 and 412, there is an instance of what seems to us to be a misleading "explanation" of Chatterton's. The line which Mr. Skeat gives as

"Wit, closely wimpled, guides it to his crown,"

occurs in the editions founded on Mr. Catcott's copy as

"Wyte scillye wymples gies ytte to hys crowne ;"

and Chatterton explains *scillye* by *closely*. We should, however, imagine the line, divested of its artificial character, and keeping to the simple measure of antiquity that was in the nature of Chatterton's better half (Rowley), to stand thus—

"Wit, skill-ywimpled, guides it to his crown ;"

for surely, in this torrent of embodiment, the idea of Wit clothed with Skill would have more natural force than that of Wit closely clothed, as well as a nearer relationship with the subsequent impersonation of War armed by Envy. What more natural than for the boy-poet to chuckle over the idea that the explanation given in his foot-note was good enough for Catcott, at all events ? Such vagaries of misinterpretation would be eminently Chattertonian.

It is true we have no absolute knowledge how Catcott got this MS.—whether from Chatterton or from Chatterton's mother ; but the dearth of certainties necessitates hypotheses ; and the very existence of this chorus as a mere fragment is a psychological and biographical problem of some importance. The tragedy of *Goddwyn*, as far as it goes, deals with a subject of high historical value, the scene being laid in England at the time just preceding the Norman Conquest ; and the main theme is the gathering anger of the Saxons at the power constantly increased in the hands of those Normans who are clustering around King Edward the Confessor. That weak monarch, Earl Godwin, and his son Harold, are the three principal characters of the drama ; and, had it been completed, it would in all probability have excelled even *Aella* ; for it shows great force of characterisation, and has a

wider historic interest than *Ælla* has. The problem whether it was finished is therefore of importance, although, we should say, insoluble as matters now stand. Prefixed to the fragment is a slight prologue attributed to "Maistre William Canynge," enunciating that the only fault of Godwin was that "he gifted not the Church," and ending with a commendation of the author:

"In drawing of his men, no wit is lacked,  
Even a king might be well pleased to-night.  
Attend, and mark the parts now to be done,  
We better for to do, do challenge any one."—P. 92.

Professor Wilson says that this prologue "is strong presumptive evidence that this [Catcott's MS.] was the transcript of an already completed work. In it Rowley's patron invites attention to the graphic depiction of character and unity of action." We are unable to discover any reference to unity of action; and do not think there is the slightest evidence that the work was completed. It would be perfectly natural for Chatterton to begin with the prologue and cast, or even to tack them on at a minute's notice for Catcott's edification,—whether the piece were finished or not. Thus, it is equally easy to believe he completed the tragedy or to hold that he did no more than the two powerful scenes that end with the ode or chorus on Liberty.

As regards, however, the abrupt ending of that superb fragment, there is no such easy alternative of belief. To suppose that, in a moment of fervid inspiration such as must have generated that piece, the current of poetic creation was prematurely arrested, when the tremendous conflict between Freedom and War was about to be sung, is a hard matter; and yet one of the strongest evidences of the genuine power brought to bear on these verses is the utter impossibility to supply, in the unpoetic imagination, even the raw material that Chatterton would have used in continuation. It would, on the other hand, have been highly characteristic of Chatterton if, having in the first place completed the chorus, he did not choose to transcribe and garble it all for any of his Bristol dupes, but broke off impetuously at—

"Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist,"

with the scornful exclamation, "There! that's enough to waste upon that ignoramus Catcott!" We are disposed to regard the inherent need of fully achieved utterance as a far stronger piece of "presumptive evidence" than that parti-

cular chorus was completed, than the evidence seen by Professor Wilson, in the flimsy little prologue, as to the completion of the whole tragedy. All that has come down to us consists of twenty stanzas beside the chorus; and these are in the principal stock metre of the Rowley Poems,—the ten-line stanza which Chatterton modelled upon the Spenserian stanza, and which he used here as elsewhere with a certain license of variation. Sometimes he made one set of rhyming terminals run through the two quatrains, and sometimes the quatrains are independent: sometimes the final couplet is two five-foot iambic lines, sometimes one and an Alexandrine,—the latter apparently being the ideal form of the termination: sometimes, also, when space or arrangement requires further variation, stanzas of six or four lines, and even couplets, are interspersed among the rest. But, as a rule, in these lyrical interludes, the dialogue is distributed into stanzas with remarkable dexterity; while, in the two long versions of *The Battle of Hastings*, Chatterton holds very closely to his metre.

The character of Harold, in the fragment of *Goddwyn* is thrown in very firmly, with a few vigorous touches: he is a man of the savagely patriotic type, vehement and fervent, and somewhat lacking in that discretion which is more conspicuous in his father. When Godwin asks him in the first scene,—

“What tidings with the folk?”

he replies (we quote Mr. Skeat's version, and shall do so for the rest of our extracts),—

“Still murmuring at their fate, still to the king  
They roll their troubles, like a surgy sea.  
Hath England then a tongue, but not a sting?  
Do all complain, yet none will righted be?”—P. 94.

And here we see the dramatic operation of giving features to Harold's mind blended with the lyric operation of expressing a little of Chatterton's own crude and violent Wilkesism. A more wholly dramatic touch in the same scene is his reply when, to his exclamations of threatened violence against Edward and his Norman parasites, Godwin puts the pregnant demurrer, “Thy sister—.” “Aye,” he says,—

“Aye, I know, she is his queen;  
Albeit, did she speak her foemen fair,  
I would destroy her comely seemlykeen,\*  
And fold my bloody anlace† in her hair.”—P. 26.

\* Countenance.

† An ancient sword.

A still more graphic and Shakespearean touch is thrown into the next scene, wherein Edward, learning from "Sir Hugh" that the treasury is empty, tells him to "tax the West," and he replies—

" My loverd,\* I did speak  
Unto the brave Earl Harold of the thing ;  
He raised his hand, and smote me on the cheek,  
Saying, ' Go, bear that message to the king.' "—P. 101.

And we get another flash of epigrammatic Wilkesism on the next page, spoken without dramatic incongruity by Edward, of all people in the world:—

" Thou kennest how these *English earls* do bear  
Such steadiness in the ill and evil thing.  
But at the good they hover in denwere,†  
Unknowledging ‡ if thereunto to cling."—P. 102.

By far the most perfect in form of Chatterton's interludes is the exquisite little poem called *The Tournament*. Without any such power of characterisation as is shown in *Aella* and *Goddwyn*, or in the noble ballad of *The Death of Sir Charles Bawdin*, it has yet in an extreme degree that complete realisation of Mediæval life and sentiment that is the most salient vital quality of these poems. Quaintly simple and straightforward, the action, slight as it is, is set on with a vividness and symmetry deserving the highest praise: and there is a good reason for the perfection of this work in the very nature of the subject. The event "Rowley" celebrates in it is the success of Sir Simon de Bourtonne in a joust of arms held before Edward I., at Bristol, in 1285,—a success which de Bourtonne is represented as celebrating by the foundation of the old Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which formerly stood on the site now occupied by the noble structure founded by Canynge. How anything so nearly touching that source of Chatterton's dreams and romantic imaginings had power to call the best side of his nature into play, is shown in every touch given to the perfecting of this little work; and it is a curious puzzle how Dr. Wilson can have allowed himself to be misled into one of his comical blunders§ in

\* Lord.

† Doubt.

‡ Not knowing.

§ Dr. Wilson's work is done so earnestly and honestly, and is so distinctly a large advance on all previous biographies of the poet, so essential a basis for all future biographies for some time to come, that we do not feel called upon to dwell at large upon these blunders; but we cannot help noticing one more that is somewhat ludicrous: at p. 36 he concludes Chatterton was familiar

treating of it. "This," he says, "must have been written in an ampler form than it now exists, when Chatterton was not more than fifteen years old. Writing in March 1768, to his old school-mate, Baker, who had wandered to Charleston, South Carolina, after referring to sundry literary matters, ' . . . he says, *The Tournament* I have only one canto of, which I send herewith; the remainder is entirely lost, . . . Mr. Lambert, it is to be feared, had pounced on the missing portions, and put them beyond author's or critic's reach. But a copy made by Catcott from Chatterton's MS. supplied the text as it now exists . . . ."—Wilson's *Chatterton*, p. 141. The professor ought to have seen, first that the poem is exceptionally complete, and secondly that it has nothing to do with *cantos*; and he would then perhaps have looked elsewhere for the imperfect poem referred to in Chatterton's letter to Baker: he need not have looked far, for there is a slight and immature work in the Rowley collection that answers precisely to the description, viz., "One canto of an ancient poem, called *The Unknown Knight*, or *The Tournament*," first printed in the supplement to the *Miscellanies*, and wrongly ascribed by Southey and Cottle to the year 1769, on the strength of Chatterton having in that year offered it as a sample of three cantos. If three existed, the legitimate inference is that, at some time after telling Baker the remainder was "entirely lost," he set to work and found the remainder in that same well-stocked repository where he found all his other "old Rowleys," viz. his own imagination.

But to return to the perfect poem called *The Tournament*: there is an objection made to some of Chatterton's larger works, that they exhibit mere poetic fertility without power of compacting. This objection applies to such pieces as the two *Battles of Hastings*, both of which consist of some hundred and thirty ten-line stanzas, without either version coming near to the Death of Harold! But *The Tournament* has an organic form peculiar to itself, and exhibits the power of compacting which these others fail to exhibit. A prologue of a couple of stanzas is spoken by a herald, the scene being somewhere near, but not in, the lists, and then the hero, Sir Simon de Bourtonne, enters and inquires impatiently for adversaries, going out again at the sound of their approach to "claim a

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with Barbour on the strength of a motto from *The Bruce*, prefixed to the *Epistle to Master Canynge*; whereas that motto, prefixed by Southey, is from Pinkerton's edition of *The Bruce*, not printed till twenty years after Chatterton's death!

challenge ground," on which the herald pronounces a short eulogy on him, ending thus—

"As when the morning sun doth drink the dew,  
So do thy valorous acts drink each knight's hue,"

a couplet which we quote as lending some indirect support to our reading of the obscure passage in Magnus's boast (see page 22, *et seq.*), by showing that far-fetched similes connected with drinking were in Chatterton's line. Indeed there is a further and fuller instance of this kind of comparison in the next scene, laid in the lists, when the king, Sir Simon, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* enter, and the king commands the minstrels to "tune the string," and

"Some action dire of ancient kings now sing."—P. 126.

To this command they respond in one of Chatterton's most finished lyrics, artistically enough framed to urge field sports in preference to war, and using the burden

"Let thy flocs\* drink the blood of anything but men."

The song celebrates the hunting prowess of William the Conqueror, and includes the two following stanzas:—

"With pacing step the lion moves along,  
William his iron-woven bow he bends,  
With might alych† the rolling thunder strong,  
The lion in a roar his sprite forth sends.  
Go, slay the lion in his blood-stained den,  
But be thine arrow dry from blood of other men.

"Swift from the thicket starts the stag away,  
The couraciers‡ as swift do after fly.  
He leapeth high, he stands, he keeps at bay,  
But meets the arrow, and efisoons doth die.  
Forslagen§ at thy feet let wild beasts be,  
Let thy flocs\* drink their blood, yet do not brethren slee."||

Pp. 127, 128.

At the conclusion of this performance of the minstrels, the tournament begins in earnest, and for the dialogue, the poet reverts to the Rowley ten-line stanza. The very first stanza contains a remarkable and obvious blunder of transcription, which, whether made by Chatterton himself or by Catcott,—for the poem comes down to us by means of a copy made by

\* Arrows.

† Like.

‡ Horses.

§ Slain.

|| Slay.

Catecott,—none of the Editors have been at the pains to rectify, and which we are bound to point out, as Mr. Skeat perpetuates it. The herald cries, as de Bourtonne and Neville are about to tilt—

"A lawful challenge knights and champions digne,\*

A lawful challenge! Let the slogan sound,

[SIR SIMON and NEVILLE tilt.

Neville is going man and horse to ground.

[NEVILLE falls.

My lords, how doughtily the tilters join!"

Both metre and sense require that the last two lines should be transposed; for on the one hand, the quatrain varies from, and would then be restored to, the usual form, and on the other it is clear that de Bourtonne and Neville (the only "tilters" then in action) must have "joined doughtily" before Neville went "man and horse to ground."

De Bourtonne next overthrows Sir Hugo Ferraris; and then, Sir John de Bergham (the fictitious ancestor of Pewterer Burgum) accepts the standing challenge of the champion; but he requests to tilt with some others first, in order to be worthy of de Bourtonne's spear: accordingly he engages and overthrows Clinton, and is in due time overthrown by de Bourtonne. Then appear some strange knights, one of whom bears down five knights in succession; but he also falls before de Bourtonne, who, before encountering him, vows to raise on the spot of his victory, if successful, a church,—

"The which in honour, I will Mary call,

With pillars large, and spire full high and round,

And this I faithfully will stand to all,

If yonder stranger falleth to the ground."—P. 132.

The fact that with these extremely slight materials, not spun out to any considerable length, Chatterton was able to give the effect of a pageant at once vivid and true to the life it represents, at once interesting in action and beautiful in language, is a high proof of that intense reality of imagination which we have already compared to the visions of Blake, and of which in our own day Charles Dickens afforded an astonishing example. It is the reality of Dickens's belief in his characters and scenes that is most powerful in chaining his countless readers; and it is the absolute identification of Chatterton's inner life with the outer life of the age he doted

\* Worthy.

upon that gives their highest value to his best poems,—of which this little *Tournament* is one. To the merits we have already noticed in it, it adds that of ending with a second minstrel's song, which the admirers of the poet have not yet done much to popularise, but which is certainly one of the most gem-like and masterly of all his lyrics:—

“ When Battle, smoking with new quickened gore,  
Bending with spoils and bloody dropping\* head,  
Did the dark wood of ease and rest explore,  
Seeking to lie on Pleasure's downy bed,  
Pleasure, dancing from her wood,  
Wreath'd with flowers of eglantine,  
From his visage washed the blood,  
Hid his sword and gaberdine.

“ With such an eye she sweetly him did view,  
Did so y-corven† every shape to joy,  
His sprite did change unto another hue,  
His arms, nor spoils, might any thoughts employ.  
All delightful and content,  
Fire enshooting from his eyne,  
In his arms he did her hent,‡  
As the night-shade doth entwine.

“ So, if thou lovest Pleasure and her train,  
Unknowledging§ in what place her to find,  
This rule y-spende,|| and in thy mind retain;  
Seek Honour first, and Pleasure lies behind.”—P. 133.

The change from iambs to trochaics, when Pleasure comes “dancing from her wood,” is simply lovely in its effect of joyous elasticity, and a piece of the most delicate artistic cunning, while the entire little allegorical morality is perfect, as such, and forms a most fitting conclusion to this poem, so intimately connected at all points with the better and nobler side of Chatterton's nature.

We have already named *Ella* several times, and drawn upon its pages considerably for purposes of illustration; but the present review, the main purpose of which is to form some estimate of the Rowley Poems as now for the first time placed within easy reach of the general reader, would be very

\* “Bloody dropping” does not make very good sense, and we suspect Catcott, who is known to have corrupted Chatterton's texts, put this for “blood-ydropping,” which would be Rowleian for “dropping with blood,” and would add force to this fine impersonation of Battle.

† Rowleian for mould. ‡ Seize. § Not knowing. || Consider.

far from complete without a few words concerning the plan, execution, and general character of what is unquestionably Chatterton's masterpiece, in the absence of anything finer that may have been in the apocryphal parcel already alluded to.

This work, then, must be described as a tragedy of which the plan of action is as follows:—The hero, *Ælla*, is designated in a song addressed by Rowley to his spirit as "Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe in daies of yore," which song is one of Chatterton's noblest lyrics; in the tragedy he figures in the same character, as the principal Saxon scourge of the Danes invading England in the tenth century. The piece opens with the celebration of his spousals with the beautiful *Birtha*, and it is at this celebration that the fine Minstrels' Songs quoted at pages 414 to 417 are sung. In the midst of this joyous festival, news is brought that Magnus and Hurra, at the head of two hosts of Danes, are "raging" through the land, "to be quenched by none but" *Ælla*, who, the soul of honour and patriotism, tears himself away from *Birtha*, and at once sets out to meet the Danes, totally routing Magnus and his men, and driving the host of Hurra "to cover," in the woods, with their chief. His friend *Celmonde*, also a doughty man of arms, has loved *Birtha* in secret, and as soon as his chief, with able assistance from himself, has achieved this victory, *Celmonde* hastens to Bristol, tells *Birtha* that *Ælla* is dangerously wounded and desires her presence in "Wedecester's walled town," and induces her to ride off with him at once,—which she unfortunately does *without informing her household*. In passing through a wood *Celmonde* reveals to her that he loves her, and has brought her to this wood for his own purpose; and just as he is attempting to bend her to his will by force, he is attacked by Hurra and his Danes, who kill *Celmonde*, and decide on restoring *Birtha* to her husband at Bristol. *Ælla*, reaching Bristol before them, finds his bride fled, and hastily concluding she has been false to him, stabs himself. He lives, however, to see her, learns her innocence, and the drama concludes with his death, *Birtha* swooning on his body.

This action is carried through with vivacity, directness, simplicity, and high pathos, and the workmanship is, in detail, admirable,—the ten-line stanza of which the body of the piece is composed being managed with the same dexterity that we noted in its use in *The Tournament*. With the exception of certain crudenesses of idea, there is nothing in

the whole poem that would indicate immaturity of powers : indeed these very crudenesses are unfortunately just as often seen in men as in youths ; and, as the work of a boy of sixteen, *Ælla* is simply a marvellous *tour de force*.

The main defect in the poem from the point of view of *ideas*, we are disposed to regard as a heritage of that unprincipled eighteenth century which Chatterton represented in one phase of his being : we refer to the straitened and somewhat warped view of human passion,—love and lust being far too nearly convertible terms all through the Rowley poems, so far as they deal with passion. It is somewhat remarkable that, identifying himself as he did with the age of chivalry, Chatterton failed to grasp in its simplicity and beauty that noble respect for woman that it was, perhaps, the highest mission of the Catholic-Feudal system to nurse and transmit to the newer age ; and it would seem as if the corrupt reactionary negativism of the eighteenth century had somehow managed to blunt the exquisite sympathies of Chatterton to this admirable spiritual feature of that age, of the externals and much of the spirit of which he had such a striking intuition that we must regard him as the prophet and apostle of the Gothic revival in literature and art, which has since attained in England to such large dimensions.

Another defect of Chatterton—riotous and rank in the satires that avowedly fall into the literature of last century—is that relentless cruelty of portraiture that is seen scattered through the Rowley Poems, not very much in *Ælla* considering its length, but notably in the two versions of *The Battle of Hastings*, which literally teem with horrible incidents, painted with so powerful and steady a hand, that one must conceive Chatterton really enjoyed them ; but this also is a feature by no means surprising in a mind thoroughly conversant with the literary and pictorial caricatures of the age,—perhaps the most atrociously unsympathetic things of the kind on record. Again, the very finale of this tragedy that is the strange being's *chef d'œuvre*, bears testimony to his deficiency in high moral intuition,—which, by the bye, one would certainly not have sought in his works but for the inherent nobility of a great deal of that poetry written when he receded from his age and went back upon the fifteenth century. The character of *Ælla*, as set in the midst of the Rowley Romance, is clearly meant to be held up as that of an ideal hero ; and yet his rash uncalled for suicide is a most weak and cowardly act ; but of this Chatterton had not the slightest suspicion. The deed is

done with an ingenuous *éclat*, remarkable enough, and which adds one to the many evidences that suicide was not with Chatterton a thing only compatible with mental derangement, but, under given circumstances, a matter of course. If Chatterton was ever in earnest about anything (and we fully believe he was), he was in earnest when he conceived and elaborated this "tragycal enterlude, or discoorseynge tragedie, wrotenn bie Thomas Rowleie;" and Ælla was beyond question intended to represent what was deemed a hero by the hero of Chatterton's Romance, the "goode preeste." When, therefore, this hero takes credit to himself for committing suicide, his act is fully sanctioned by the poet, and the sanction thus accorded has a certain damaging effect on the work, as judged from the point of view of ideas. The exclamation of Ælla, like the rest of Chatterton's serious work, when disrobed of its spurious antiquity, is plain and straightforward:—

"My honour yet some driblet joy may find,  
To the Dane's wounds I will another give.  
When thus my glory and my piece is rynde,\*  
It were a cowardice to think to live.  
My servants, unto every asker tell,  
If nobly Ælla lived, as nobly Ælla fell!

[*Stabs his breast.*]"—P. 87.

Had Chatterton not held the disastrous tenet that, under certain circumstances, "it were a cowardice to think to live," and had his lot fallen among stronger and nobler minds than his own, who would have had power to convince him that, under any circumstances whatever, it is the last act of cowardice to cast away wilfully the sacred gift of life,—there is no knowing what he might not have done to repay to the human race the debt which he in fact criminally repudiated. In that arrogant protestation of his urgent young soul that, if the world did not behave itself, it should never see a single one of his best works, he totally ignored the fact that he owed the world infinitely more than the world owed or ever could owe him; and we may almost say that his crime of total and wanton repudiation was in proportion to his glorious ability to repay somewhat of his debt. That he has inadvertently left something to be paid posthumously "on account," his goodwill in that behalf is not to thank; and yet when we think of the terrible and inexorable irony of circumstance that cast this meteoric spirit pulsating in

\* Rowleian for "ruined."

every vein with fervent poetic blood, and quivering in every fibre with sympathies for the beautiful in nature and art, among the unenlightened souls that bred and fostered,—not the meteoric spirit, but its commonplace eighteenth century shell,—we may well pass pityingly over the failings of the boy, to dwell upon his better nature and his genius.

Hitherto, the reading public at large have had access only to the worst half of Chatterton's works; and, though that half includes poems worthy to take rank among those of the better half,—as for example the *African Eclogues*, modelled on the *Oriental Eclogues* of Collins, but far exceeding those in weight, intensity, and gorgeousness,—yet, there is not material in that division of his work\* to sustain Chatterton in the second rank of English poets of the eighteenth century. Prodigious cleverness, indeed, is to be found in almost every page of the avowed poems, especially when regarded as the work of a boy who died in his eighteenth year. But it is on the merits of the romantic poetry made accessible to the public in the new edition we have been discussing that Thomas Chatterton's fame must ultimately rest: and we are bold to predict that that vitality of character which has so strongly impressed one after another of the finest minds, and has been an acknowledged tradition among people unacquainted with a verse of Chatterton's work, will in due time impress itself on the general mind, not any more as a vague tradition, but as a living fact; for this vitality of character is nowhere more strongly marked than in the whole Rowley Romance considered as a single creation.

We do not predict that, as the public get more and more acquainted with Chatterton through his finest works, they will gradually get to think him a poet standing in the same rank with Byron and Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge (all of whom he so strongly impressed), or even some other poets of less than Shakespearean rank; but we are bold to affirm,—and this we believe will be the final verdict of the public,—that, in a large proportion of the Rowley Poems, there is a closer and more genuine love of and adherence to nature than is to be found in the works of the greatest poet among those who served Chatterton as models in his eighteenth century work. That Pope's exquisitely finished and often very powerful poems will always take, in bulk, a higher position than Chatterton's will, cannot be doubted; but that Chatterton's

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\* Forming Vol. I. of Mr. Skeat's edition.

affinities with nature were closer and more loving than Pope's, or those of anyone between the era of Pope and that commencing with Burns, we firmly believe ; while we discern in page after page of the Rowley Poems, and notably in the lyrical portions, fiery flashes of high poetic genius, more uplifted unto that spiritual atmosphere that is above and beyond reach of all things sordid and mean, than any passages to be found in Pope or any other of those poets upon whose heels Chatterton followed, and some of whom outlived him. There is a genuine lyric fire, an energetic intensity, an absolute power of soaring, that go to make up the highest poetic faculty, whether manifested in short poems or in long ones ; and this faculty we believe Chatterton (whatever he did with it) shared in his lifetime with one Englishman only,—the mystic poet and painter William Blake. How, after the French Revolution, a galaxy of English poets endowed with this supreme faculty arose, will be ever memorable ; but Chatterton possessed it in the sordid times just before that great spiritual earthquake ; and it is a matter of eternal regret that in that terrible struggle in Brook-street about which so much has been written, the sordid times signally triumphed over the nobler elements of the strangely compacted spirit cast up isolated into their midst, by the great inscrutable wave of circumstance.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Das Muratorische Fragment, neu untersucht und erklärt.* Von DR. F. H. HESSE, Professor der Theologie. Giessen: J. Ricker. 1873.
2. *A General Survey of the Canon of the New Testament.* By B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity. Third Edition. Macmillan. 1870.

AMONG the treasures of antiquity which have been transmitted to us there are none which have more interest and value of a secondary order, than that which is known as the *Muratorian Fragment*, or the Muratorian Canon. We should be disposed to give it the first place in the second class of ancient manuscripts; the early copies of the Scripture of course standing alone, in unapproachable importance. A few pages devoted to the explanation of what this *Fragment* means will not be thrown away, at least to our theological readers and those who are anxious to gather from all quarters the aids of their faith. The little book mentioned at the head of this paper affords us an opportunity to give a plain account: it is the first and only complete monograph on the subject. Our second authority will help us abundantly in the task; but Canon Westcott's account of the manuscript, the best at present extant in English, has of course only a subordinate place in his work, and is necessarily limited to the bearing of the *Fragment* on the Canon of the New Testament.

In the year 1740, Ludovico Antonio Muratori, Director and Librarian of the Ambrosian College in Milan, published the third volume of his great work on the *Italian Antiquities of the Middle Ages*; and included in it a Fragment which he had discovered in the Piedmontese convent of Bobbio, established by the Irish Columban about the beginning of the seventh century. The parchment manuscript purported to contain certain writings of Chrysostom; but on examination it appeared that the monks had turned it from its original design, and used it as a kind of common-place book, in which various pieces of various authors, as they came in the way, were inserted after a rude fashion. Glancing over these, Muratori discovered one document which riveted his attention. It was almost but not entirely perfect, and was no less than the

copy of a very ancient list of the New Testament books, interspersed with comments of a very striking character. He put this morsel into his large work, professedly to show how carelessly the ignorant and unpractised transcribers of old times had dealt with early writings. But it was evident from the corrections he himself made that the *Fragment* had a deep theological interest in his eyes. He saw its full value as a vindication of the Canon of Scripture, and saw also that some things in it might expose him to the charge of heresy; hence, as Dr. Hesse remarks, "he disguised his theological interest under the semblance of one merely palæographical." He gave it to the world as a "*Fragmentum acephalum Cæii uti videtur presbyteri Romani, qui circiter annum Christi 196 floruit, de canone scripturarum sacrarum.*"

It soon excited great interest in the learned world. Every writer on the New Testament Introduction paid his tribute. Immense industry was spent on the correction of the text, by comparison with the precious original in Milan. In this labour the most honourable part, on the whole, has been taken by Englishmen. Routh, in his *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, used with much skill the results reached by Nott's collation of the manuscript. Wieseler also, and Hertz, collated it independently. But our Tregelles, in 1857, took a careful fac-simile, and in 1867 published the first edition under the title, *Canon Muratorius, the Earliest Catalogue of the Books of the New Testament*; edited, with Notes and a Fac-simile of the MS. in the Ambrosian Library at Milan." Tregelles assigned the manuscript to the eighth century; and all the palæographical criteria sustain that supposition. It was evidently a very clumsy copy, and disfigured by almost every kind of error that the transcription of illiterate men was liable to commit; but on the whole it is exceedingly amenable to editorship, and when dressed up by modern criticism—criticism which is unimpeachable because all agree in it generally, and almost all even to the minutiae—it gives a perfectly clear and intelligible account of itself. How much and how little that criticism had to do will appear from the following specimen, taken at random:

"... Epistolæ autem Pauli quæ a quo loco vel qua ex causa directe sint voluntatibus intellegere ipse declarant primū omnium Corinthiis scysmæ heresis in terdiūms deincepob Callætis circumcissione Romanis antè ornidine Scripturarum sed et. . . ."

Almost every other word baffles any but experts; who, for instance, would recognise the Galatians in "*Callætis*?" But

the reader who uses Canon Westcott's most valuable work on the Canon will find the whole question treated in an exhaustive manner. In the Appendix there is much new light thrown upon it from a comparison of the other parts of the same manuscript, which have been strangely overlooked. Canon Westcott has had the privilege of seeing the Codex, and has copied some pages of the context, which he has given to his readers.

Some discussion has been carried on as to the title of the document: whether it should be *Canon* or *Fragment*. A fragment it undoubtedly is. The beginning is absent, though what it was is as plain as if we saw it. It is also without its appropriate close. Moreover, there are some indications that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were originally enumerated, though not a trace of this is found. The catalogue of the prophets is said to be complete, and St. Paul's references to the old Scriptures are mentioned in such a way as to suggest that they had been included. On the other hand, the expression, "Muratorian Canon," seems, as Dr. Hesse says, to be an anachronism; for the word "Canon" was not in use when this list was drawn up. Hilgenfeld thinks, indeed, that the word is in Origen, who may have taken it from the original Greek of our manuscript. This would stamp upon it an additional dignity; but it must be remembered that the adjectival use of the term, in the sense of "canonised," occurs only in Latin translations of Origen; as also that a Greek original of the *Fragment* is only an hypothesis. This question, however, is one of more than merely Muratorian interest; and we shall give an extract from Westcott's valuable Appendix on the term:—

"The application of *kanonizō* to the Holy Scriptures confirms the belief that they were called *canonical* in a passive sense. In classical Greek the word means to measure or form according to a fixed standard. As in similar terms, the notion of approval was added to that of trial; and those writings might fully be said to be *canonised* which were ratified by an authoritative rule. Thus Origen says that 'no one should use for the proof of doctrine books not included among the canonised Scriptures.' Athanasius again speaks of 'books which are canonised and have been handed down from former time.' The Canon of [Laodicea] forbade the public reading of 'books which had not been canonised.' And at a later time we read of 'books used in the Church and which have been canonised.'

"The clearest instance in early times of the application of the word 'canon' to the Scriptures occurs at the end of the enumeration of

the books of the Old and New Testaments, commonly attributed to Amphilochius. 'This,' he says, 'would be the most unerring canon of the inspired Scriptures.' The measure, that is, by which the contents of the Bible might be tried, and so approximately an index or catalogue of its constituent books. But the use of the word was not confined within these limits. It was natural that the rule of written, no less than of traditional teaching, should be regarded in a concrete form. The idea of the New Testament and the Creed grew out of the same circumstances and were fixed by the same authority. Thus Athanasius and later writers speak of books 'without the canon,' where the canon is no longer the measure of Scripture, but Scripture itself as fixed and measured, the definite collection of books received by the Church as authoritative. In this sense the word soon found general acceptance. The canon was the measured field of the theologian, marked out like that of the athlete or of the apostle by adequate authority.

"But though this was, as I believe, the true meaning of the word, instances are not wanting in which the Scriptures are called a rule, as being in themselves the measure of Christian truth; for they possess an inherent authority, though it was needful that they should be ratified by an outward sanction. At the beginning of the fifth century, Isidore, of Pelusium, calls the 'Divine Scriptures the rule of truth;' and it is useless to multiply examples from later ages. Time proved the worth of the Apostolic words. The ideal rule preceded the material rule; but after a long trial the Church recognised in the Bible the full enunciation of that law which was embodied in her formularies and epitomised in her Creeds."—P. 477.

This *Muratorian Fragment*, therefore, was not originally published as a "Canon," but as a list of the New Testament Scriptures as they were received in the Catholic Church when the writer lived, and which he does not himself regard as an absolutely complete list. The term "Canon" was as yet not in the thought of the Church: that is, as signifying the complete rule of faith, finally closed by the consent of all Churches, and thenceforward to constitute the final standard of appeal in all matters that pertain to faith. The word as yet slumbered in St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, ready for future use. The history of its gradual appropriation of its final meaning is deeply interesting. The universal acceptance it gained when once employed, and its value as expressing a most important theological doctrine, elevates it to a high rank among those conventional terms which, as we steadfastly believe, the Divine Spirit suggested to the mind of the Church to impress His own will. Like many other sacred terms, it adds nothing to the truth of Scripture, which

always asserts itself to be the end of all controversy. It marks no development of germ into new doctrine: only the clear expression of what was believed from the beginning. Meanwhile, there is no hint of this final phraseology in our *Fragment*.

As to the original of this document, Wieseler makes the obvious suggestion that, until good reasons are shown, that should be held to be the original in which the MS. meets our eye. The arguments which have induced most critics—especially in England, Canon Westcott being among the number—to assume that Greek was the original, are examined by Dr. Hesse with a care rather disproportioned to the importance of the question. He has satisfied us that it was written in the debased Latin of the second century; in fact, points of contact with Tertullian, and even Augustine, show that it was the African Latin to which early Christian literature owed so much.

“That is, however, as Volkmar shows at length, ‘only the *lingua rustica* or *vulgata*, which was spread through all the western provinces, as in Africa so also in Spain, Gaul, Rhætia, Pannonia, and to this day has been preserved in the most diversified modifications, as Spanish, French, Romance and Latin Roumelian. This *lingua vulgata*, however, retains for the most part the original Latin itself, which has been overshadowed by the *lingua urbana*. This *lingua rustica* became in Africa the language of literature also; while in Italy, and Rome especially, Greek was the tongue of the refined and of authors generally. In Rome Tertullian himself wrote Greek; in Carthage, on the contrary, he wrote the language which alone they would understand.’ In fine, it is the African Latin which we read in our *Fragment*: the Africanism being just what Roman authorship in the second half of the first century would lead us to expect.”

The age of the original document is matter of importance in fact, its value must be measured by its antiquity. Not only is it important, as being a production of the second century, but as taking precedence of the greater writers of that period, whose authority is generally depended on. In others words, if it can be proved that it was written before Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian, we have an author and, as it were, a voice from a period otherwise destitute of authorities, which therefore would be brightened by such a star as this rising in its darkness. The chain of testimony would by it be carried right up to the sub-apostolical fathers, and so to the very Apostles themselves.

The reference to Pius, the brother of Hermas, who is spoken of as having occupied the See of Rome in the writer's time, shows that our document was not written before A.D. 157—the date of the death of Pius—but not very long after it. "Very recently in our own times," is a definition of age which cannot be brought down to the third century. After a thorough investigation of the very few notes of opposition that refractory criticism has presented, Dr. Hesse leaves the question thus:—

"From the previous discussions it will be sufficiently plain that we must not follow Thiersch, who makes our document contemporaneous with the writings of Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian: most assuredly it is ante-Irenæan, ante-Clementine, and ante-Tertullianist; and precisely there lies its value and significance. To make this more absolutely certain, it is to be noted additionally that the terminology *Vetus et Novum Testamentum* is wanting as yet in it; moreover, although the two parts of the New Testament are, in fact, distinguished, yet the two portions are not yet defined as the *Evangelicum* and the *Apostolicum*, and it must be observed that, while the author certainly is acquainted with the distinction of St. Paul's writings into longer and shorter, as it appears in Tertullian, he does not, like Tertullian, arrange the letters according to their length, but gives another arrangement on a different principle. Nor is it without significance that the question of the Epistle to the Hebrews is not yet agitated; it had not yet been translated from the East into the West, and the First Epistle of Peter, which appears in the West in the writings of Irenæus and Tertullian, appears to have been unknown to our author. It may be added that he reckons the question of circumcision, which Paul, in the Epistle to the Galatians, interdicted, among those points which were still in discussion; thus indicating that the suppression of circumcision was not yet universally acknowledged in the Church. Further, he relates the narration concerning the origin of the Gospel of John in a form which is older than that which it assumes in other writers, and especially in Clement of Alexandria. We may content ourselves with the result that the author of our *Fragment* wrote before Irenæus, Clement, and Tertullian."

There is a strong tendency to fix upon place and author for this and every other relic of antiquity. It has been noted that Muratori himself pitched upon Caius, a well known presbyter of Rome, as the writer; his opinion has been accepted by many; indeed, we often meet with references to Caius the presbyter as supporting positions which depend on our *Fragment*. There are many good reasons why we should hesitate to assent; Caius is reported by Eusebius to have en-

tertaind disrespectful views of the Apocalypse; he wrote what he wrote in Greek; and his activity belongs to a very early part of the third century. The document does not speak of "the city of Rome" as if the author lived there. On the whole, we prefer to regard this valuable relic of most ancient times as being to us anonymous, and coming we know not whence. In this respect it is something like that priceless letter to Diognetus. In fact, they are a pair of writers to be bracketed as indisputably among the very earliest extant remains of Christian literature, of very much more value than many a more imposing volume that has come down to us recommended by the authority of high-sounding names. The one gives us the earliest account of the volume which the earliest Church made its rule of faith; and the other gives us the earliest uninspired exposition of the fundamental doctrine of atonement that makes the value of the book. These instances teach us how little stress should be laid upon the silences of the earliest ages. Multitudes of manuscripts like them may have been left by obscure but good men, which were not remarkable enough to be preserved by any individual Church, and which time has not spared. A few more such discoveries as this might shed much light upon some points at present involved in obscurity. And there are regions as yet unexplored. To return, however, to the authorship. It has been supposed that the word "disputari" indicates a discussion between the writer and some heretic; but the tranquillity of the style forbids this. If we might add one more to many conjectures, it would be that we have here a fragment of a catechetical instruction, prepared for the catechumens of some Church in Italy. Great numbers of such catechetical compendiums must have been in circulation during the first centuries; and they are precisely the class of writings which we should be glad to see disinterred wherever they may happen to be entombed. Something in the style of our unknown author inclines us to think that he must have been a good instructor, though by no means one of the most intelligent. His witness, however, is hardly affected by his intelligence.

The following is a literal translation of the *Fragment*, as corrected by the best lights: of course, what is within brackets is supplied:—

"[First, we receive the book of the Gospel according to Matthew. . .]

"[Secondly, the book of the Gospel according to Mark] at which he, however, had been present and accordingly thus set down.

"Thirdly, the book of the Gospel according to Luke. Luke, that physician, after the ascension of Christ, when Paul took him up as being as it were the second skilled in law, wrote as it is thought with his own hand. Nevertheless, he had never seen the Lord in the flesh, and therefore begins to narrate as he was able to pursue it, even from the nativity of John.

"Fourthly, the book of the Gospel according to John. John, one of the disciples, replied to the request of his fellow disciples and the bishops: 'Fast with me to-day for three days, and whatever shall have been revealed to each let us relate to each other.' The same night it was revealed to Andrew, one of the Apostles, that John should write down by his own authority what they all might read together. And thus, although in the several books of the Gospels diverse principles are taught, there is no difference to the faith of believers, since by the one and presiding Spirit all things were set forth in each concerning the nativity, the passion, the resurrection, the intercourse with His disciples and His second coming: [for He appears] first contemned in lowliness, which is over; then glorious in kingly power, which is to come. What wonder, therefore, if John, with such confidence, brings forward each particular in his Epistles also, where he says with reference to his own person, 'That which we have seen with our eyes and heard with our ears, and our hands have handled, of these things we have written to you.' Thus he shows himself to be not only the seer, but also the hearer and also the recorder of all the wonders of the Lord in their order.

"But the Acts of all the Apostles were recorded in one book. Luke sums up all for the excellent Theophilus, because they were accomplished in their order when he was present, as the absence of the passion of Peter, and the journey of Paul from Rome to Spain, evidently declares.

"As it respects the Epistles of Paul, they themselves show, to those who are willing to understand, from what place they were written, or for what cause: First of all, he wrote to the Corinthians at length interdicting the false teaching of their schism, then to the Galatians condemning their circumcision, but to the Romans intimating the order of Scriptures, but also that Christ is the principle of them all. On these points singly it is needful that we should contend, since the blessed Apostle Paul, in person, marking the procedure of his predecessor John, wrote only to seven Churches in this order: to the Corinthians (the first), to the Ephesians (second), to the Philippians (the third), to the Colossians (the fourth), to the Galatians (the fifth), to the Thessalonians (the sixth), to the Romans (the seventh). But, although for the Corinthians and the Thessalonians, for the sake of correction, there is a doubling of the Epistle, yet it is most plainly declared that one Church is diffused over the

whole earth. For so also John speaks in the Apocalypse : although he writes to seven Churches, yet at once to all. Nevertheless, there is one to Philemon, and to Titus one, and two to Timothy on account of favour and regard ; though the Catholic Church holds them in honour, they have been consecrated in the regulation of ecclesiastical discipline. There is one current to the Laodiceans, another to the Alexandrians, which have been invented in Paul's name after the heresy of Marcion, as also much more that cannot find access into the Catholic Church ; it is not meet that gall should be mixed with honey. Forsooth, the Epistle of Jude and two under the superscription of John are regarded in the Catholic Church as the Wisdom of Solomon accepted, which was written by his friends in his honour.

"Apocalypses also we receive, only that of John and that of Peter, which some of us refuse to allow to be read in the Church. The *Pastor*, however, has been written quite lately, in our time, by Hermas, in the city of Rome, when his brother Pius, the bishop, sat in the chair of the Church in the city of Rome. Therefore it ought to be read, but it cannot be publicly read in the Church to the end of the days : not among the prophets, their number being complete, nor among the Apostles.

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"But of Arsinoüs, or Valentinus, or Miltiades we receive absolutely nothing. Moreover, the Marcionites have written a new Book of Psalms ! together with Basilides [we reject] Asianus, the founder of the Cataphrygians."

The best part of Dr. Hesse's labour is devoted to the exegesis of this remarkable relic. This occupies nearly two hundred and fifty pages of his valuable work, which has spent German diligence on the examination of every previous comment, and has taken as much pains to bring out the meaning of the *Fragment* as were ever spent upon any book of the New Testament. With some of the conclusions we cannot agree ; but the majority of the results command our assent ; and the process, in either case, is eminently instructive. A few salient points are all that we can find space to touch.

The first thing observable is that thus early—that is in the middle of the second century—the Four Gospels were universally accepted as complete. St. Matthew and St. Mark, it is true, are not mentioned : that is, the few lines dedicated to them are lost. But no one can doubt that St. Luke and St. John being third and fourth, the first and second places were given to St. Matthew and St. Mark.

It is said concerning St. John, that he was one of the disciples, as it were distinguishing him from the others,—that is, that he was one of the original disciples,—and that it was

his prerogative to "relate all things," that he was "the recorder of *all* the wonderful works of the Lord:" evidently intending to express that he was the supplement of the rest. It is not improbable that the lost lines gave some information as to the original language of the First Gospel, and as to the relation of St. Peter to the Second. There is considerable detail in the introduction of the last two, and it may be assumed that it would not be wanting in the case of the first two. The closing sentence touching the Second, "at which, however, he was present," allows room for the supposition that a distinction had been made between what he received from St. Peter, and what he himself witnessed. But it is impossible to decide where there is no other clue to the meaning. Suffice that, in the case of St. Luke, it is expressly said that he did not see the Lord in the flesh; that St. Paul made the physician his companion, not, however, as a physician, but as one like himself, zealous for the Christian law; that he wrote his Gospel "on his own responsibility, and in his own name," not, like St. Mark, under the teaching of another; yet all, as is afterwards asserted, under the guidance of the common directing Spirit. Hence, as a witness of what he did not himself see, the third evangelist gathered up the steadfast tradition of the Church from all sources, giving a complete account, and even beginning with the history and baptism of John. The account of the fourth evangelist is in all respects remarkable. He is introduced only by his name as well known: he is the same John who appears throughout the document, as the writer of Gospel and First Epistle, and Apocalypse. That he is mentioned as only a disciple, while Andrew is mentioned as an Apostle, is, we are persuaded, a reference to the peculiar relation in which that Apostle stood to the Lord as the "disciple whom He loved:" hence Irenæus, who betrays no hesitation as to the apostleship of John, calls him disciple in the same sentence in which he calls Paul an Apostle. Then follow two very striking statements: one referring to the instrumental human origination of the Fourth Gospel, and the other to its Divine relation to the whole. As to the tradition that introduces the former, these are the views of Dr. Hesse: on the latter, we shall prefer to give our own:—

"Obviously the question here is not, as Routh and Westcott (after Tregelles) assume, the seeking of a revelation whether or not the plan of John's writing a Fourth Gospel was agreeable to God; for the communication of such a revelation would not have been an *enarrare*.

The Apostle had determined to yield to the request; but, in order that the writing expected of him might not appear superfluous by the side of the other evangelists, it must add what the others had not recorded. To this end an extraordinary method must be adopted for procuring the wanting evangelical material; since the ordinary resources were nearly exhausted. Matthew had written what his own experience enabled him to bring as an eye-witness; Mark had recorded the contributions of another or others; Luke had sought his materials in the way of historical investigation: there remained only to write a work under immediate Divine inspiration. Therefore, according to John, they must wait for what the Spirit of God would inspire into each of those assembled: partly, to revive his fading remembrances (John xiv. 26), partly to guide him into the mysteries of the person and life of the Lord (John xvi. 13). But the question was not of a perfect work, but only of a perfecting or complementary history; only of such as might serve for the completion of those already extant. . . . The revelation given to Andrew after fasting, was that *John should write all things in his own name*; not only part, as would have been the case if, according to his plan, all had contributed. The participation of the remainder in the production of the Fourth Gospel was thus excluded, save so far as the work was subject to their supervision. The *cuncta* does not refer to the entire substance of the evangelical material generally, but only to the substance of that which was to find place in the Fourth Gospel; and it must be closely connected with *in suo nomine*. But this material was at the command of the Apostle John in consequence of the past Divine revelation, without any express new revelation; he was the most confidential disciple of Jesus, who lay on the bosom of the Lord."

This tradition played a very prominent part in early times; it is found in many versions. Clement of Alexandria tells us that John knew that the first three evangelists gave the bodily Gospel: and, encouraged by his friends, and inspired by God, gave a spiritual Gospel in addition. Jerome also amplifies what in our *Fragment* seems to be given in its simplest form. According to his account, John was urged by nearly all the bishops of Asia, and by representatives of many Churches, to write more thoroughly concerning the Divinity of Christ. He yielded, on condition that they should all fast and pray in one place: then, filled with revelation, he burst out,—“In the beginning was the Word.” Doubtless, we have here a tradition based upon some ground of truth: what truth, however, it is not probable we shall ever know. It must always be a question whether the authentication in chap. xxi. 24, gave rise to the tradition, or the tradition is based upon a fact connected with that authentication. For

our part, we feel and therefore believe that there is a tribute paid to the Apostolic authority of the book, by the Church of some place, the representative Church. On this the originator of the tradition may have been supposed to have based his notion, and the author of the *Fragment* had in his eye, probably, the Alogi, those determined opponents of the Fourth Gospel, who would demur to the propriety of an Apostle being authenticated by others, as well as to the extreme difference between his work and the work of the other three. We cannot trust the tradition, as given here, when we remember that Andrew, so prominent in the Gospel, is again so prominently introduced, and that the Gospel itself is supposed in the tradition to have been written before St. Paul's writings: John is called the "predecessor" of Paul. Moreover, there is no reference to Ephesus. The introduction of this tradition—expanded on a truth doubtless—does not affect the value of the document, which we are not treating as part of inspired Scripture.

The other paragraph is of much greater importance. It is said that the individual Gospels were written according to various fundamental principles, under the one fundamental and principal Spirit: that these great truths included the historical parts of the Gospel, the birth, passion, and resurrection of Christ, His intercourse with His disciples, and His second coming in glory and power. There has been much discussion as to whether *principia* refers to the principles of doctrine or the beginnings of the books. Dr. Hesse adheres to the latter; but no argument can remove the impression that principles of truth, not beginnings of history, are to be taught—*doceantur*. Of course the two undoubted meanings of the word may be combined: their distinct views of our Lord's work and character are closely connected with the starting-points of the several Gospels. But, when we remember the very remarkable play on the word, "*principia doceantur*," and "*uno Spiritu principali*," there can be little question that the various elementary principles of doctrine—various but few—in the exhibition of our Lord's work are referred to. For instance: St. Matthew has his eye on the law to be fulfilled; St. Luke on the law, in another sense, to be abrogated; all the three evangelists give our Lord mere human relations as the Son of Man, while not forgetting His true dignity; and St. John gives the Eternal Divine Sonship its place, while not forgetting the human sonship and Mary the mother, who, if not prominent at the outset, is introduced at

the close. It seems to us that we have here the earliest expression in Christian literature of a truth that afterwards was abundantly dwelt on: that the Four Gospels were intended to give the one common history of redemption under various aspects, and in such a way that the Christian preacher may find *principia* in each which none of the others afford. Therefore we agree with Dr. Hesse in his rejection of the current English view of the passage. Routh refers the expression to the main heads (*capita*) of Christian teaching, and Tregelles more definitely to the points of Christian faith afterwards mentioned, the teaching concerning the incarnation, sufferings, death, resurrection, return of Christ. But as to all these matters, the unity of the Gospels is declared, and not their Diversity. They were all one in their record of the fundamental facts; but they have their individual characteristic elements of various instruction in doctrine.

But the most important testimony now follows. Whatever difference there may be as to the presentation of the truth, there is none to faith. "But it makes no difference to the faith of believers, since by one and the same Principal Spirit are set forth the birth, death, resurrection, fellowship, and return of the Lord."

"As to this *principalis spiritus*, there can be no doubt. According to Tertullian's dictum, 'quid principale, nisi quod super omnia, nisi quod ante omnia et ex quo omnia?' it is the Spirit who directed all that pertained to the written announcement of the Gospel, who guided and determined it in all its details. There may be such a *spiritus principalis* in man himself. So Tertullian's question runs: 'Imprimis an sit aliquis summus in anima gradus vitalis et sapientialis, quod Hegemonikon appellant, i.e., principale, quia, si negetur, totus animæ status periclitatur?' But it is not this ruling principle, known to heathen philosophers, which is here meant; for in our passage it is *unus*, while each of the four evangelists would have the *spiritus principalis* in the other sense. Clemens Romanus cites Ps. l. 12 (Sept.), where 'uphold me with thy free spirit' has the word ἡγμονικὸν translated in the Vulgate 'spiritu principali.' Origen thus refers to this passage: 'I think David speaks of this *principalis spiritus* to show that there are many spirits, but that this spirit holds the rule and dominion over them all, and is, therefore, *principalis*. As there are many sons, but only one only-begotten; so there are many spirits, but only One that proceeds from God and imparts 'the grace of sanctification.' Without doubt, our passage means the Spirit of God, and indicates that He had the supervision and government in the construction of the Gospels. In this phrase the *ac* gives the epexegetis: in all the Gospels all things are disposed by one, and

that the supreme Spirit; therefore to the faith of believers there can be no difference. As the expression *principalis spiritus* is a strange one, and not by any means current, the supposition of Van Gilse that there is a paronomastic allusion to the *varia principia* of the Gospels has its probability; if the *principia* are various, the *principalis spiritus* is the same. This paronomasia would then point to Latin as the original."

It must be remembered that we are listening to the second century, and to a voice in it which was earnest in protesting against many of the same errors which, in other forms, are crowding upon the present Christian Church, and in fact are firmly established within many portions of it. There were men in those days who took offence at the miraculous incarnation, and found fault with a thousand details in the structure of the Gospels, and speculated extravagantly as to the nature of the Saviour's present human appearance and intercourse with His disciples, and the nature of His second coming. All the heresies, and all the sects, concurred in believing that Jesus had just a hundred years before appeared on earth, disappeared by a death of violence, and continued in some sense still to live and save mankind. But there were endless differences among the sects on these and all other great verities of the Christian faith: the differences turning in almost all cases upon the right interpretation of the facts of the Saviour's history. And here we have a sincere Christian delivering the judgment of the one Church that the supreme author of the Four Gospels had given them their unity, as witnesses of the four great events of the Saviour's redeeming history; that no one Gospel is to be taken as of itself a full account; but that, so far as concerns the all-important facts of redemption, they are to be studied as one. Indeed, the words go further: they imply that only in the comparison of the four can we find the full truth. Neither is St. Matthew without St. John, nor St. John without St. Matthew perfect. That supreme unity, however, is to be found only in the exhibition of the great history from the miraculous incarnation to the return hereafter not in the infinite variety of details. In other words, the harmony to be drawn out of the records is the general harmony of the person, life, and work of our Lord, and not of the minute events that fill up the narrative.

This ancient writer seemed to think that the part of a superintending, controlling, and unifying Spirit should be

the Christian's defence against all kinds of doubt. Anyone can see that he had in view a state of things very much like that of our own day, when every broad thinker seems to feel it to be his privilege to bring forward his own version of the origin of the Gospels and theory of their inspiration. But he says that the different kinds of principles taught by the several evangelists—implying by the word *principia* a great deal more than is sometimes thought—were no stumbling-block or difficulty in the way of believers, trusting as they did in the "one and ruling Spirit of inspiration." It is true that this last word is not inserted. They did not speak so much of inspiration and canon and the Word of God, of the Divinity of Christ and the Third Person and the Trinity, of atonement for sins and satisfaction and justification by faith, as we do: not, however, because the realities expressed by these words were less real and precious and essential to them than to us, but simply because it was an uncritical and unscientific, and, if men will, simple age. Taking the immense number of considerations into account which require to be taken into account, there is a wonderful similarity between the style of thought and expression of which these words are a sample and that which those adopt who are commonly called the orthodox among ourselves.

It appears from the following words that in the copy of Scripture our author used the First Epistle of John as an appendix to the Gospel. Afterwards he mentions two letters "with the superscription of John;" but he does not appear to be anticipating when he makes his quotation. It is a free quotation—quotation was generally free in those days—but, as the only one contained in the document, it shows plainly enough how deeply St. John's words were impressed upon the reader. Taking them altogether, these words, even as this writer abridges them, "What things we have seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears, and our hands have touched, we have written to you," are some of the most profound and far-reaching even in St. John's writings. They are used here in a very limited application, and shorn of their strength: indicating simply that the Apostle or disciple wrote in his Gospel, under the Spirit's guidance, what he had himself seen, heard and handled. Apart from this quotation, some other indications there are in the earlier literature that the mystery of these wonderful words had laid hold on the minds of thoughtful and contemplative men. We may be doing injustice to our Unknown. Possibly he meant by this unique

quotation to express his sense of the boundless mystery that the Eternal Word should in human form be the object of such familiar apprehension to contact and human fellowship. Meanwhile, be that as it may, here we have exceeding early evidence of the fact that the very same Apostle whom we watch throughout the Saviour's history, was the writer of the Fourth Gospel and of "Epistles," of which the first seems to have had the special function of accompanying the former and greater work. But, when we say accompanying, we must not be supposed to accept some modern theories which make the larger Epistle only an introductory preface to the Gospel. It has its own superlative importance, as the consummation and finishing treatise of all revelation.

Though this record does not expressly refer to the distinction between the *Evangelicum* and the *Apostolicum*, which include together the New Testament Scriptures, it does virtually adopt that distinction. The Gospels were the fundamental norm, as containing the acts and words of the Lord; there were four, and only four, no other additional one being alluded to or supposed to be possible. The remainder of the New Testament—*The Apostolicum*—was divided into three portions, the Acts, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse. The character and relations of the Acts are exhibited by this early writer precisely as we ourselves regard them. First, the book of the Acts claims attention:—

"This book had for the Catholic Church of the first age a much greater significance than it had later; that is, while the Petrine Epistles and the Epistle of James were as yet unknown in the West. In opposition to the ultra-Pauline Marcionites, the Catholic Church, as the union of the Jewish and Gentile Christians, appealed to the authority of all the Apostles. It had especially to assign its high value to the words of Peter, the first of the Apostles, but these were as yet only to be found in the Petrine discourses which had been recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. Hence the high value of this book, which the Marcionites naturally rejected, in the estimation of the early Catholic Church, and its position before the Pauline Epistles. Hence the care with which Irenæus goes through it, in order to show from the sayings of Peter, and those also of the other Apostles, the identity of the God of the New Testament with the God of the Old. Not, however, that the book was regarded as merely a record of the Petrine doctrine: it was an account of the work of *all* the Apostles, in as far as the narrative of the Apostolical congress in Acts xv. gives testimony. Hence the indication, *Acta Omnium Apostolorum*, in which we must not take the *Acta* too narrowly: they include the acts and words of all the Apostles."

It is not laying too much stress on the writer's words to suppose that he distinguishes between the *one* book given to all the Apostles and the *four* dedicated to the Lord; and that he tacitly condemns also the many spurious accounts given of the apostolic labours. There is no additional light thrown upon Theophilus; the record does not help us to any decision as to the termination of the lives of the two great Apostles; it mentions the martyrdom of St. Peter and the Spanish journey of St. Paul, but only to show that the personal witness of St. Luke does not include them. It is strange, but indisputable, that he seems not to be more certain on these points than we are. But the balance of probability is in favour of the supposition that the residence of St. Peter in Rome was utterly unknown to this probably Roman writer of the second century; that, however, he sealed his life by martyrdom, and by a martyrdom well known in the Christian Church; and that St. Paul did make a voyage from Rome to Spain.

The Epistles of St. Paul evidently lay before the writer precisely as they lie before us. But he is under the influence of a theory extensively prevalent in his time, that St. Paul, like St. John in the Apocalypse, wrote to seven Churches, to declare the perfection and unity of the one Church, seven being the symbol of its perfection. Into the long discussion of this bye-question we need not enter: suffice that it was a pious imagination of the times, and has no influence upon the canon of Scriptures. The terse specification of the design of the individual Epistles is altogether true to their meaning. Especially ought we to remark upon the account given of that to the Romans, which presents a thought of great importance, thus dwelt upon by Dr. Hesse:—

“The observation is directed against the Marcionites, who, in their one-sided and extravagant Paulinism, rejected the Old Testament; but are by their own Apostle corrected in this Epistle. Paul therefore specifies that the Old Testament is used in the Epistle to the Romans as in no other Epistle; hence Fregelles observes that in the Romans alone there are fifty-one citations from the Old Testament, while there are only forty-three in all the other Pauline Epistles together. . . . What the writer meant when he represented Christ as the *principium Scripturarum* may be gathered from the use of the same idea in Tertullian's writings. Christ is the personal Word or the personal revelation of God, which in all the Theophanies was the proper manifestation. He had intercourse with the patriarchs, and was heard in the prophets; by these he fore-announced His incarnation and His appearance on earth under such signs and tokens as

were afterwards evil realised in His actual appearance. Accordingly Christ is as well the proper subject as the object of Old Testament teaching; and therefore the author of our tractate might speak of Him as the *principium scripturarum*, as the beginning and author of the Scriptures, just as Theophilus might speak of Him as the *principium rerum*. . . . At the beginning of the Epistle, ch. i. 1—3, God promised the Gospel concerning His Son in the Scriptures, and at the end, ch. xvi. 25—27, the revelation of a mystery is spoken of which had been concealed in former ages. . . . Against the Marcionites, who pretended, like the Jews, that the actual Christ was different from the Christ of the Old Testament; against the Ebionites he shows that Christ, as the *principium Scripturarum*, cannot be regarded as other than the pre-existent Son of God. The author of the Tract therefore opposed the Pauline epistles to two un-Catholic tendencies: against Christian Judaism and against the one-sided and exaggerated Paulinism of the school of Marcion. At the same time he shows that Catholicism was the true medium, which, avoiding both extremes, was faithful to the truth."

The order of St. Paul's Epistles is not known to this uncritical writer. Nor does it seem of much importance to him, in comparison with the testimony they bear to the doctrines of the faith, and the unity of the Catholic Church as the opponent of heresy. What he seems most anxious to impress upon those whom he teaches, is that they must be on their guard against spurious documents issued in the name of the Apostle. Two of these he mentions: a letter to the Laodicæans, and a letter, written in the interests of the Marcionites, to the Alexandrians. "It is not meet," he says, "to mix honey with gall:" evidence sufficient that an infinite gulf was placed in those early times between the writings of men inspired and all others that pretended to such inspiration. It was not merely matter of degrees. It was not that the Apostolical writings were better than others, and must be used as the touchstone and standard for every other literature. This is implied; but more than this. The honey of Scripture is one thing; all that asserted itself to be Scripture was gall in the comparison. The two documents referred to are not now extant. They were not—as some suppose—the Epistles to the Ephesians and the Hebrews: neither of these bear the faintest traces of a Marcionite interest; they are absolutely the opposite in their character. Nor is the Epistle to the Hebrews written in the name of Paul. It follows from this, however, that our author was not acquainted with our present Epistle to the Hebrews: nor was he acquainted with the Epistles of St. Peter.

St. Paul's Epistles to private persons follow: our author's testimony to them is very remarkable and of great value. That to Philemon is mentioned first; but there is no comment upon it. Two observations are made as to the Pastoral Epistles to Timothy and Titus, which most aptly describe their character. They were written as expressions of the great Apostle's personal love to these young ministers: this is evident in every line of them; but it was used as an argument by heretics against their canonical authority. Hence the writer is careful to show that the Catholic Church held them 'in honour as intended for the regulation of ecclesiastical discipline. They were rejected by the Marcionite congregations; hence the emphasis laid upon their acceptance in the *Catholic Church*. But it is wrong to regard the writer as saying that they were written "in honour of the Catholic Church." Rather, they were honoured and sanctified as the inspired norm of ecclesiastical discipline; and that discipline must be taken in its widest sense. These Epistles were regarded by the writer, and they are regarded by us, as the final and consummate teaching of the Apostle for the regulation of everything pertaining to the order of the Church. It is observable that no reference is made to any suspicion that they were spurious productions of an author who personated the Apostle. Even the Marcionites did not assert this; it is a theory which has been simply invented by the perverse ingenuity of modern destructive criticism. They were the final testimony of St. Paul's ministry and authority, containing such a body of legislative principles and economical arrangements as were absolutely necessary for the orderly administration of the Christian Church. These regulations omit many things which had been sufficiently settled in the Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians, which they presuppose. They include rules for the conduct of rulers and subjects, of parents and children, of masters and servants, of young and old; regulations for the mutual relations of pastors and people, of pastors among themselves; and no indistinct prescriptions as it respects the maintenance of truth, as committed generally to the Church, and specifically to the teaching and ruling officers of the Church. It is hard to exaggerate the value of the testimony borne by this very early records to the three letters which modern times have agreed to call "the Pastoral Epistles."

The remaining Epistles in this department of the Apostolicum are introduced in a remarkable manner. It might

appear that the writer refers to the "Catholic" letters; but that is not the case. The writer knows not the "Catholic" Epistles, as such; nor does he recognise any distinct class, co-ordinate with those of St. Paul. He speaks neither of the two Petrine Epistles, nor of the Epistle of James; but mentions only the Epistle of Jude, and two of John. The manner in which he refers to them has made it doubtful to some critics whether he really reckoned these in his New Testament. All manner of expedients have been resorted to for the explanation of the remarkable omissions. The absence of the First Epistle of St. Peter is a strange circumstance. As the First of St. John is appended to the Gospel, so, it has been thought, the missing Epistle of Peter was originally appended to the portion lost concerning Mark's Gospel. But it is impossible to establish any such connection between that Gospel and the Epistle of Peter as existed between the Gospel and the Epistle of St. John. Our editor thinks it better to give up all attempts to force the missing Epistles on the *Fragment*. There may have been lines that are lost. The matter is of no great importance. The absence of St. Peter's First Epistle would only prove how very early the tradition of this document must be dated: as to that Epistle and two of the others that are unmentioned, they happen to be such as need no external confirmation. The case of the one or two contested epistles must be settled of course independently of the testimony of this canon. But we must give the temperate and clear deliverance of Canon Westcott, before we leave the question:—

"It will, then, be noticed that there is no special enumeration of the acknowledged Catholic Epistles—1 Peter and 1 John; that the Epistle of St. James, 2 Peter, and the Epistle to the Hebrews, are also omitted; but that, with these exceptions, every book in our New Testament Canon is acknowledged, and one book only added to it—the Apocalypse of St. Peter—which it is said was not universally admitted.

"The character of the omissions helps to explain them. The First Epistle of St. John is quoted in an earlier part of the *Fragment*, though it is not mentioned in its proper place, either after the Acts of the Apostles or after the Epistles of St. Paul: there is no evidence that the First Epistle of St. Peter was ever disputed, and it has been shown that it was quoted by Polycarp and Papias; the Epistles to the Hebrews and that of St. James were certainly known in the Roman Church, and they could scarcely have been altogether passed over in an enumeration of books in which the Epistle of St. Jude, and even

apocryphal writings of heretics found a place. The cause of the omissions cannot have been ignorance or doubt. It must be sought either in the character of the writing or in the present condition of the text.

"The present form of the *Fragment* makes the idea of a chasm in it very probable; and more than this, the want of coherence between several parts seems to show that it was not at all continuous originally, but that it has been made up of three or four different passages from some unknown author, collected on the same principle as the quotations in *Eusebius* from Papias, Irenæus, Clement, and Origen. On either supposition it is easy to explain the omissions; and even as the *Fragment* now stands, we may, perhaps, find traces of the books which it does not notice. Thus the Epistle of St. Jude and two Epistles of St. John are evidently alluded to as having been doubted and yet received. 'They are indeed received,' it is said, if we accept a probable emendation of the text, 'among the Catholic Epistles;' and some there must first have been to form a centre of the group. In like manner the allusion to the Book of Wisdom (Proverbs) is unintelligible unless we suppose that it was introduced as an illustration of some similar case in the New Testament. Bunsen has very ingeniously connected it with the ancient belief that the Epistle to the Hebrews was attributed to the pen of a companion of St. Paul, and not to the Apostle himself. Thus that which was 'written by friends of Solomon' would be parallel with that which was written by the friend of St. Paul. If the one was received as canonical, it justified the claims of the other.

"It may be urged that these explanations of the omissions in the *Fragment* are conjectural; and the objection is valid against their positive force. But on the other hand it is to be noticed that the position in the Christian Canon which was occupied by the books which are passed over calls for some explanation. The Epistle to the Hebrews, for example, is just that of which the earliest and most certain traces are found at Rome. Any one who maintains the integrity of the text must be able to show how it came to be left out in the enumeration.

"One other point must be noted as to the general character of this *Fragment*. The writer speaks throughout of a received and general opinion. He does not suggest a novel theory about the Apostolic books, but states what was held to be certainly known. He does not hazard an individual judgment, but appeals to the practice of 'The Catholic Church.' There was not indeed complete unanimity with regard to all the writings claiming to be apostolical, but the frank recognition of the divergence of opinion on the *Revelation of Peter* gives weight to the assumed agreement as to the authority and use of other books."—P. 198.

When the matter is put in this clear and forcible manner

we are constrained to admit that there is great difficulty in the case. Either our *Fragment* has lost some of its lines, or its writer was prejudiced against certain books, or he was ignorant of the existence of writings which the western world in general accepted. The two latter suppositions are out of the question; we are shut up, therefore, to the supposition that something has dropped out of the manuscript. Some very ingenious efforts have been made to manipulate the text in such a manner as to give admission to the "Catholic Epistles" in a body, and the Hebrews in particular. But these efforts are ill judged. The old *Fragment* has its rights, which ought not to be invaded. We must forgive it certain anomalies, and bear with certain embarrassments it occasions; thankful for the immense contribution it affords to the Canon in general.

If we have to complain of the absence of St. Peter's Epistles, we have to dispose of a superfluity of St. Peter which is embarrassing. When our *Fragment* reaches the third branch of the Apostolicum, the Apocalypse, he distinctly bears witness to St. John's. He mentions this in such a way as to leave no doubt on our minds that the same John who has been mentioned was the author of the Revelation. But he adds before that he and his people received also an Apocalypse of Peter, which, however, some refused to receive in the Church. We cannot consult this to ascertain what qualities it had to recommend it to the Churches. It has vanished entirely. But there are many references to it in antiquity; and down to the fifth century it was more or less of a favourite; not read as part of Scripture, but as profitable for edification. There is, however, no reference to it in Irenæus and Tertullian, and this which proves two things: first, that the transitory season of the popularity of this document was over when these Fathers wrote, and that our author, who half inclines to accept the Petrine fabrication, lived considerably before them. We know, however, the *Pastor of Hermas*, which is here denounced as a rival; and so excellent is it on the whole, that we may be sure the Petrine Apocalypse, preferred before it, must have been a passable Christian production. But then it had the prestige of the Apostolic name, which the *Pastor* had not. Let us hear our editor:—

"What the writer says concerning the *Pastor of Hermas* is joined to what precedes by *vero*: and what this means is easily seen.

The Petrine Apocalypse, he admits, some were unwilling to accept as a profitable document to be read in the Church, to say nothing of its being no part of Scripture. But then it might, after all, belong to the Canon, as having on it the name of an Apostle. On the other hand, the Pastor, an altogether modern production, without Apostolical parentage, might never be received into the number of the holy books, because that would have violated the old maxim,—“it is not meet to mix gall with honey.” It ought not to be used even as public ecclesiastical instruction, but must be reserved for private use. . . . As the following *ideo* shows, the author is bent on giving the reasons why the Pastor must remain outside the New Testament. The profuseness with which—though generally sparing of words—he enters on this, gives us reason to think that there was, in that day, a claim set up for the canonical authority of the Pastor. There is confirmation of this in Irenæus, who cites a Scripture which alludes to the Pastor; in Tertullian, too, as it might seem. In his treatise *De Oratione*, he is rebuking those who followed the Pastor in the custom of sitting at public prayer; but he does not blame them for seeking the pattern of their deportment in the Pastor, but for supposing that they found it in a passage which was only descriptive and not regulative, whereas, moreover, it is an offence against Scriptural propriety to pray seated on a stool. Thus there were people who attached the value of Scripture to the Pastor, which Tertullian does not exactly complain of. Probably they identified the author with the Apostolical Hermas of Rom. xvi. 14. Hence the emphasis laid on the fact that the writer was a man who lately, in the very days of the Fragmentist himself, under the episcopate of his brother Pius, had composed his work in Rome, where of course all about him was well known.”

There is something peculiar in the concluding lines. The writer finds it necessary to introduce a third class of writings; neither Scriptural nor fit for ecclesiastical or private reading, but worthy only of absolute rejection. Of them he says *nihil in totum recipimus*. This strong language shows that the Catholic Church had already come to an understanding with heresy. Marcion and Montanus were the leading representatives of error, and the stern decision of our Tract only reflects, faithfully reflects, the general spirit of that age as to the gulf that must be fixed between truth and error. In due time the idea of the Catholic Church which is so prominent in the *Fragment*, became still more prominent; and its decisions almost alone determined what was and what was not heresy. In this document, however, there can be no doubt that the norm or standard was the body of truth contained in the Scriptures of inspiration. The word inspiration does not indeed occur; but

all that we mean by the term is there. The *Principalis Spiritus* gave His sanction to the *varia principia* of the Apostles and Evangelists; and no writings but theirs have any claim to the Church's consideration. Still the Church in which this writer lived, and of which he was evidently an influential organ, was not yet possessed of all the truth. It had firm hold of the principle on which the final, definitive canon was to be established; but could not as yet perfectly apply it. It is observable, however, that first came the Gospels with the remarkable appendage of St. John's First Epistle. Then were added the Apostles, only the Apostles, but in a very determinate sense all the Apostles. Here we may make a last quotation from a valuable work which the English reader is not likely to meet with again:—

“An enlargement of the sacred collation took place when to the word of the Lord the word of His Apostles was added. This proceeded from definite Pauline circles undoubtedly, in which for a long time there had been circulated more or less complete collections of Paul's Epistles. These were primary objects of regard; but without any principle regulating their order, which was determined by accident or caprice. But when it was desired to hear not Paul only, but also the other Apostles, the absence of their writings was supplied by the Acts, placed by the side of Paul's Epistles as *Acta Omnium Apostolorum*. In this enlargement of the range of Scripture, Marcion and his school took their part, but only so far as their predominant ultra-Paulinism allowed them. As Marcion renounced the Old Testament altogether, he would listen to Paul only, and not to the other Apostles; therefore he chose for his gospel that of Luke, in which he recognised the Pauline manner, which however he expurgated; rejecting the Acts of the Apostles, though a work of the same Luke. He limited himself to ten Pauline Epistles, which he subjected to criticism, and endeavoured to arrange in chronological order; this last innovation the Catholic Church declined to follow, holding fast the customary arrangement, until in time the Epistles were divided into the *prolixiores* and the *breviores*, according to the length and theological importance of their contents. The number was increased, too, inasmuch as the pastorals were added, giving rise to a division into ecclesiastical and private epistles. That the Churches to which Paul wrote are represented as seven, in harmony with the seven to which John's Apocalyptic letters were addressed, seems to indicate the universal significance of the letters in question, and gave them their right to be included among the great authoritative writings. But there was no doubt that the epistles addressed to individuals had the same right; and the pastorals had been gradually and surely consecrated to the service of order and ecclesiastical discipline: they

were also added to the authoritative and holy writings. Philemon entered too, though the reason is not alleged. Marcion and his school declined to accept these ; partly, as Tertullian complains, because there was no ecclesiastical discipline among the heretics, partly because they did not sustain Marcion's kind of criticism. But the fact that Marcion received a large number of St. Paul's Epistles in common with the Catholics, and thus placed himself on a level with them, gave them obvious ground for argument against his cause as well as that of the Ebionites. And in the times of this Tractate it was deeply necessary that both these should be contended against. There were on either side of the Catholic Church these several tendencies : the Ebionite circumcision and the Marcionite rejection of the Old Testament."

We have been much interested by the labours of this indefatigable editor. His monograph is perhaps the most laborious that ever was dedicated to so slender a text. Not that we count the *Fragment* slender in any other respect than its dimensions. It is of exceeding value as testifying that the earliest Church after the Apostles held nearly all the books that we hold, omitting a few simply because they had not yet reached their hands ; that that Church regarded the Word of the Lord and of all His Apostles as preserved by the supreme supervision of the inspiring Spirit ; and that these words were regarded as the only true standard of faith and guarantee of Christian truth.

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# LITERARY NOTICES.

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## I. THEOLOGY.

### THE BAMPTON LECTURES FOR 1872.

*The Permanence of Christianity, considered in Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year MDCCCLXXII, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By J. R. Turner Eaton, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Merton College; Rector of Lapworth, Warwickshire; Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1873.*

THESE lectures deal with one of the most important, and at the same time one of the most difficult, branches of the evidences of Christianity. Their argument is "the proof of the truth of Christianity arising from its past continuance and tenacity, and from its indications of ultimate permanence." This one subject is faithfully adhered to, and in the discussion of it almost every form of belief that comes into collision with the Christian faith is dealt with. The difficulty of the discussion is great, and that the lecturer has felt this is obvious from the following observations on one particular form of it:—

"The irony of the lofty author of the *Variations of Protestantism* may be and has been turned with equal force from the disagreements of opposed sects and rival Churches upon the claims of Christianity at large. The conclusion drawn, it is true, is no more valid in the one case than in the other, and for the same reasons. Indeed, to a fair mind it would rather furnish a presumption against the truth of Christianity if it did not, or had not, in its progress exhibited that amount of variation which is alone compatible with the course of human reason on all subjects of thought. The pathology of a religious system assumes the reality of a true core of belief. The existence of controversy is, to a certain extent, a test of the power and vitality of Christianity. 'If any country,' says Bacon, 'decline into Atheism, then controversies wax dainty, because men do think religion scarce worth the falling out.' The coexistence and competition of sects has, therefore, not unreasonably been held to be the system most in conformity with the nature of society, and most favourable to the solidity and general efficiency of religion. Some,

however, may be inclined to attribute to the objection suggested by the argument of Bossuet an importance disproportioned to its worth. It certainly entails on the Christian advocate the task of showing that the disagreement among Christians has not been vital, nor its degree such as to neutralise the common effect due to the religion of Christianity as a whole. . . . Still, if union is strength, persistent differences mean permanent weakness. It is, then, nearly time for the great sections of the Christian world to study unity and not division; alliance and not mutual elimination; to give up claims to a several infallibility; to join at least for the defence of the faith 'once delivered to the saints;' to exhibit the basis of a common belief; to cherish more strongly than hitherto their underlying points of agreement; to drop discussion, and go forth to conquer."

The enemies of Christianity are not so blind as not to perceive that the fact of its permanence is rendered all the more impressive by the fact of its divisions. Those divisions themselves are a demonstration of its abiding strength. No system of error could have held out so long against internal disintegrating forces, and, notwithstanding the truth of these last observations, we are firmly convinced that the divisions of Christendom are, in the administration of the Holy Ghost, overruled for its real consolidation and steady advancement. The endeavour after unity may be premature; the diversity is at present essential to its purity and power, which are far more important than external uniformity. Another point is at the very outset met and settled by the lecturer: that which refers to the Divine authority and justice; in other words, the vindication of God in the phenomenon of a labouring Christianity so slowly working out its mission. "The lesson gained from a criticism of the past is this: that, while it is consistent with an overruling Providence to allow the existence of falsehood, extravagance, self-delusion, in almost every form, yet there is, on the whole, a constant, steady advance towards convictions which are firmly recognised as immutably true, and this progress of truth is not dependent on blind tendencies, but on an intellectual activity which, gradually disapproving of error, transforms opinion into knowledge. That which is evident in the experience of the physical sciences holds good equally for the more complex subjects of theology and morals. But the results must naturally be sought not among the least but among the most civilized portions of mankind. Length of time together with reasonable opportunity may be requisite for the extinction of error. Duration and stress of persecution, stamping out conscientious belief, may, in some instances, account for the depression of truth. To some extent they explain and help on its progress. Degradation, partial or temporary, seems to be an historical condition of the general advance of civilisation. But an inversion of the order of the universe, as well as of an inbred conviction, of an experience of things as well as of an inner consciousness, must take place before we can admit

indifference or malice, a willingness to deceive or a capacity of deception in the Author and Administrator of the world, and yet this is implied in the assumption that the human race in its most distinguished representatives and on the subjects of the highest moment lies still in darkness. 'God owes it to mankind not to lead them into error,' is the bold language of Pascal. 'Truth,' says Milton, 'is strong next to the Almighty.'" This is only saying in another way that we must wait to *see the end*. The history of the world has been and is that of a sure and steady progression towards the truth. Those who do not see this are blinded. And there is no power in the world but Christianity that has conducted or is conducting that progress. But this leads to the consideration of other systems.

"It is not, of course, denied that ancient religions, false and pernicious, have flourished through immense periods. This has been due to the elements of truth which they contained, 'a soul of goodness in things evil;' and still more to its adaptation to the order of the development of belief in the history of primitive culture. *Quantum scimus, sumus*. 'Men must think,' it has been tersely said, 'in such terms of thought as they possess.' It is a fact admitting of proof, whether Christianity includes elements answering to truths but dimly shadowed forth in heathen systems; in the Triads or Trinities, for example, roughly touched by Brahmanism or Buddhism; or in the Monotheism of the creed of Mahomet. It has been fairly said, 'Whatever has been found necessary in the course of 6,000 years' experience, we have a right to ask of that which offers duty as the one faith for mankind!' These are good principles, and they are carried fairly to their conclusions. They might, however, have been with great advantage applied to the various forms of religious faith that have ruled, or are ruling, the world with particular reference to their permanence as bringing truth to mankind as such. A good lecture on this subject would have enriched the series. It might be shown that Christianity is the only system of truth that has ever professed to teach the whole race of man; the only system that ever professed to bear a message from God for the redemption of mankind from all its sins and errors. Another preliminary matter of great importance is handled in the first lecture: the attitude of Christianity towards its opponents, upon the text of which we desire to make some remarks.

"It may, perhaps, be thought that as he who excuses himself and his own cause in effect becomes the accuser; so there is a certain want of confidence in the credentials of Christianity, when it is consented to weigh the probabilities of its duration. It is enough to reply that the form assumed, and the direction taken, by the controversies of an age depend, doubtless, upon laws of thought beyond our volition or control. The course of Christian defence must ever follow that of attack; and arguments which in our age are satisfactory enough, in another fall pointless and beside the mark. There is then a duty

which belongs to the Church of God in every age and to His 'watchmen' in every generation, which may be described as the discerning of the signs of the times. Much of the influence, much of the usefulness, of individual ministers of religion will always depend on their appreciation of the needs and tendencies of the day. Much of the narrowness of thought and want of practical knowledge which has been falsely, because extravagantly, attributed to the clerical mind has been due to this." This complaint might some few years ago have been made with more justice. But it strikes us very forcibly that ministers of religion are both on the Continent and in England quite as anxious to follow the course of scientific inquiry and the variations of its enmity to Christianity as they need be. Indeed, we are sometimes disposed to think that they are too solicitous on this subject. It may be a duty to adapt the defences of the faith to every new onset of error; but it should be deemed no less a duty to keep up the dignity of the defence. Mr. Eaton's mildness and tolerance of spirit, his tranquil dignity, appear on every page of this volume; but there is occasionally the suggestion of an almost needless anxiety to conciliate the adversary. There are many quotations from the works of all classes of sceptics: quotations which have been chosen as it were purposely to make the best of them. There is hardly an antagonist of Christianity whose sentiments are not given; their very best words are chosen; and the most courteous measure is dealt out to them. Generally they are praised; and then hard sayings are quoted without much rebuke. The reason of this forbearance appears in the following sentence:—

"There is, in many respects, a kindlier feeling stirring in the antagonists of dogmatic belief towards their opponents. The services and benefits of Christian teaching in the history of mankind are more largely understood. It is acknowledged that there is something, at least, to be said for the claims of Christianity; nor are its professors merely the ready instruments of credulity and imposture. . . . We are not entering for the first time on the encounter with Materialism, or with secular modes of thought. At present, certainly, the tone and feeling of society is not anti-Christian: it only needs to be reassured."

A great number of passages in this volume show very plainly that the lecturer is putting too hard a construction on the tendencies observable in modern literature. A few pages further on we find "the most popular Professor of the day" quoted as asserting: "There is but one kind of knowledge, and but one method of acquiring it. What is the history of every science but the history of the elimination of the notion of creative or other interferences? . . . Harmonious order governing eternally continuous progress, the web and woof of Matter and Force interweaving by slow degrees, without a broken thread, that veil which lies between us and the Infinite, *that universe which alone we know or can know.*" Our lecturer quotes this super-

ficial dictum of nescience in things pertaining to faith, and many other equally rash, frivolous, and meaningless assertions of the same writer, and of other writers, in such a way as to suggest that he is anxious not to make the difference between himself and them too great. We know very well that this is not the case. Nothing can be more true to the truth than the style and tenor of these lectures. But there is not enough moral sensitiveness expressed, whatever is felt. For instance, the same "popular lecturer"—whose *Lay Sermons* contain many other things that the writer would never have written had his mind been better trained and disciplined—tells us in these pages that "the man of science has learned to believe in justification, not by faith but by verification."

Such an insult to Christian doctrine ought to be publicly rebuked by a Bampton lecturer. A few pages further on the lecturer quotes "the magnificent passage commencing—'That man, I think, has had a liberal education,' &c.," which magnificent passage contains these words, quoted by our author: "The sum of all education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature." On this we find no further remark than the following: "I do not stay to remark upon the narrowness of such a view of human nature, when we take into account its moral and spiritual capacities, nor again on its logical insufficiency without some postulate as to the origin and nature of things. But, does it correspond, so far as it reaches, with the teaching conveyed by the facts of the external world? Is there no region suggested to us in experience above the level of material causes?—no law higher than the subsidiary laws which bind particular forces? Is there no element, no 'law within the law,' required to account for the co-adjustment of phenomena?" There is a quiet dignity in this style of defence which has its effect upon some minds. It is enough for men like the lecturer. But we are thinking of many of the less disciplined readers of these lectures, who will feel the humility and deference of some of these references an embarrassment. We are not advocating the opposite extreme. Nothing does more disservice to the cause of truth than the rash and indiscriminating abuse of its enemies. All we plead for is that the antagonists of such a cause as Christianity should hear it respectfully; that they should use decent, if not reverent words concerning a system that has commanded, to put it on no higher ground, the homage of the best and noblest minds of mankind, which is even now received in all its fulness by the fellow-labourers in science of these flippant dogmatisms. The writer of the sentences we have quoted is only a specimen of his class: without reverence for anything that belongs to the supernatural order, and with the keenest and most supercilious contempt for all who are seeking to nourish their souls in faith.

It ought to be mentioned that these offensive references to Christian faith are paralleled by other quotations which express the more or less reluctant admissions of the adversaries of knowledge super-

natural. But again we feel that our advocate understates his case, and is too temperate in pressing to their conclusions the admissions of the Materialist. A fine chapter on Evidences would be that which should exhibit the contradictions of Infidelity, and show how all theories of force, universal law, and the something unknown that reigns in the universe, are only tacit admissions of God under another name.

Our space is gone. We have read this volume with much pleasure and profit. May all Bampton Lectures be as thorough and good as this! There is great need of such an institution; and it is satisfactory to find that a succession of lecturers does not fail. In conclusion, we further commend the quotations and notes of this volume to every reader as worthy of special attention. It is long since we have seen such a rich gleaning of a common-place book.

*Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone.* By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1873.

Most of our readers, we trust, are weary of the Bishop of Natal. He is not weary of himself. In these *Lectures on the Pentateuch*—for the Moabite Stone comes in simply as a happy occasion for one more fling at the Old Testament History—he puts into small compass the quintessence of all he has written on the Mosaic books—his work being suggested, as he explains, by the critical basis and aspect of the New Lectionary, and directed, in the author's purpose, to the special use and advantage of educated parents and of teachers in day and Sunday-schools. We will not retrace ground which is now pretty familiar to students of modern Biblical literature. We content ourselves with observing that the Lectures are marked throughout by the same stubborn onesidedness of view, the same empirical persistency in pressing the literal value of language, the same supercilious innuendos as to the moral honesty of those who—to use the writer's own phrase—are “pledged to the support of traditional views,” the same hopeless incapacity of appreciating the force of moral evidence, and the same sentimental quavering about the unseen Father and Friend. With respect to the Moabite Stone, Dr. Colenso contends that, whereas Mesha's account of himself and his doings can by no means be made to square at all points with the record in the Second Book of Kings, it is better to take the latter as a simple fiction. This is really very naïve. Will the Bishop excuse us, if we venture the opinion, that considering on the one hand the known respectability of the Books of Kings, and on the other the rather obvious temptation under which Mesha, of whose respectability we are not so well assured, lay to make the most of his case, perhaps it might be better—looking at the circumstances critically and scientifically—to suppose that the King of Moab drew a little upon his ima-

gination, as Nebuchadnezzar and Darius Hystaspes did in their public monuments some centuries later. We have not for a long time past met with a piece of special pleading comparable to the unfair and unworthy polemic which the Bishop of Natal, in this part of his Lectures wages, in the sacred name of truth, on behalf of Moab and Chemosh against Israel and Jehovah. But for special pleading—it is the very genius of Dr. Colenso's logic, and the present volume teems with it from one end to the other. One thing is clear: either Christ and His Apostles entirely misunderstood the Old Testament Scriptures, or the Bishop of Natal misunderstands them. For our part we prefer the old wine to the new.

*The Words of the New Testament, as Altered by Transmission, and Ascertained by Modern Criticism. For Popular Use.* By the Rev. William Milligan, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism, Aberdeen; and the Rev. Alexander Roberts, D.D., Professor of Humanity, St. Andrews. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1873.

THIS unpretending work is designed to meet the case of intelligent readers who know very little of sacred criticism. "It seems desirable,"—say the writers, very truly,—“that the great body of educated persons who are watching with so lively an interest the proceedings of the New Testament Revision Company, now sitting at Westminster, but who have neither the necessary time nor acquirements for entering deeply into the studies of the biblical critic, should yet be able to form to themselves an intelligent idea of the need of a revision of the text, of the principles on which it should be conducted, and of the results that may be expected from it.” Dr. Milligan and Dr. Roberts, well known as eminent biblical scholars, are themselves members of the New Testament Revision Company; and though they are careful to point out that the whole responsibility of their opinions rests with themselves, the reader cannot doubt that many of their results will be found in accord with the forthcoming revised version.

The book is divided into three parts, entitled respectively, “The Facts of the Case;” “The Mode of dealing with the Facts,” and “Results.” In Part I. we have a succinct account of the nature and causes of various readings, and of the materials available for the criticism of the text of the Greek Testament. Some of the principal ancient manuscripts are briefly described, the ancient versions and the early Christian writers pass under review, and a short sketch is given of the history of modern biblical criticism. This part of the work is clear and interesting, but incomplete, even for the purpose which the writers have in view. For example, nothing is here said of the *Codex claromontanus* of St. Paul's Epistles, or of Theodoret, the commen-

tator, though in Part III. the reader is assumed to have some knowledge of both.

The second part is by far the most valuable portion of the work. Taking up the large and heterogeneous mass of materials described or indicated in the preceding pages, Professor Milligan labours to show how these materials are to be used. How may the witnesses be classified? How may the relative value of each class be ascertained? What are the primary authorities of each class? These questions, and others of similar character, are patiently investigated, and answers are reasoned out with care and logical precision, and in an interesting style. The rules and principles arrived at are in the main those which will be found in other treatises, but no other work with which we are acquainted so successfully leads on the reader from step to step, until he lays down the rules for himself. The delicate questions of comparative criticism, and the principle of grouping authorities are admirably discussed, so far as is possible in an elementary work. We could have wished, however, that the number of illustrative examples had been greater, and that more space had been devoted to the subject of "internal evidence." On the whole, we do not know a better guide to the science of textual criticism proper,—the science of the *interpretation* of evidence.

Part III. contains examples of the results of criticism. First a few selected passages are examined in detail, as being of special importance, and as illustrating principles of criticism. Every book of the New Testament is then passed under review, nearly a hundred pages being occupied with the inquiry, what are the actual changes which should be made in the ordinary text of the Greek Testament. Those alterations only are specified which really affect the sense, and the new reading is given not in its original form, but in an English translation. This statement of results is in the main trustworthy and very valuable. The detailed examination of passages in the Gospels and the Acts is full of interest; the treatment of the Epistles is less satisfactory. The important reading in Eph. i. 1, deserved closer examination; neither the translation nor the comment here furnished gives a correct impression of the facts of the case. Some material points are left out of consideration in the discussion of Heb. ii. 9 and Rev. xvii. 8; in 1 John iii. 1 unless the best critical editors of the Greek Testament are at fault, an important version is quoted on the wrong side. The change of "matter" into "forest," in Jas. iii. 5; of "condemnation" into "judgment," in Jas. v. 12, and the introduction of the articles in Heb. xi. 10 ("the city . . . the foundations") have nothing to do with alterations of reading; in the first of these passages the change which criticism does really introduce ("how little" for "a little") is overlooked. We have noticed several passages in which readings which Dr. Milligan and Dr. Roberts would no doubt accept are accidentally passed over; for example the omission of "to know" in Mark iv. 11; of "good" in Matt. xix. 16; of the last few words in

Mark ix. 45, and a whole clause in Rom. ix. 28, xiv. 6. Some of the readings thus passed by are of great interest : as Mark vii. 31 ("came through Sidon"), Luke iv. 44 ("Judæa"), Jas. iii. 3 ("But if" for "behold"), Jas. iv. 5 ("He placed" for "dwelleth"), Jas. iv. 14 ("ye are" for "it is"); we may also refer to Mark x. 49, xiv. 65, 1 Cor. iii. 3, 4, 5, ix. 18, Eph. vi. 10, Phil. i. 23, Heb. ix. 10. The omissions however are few and unimportant in comparison with the multitude of passages examined.

The work is likely to do service. We heartily wish for it a large circle of readers.

*The Character of St. Paul.* Being the Cambridge Hulsean Lectures for 1862. By John S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. Third Edition. London: Strahan and Co. 1873.

AMONGST living English scholars and divines Dr. Howson enjoys a generally acknowledged priority as a commentator upon St. Paul's history and character. The great work which he accomplished in conjunction with Dr. Conybeare still stands at the head of its class, and has done more for the study of St. Paul's life and writings among us than can be well estimated. His Hulsean lectures are an effective contribution to the same subject, though we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to the method pursued. The deliberate and minute analysis of character, under separate heads, is very difficult to combine with such portraiture as shall present a vivid life-like whole. A sentence from Professor Blunt, quoted at the beginning of these lectures, alludes to the difficulty inseparable from this mode of treatment. "Such are the chief features of the character of the Apostle Paul. I have had to consider them severally and in succession; but we must ever bear in mind that in that Apostle they were combined; and that it was their combination that made him the perfect exemplar he is." Dr. Howson's larger and earlier work is most effective in presenting its great subject to the reader as a whole; the lectures are a careful examination of the separate qualities of mind and heart which were fused in the noble completeness of St. Paul's character. The devout and Christian tone of Dr. Howson's writing is well known, and we refer to it once more with gratitude and pleasure.

*Hymns for the Church and Home.* Selected and Edited by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1837.

An admirable collection of hymns, well selected and carefully edited. It is prefaced by an index of subjects, to which is added, at

the end of the volume, a body of notes and a biographical index. The latter is a valuable addition to a hymn-book compiled from a wide range of authors. Some account is given of every writer whose hymns are included in the selection; and by the growing class of persons interested in hymnology Mr. Stevenson's biographical and literary notes will be found most useful. The hymns are divided into three sections: "Hymns for Public Worship," "Hymns for Family and Private Worship," and "Hymns for Children." This collection is issued by the publishers in a cheap edition as well as in more expensive form.

*Born Again; or, the Soul's Renewal.* By Austin Phelps, D.D., Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, Author of *The Still Hour*. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1873.

It is very much the sort of book we should have expected from the author of *The Still Hour*, useful mainly for devotional purposes, and calculated rather to assist Christians to more entire consecration, than to make Christians. The theme of the book is Regeneration: its nature, the Truth as the instrument of it. Man's responsibility, as related to Divine sovereignty in it, and the consequent indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Of course, an earnest man, like Dr. Phelps, treating of such subjects, will find them fertile in suggestions and lessons by the help of which Christian maturity may be attained. There is, however, too frequent repetition of the same thoughts, differently dressed; and occasionally it is difficult to discover the exact relation of the thought to the theme.

*Memoirs of John Lovering Cooke, Gunner in the Royal Artillery, and late Lay-Agent of the British Sailor's Institute, Boulogne, with a Sketch of the Indian Mutiny of 1857-58, up to the Final Capture of Lucknow.* By the Rev. Charles H. H. Wright, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, and Exeter College, Oxford, Chaplain of Trinity Church, Boulogne-sur-Mer. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1873.

J. L. COOKE showed in his life the possibility of combining Christian purity with the duties of callings, generally supposed most alien to such virtues. Of humble parentage and reckless youth, in turn a plough-boy, a navy, and a soldier, he spent the first twenty-five years of his life without any pretensions to thoughtfulness or piety. Converted in a Methodist prayer-meeting in Lucknow, he engaged actively in Christian work amongst his fellow soldiers. He was invalided in 1865, and upon his return to England joined the Metropolitan police

force. When the Sailors' Institute at Boulogne was founded by Mr. Gaskin and several of the resident English, Cooke was appointed its Lay Agent, and finished his days as an evangelist among seamen. He "was a faithful worker, diligent in his calling, and though marked by some impetuosity of manner, some roughness of expression, there beat under that exterior a warm and gentle soul." His memoir is interestingly written; and Mr. Wright's fertile and scholarly pen has proved as able in dealing with questions of religious experience as with the profundities of Irish and Hebrew grammars. Whilst no one can read his book without pleasure and advantage, it is especially suitable for barrack club-rooms, and for places where soldiers or sailors congregate.

*The Period of the Reformation, 1517 to 1648.* By Ludwig Häusser. Edited by Wilhelm Oncken, Professor of History at the University of Giessen. Translated by Mrs. G. Sturge. Two Vols. London: Strahan and Co. 1873.

WE are glad to see a good translation of Professor Häusser's lectures on the Period of the Reformation. Delivered at Heidelberg during the winter half-year 1859-60, they were taken down in shorthand by Professor Oncken, and published at Berlin in 1868. They contain a masterly sketch of the history of the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, France, England, Denmark and Sweden, and are particularly valuable in showing the relation of the great spiritual movement to the politics of the time, and in tracing its influence on the course of thought and action in various departments of human affairs. It is well known that the literature of this subject is already most voluminous. But there is no sign of its coming to a close. Indeed there are reasons for anticipating a revived interest in the history of the Reformation. With such matters afoot as the Old Catholic movement, and the dispute between the Pope and the Government of the German Empire, to say nothing of the Anglo-Catholic Revival nearer home, it may well be that the struggles of the Reformation period will attract to themselves renewed study. It has been frequently pointed out that the territorial division of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches in Europe runs almost precisely where it ran at the close of the Thirty Years' War. The progress of the Reformation was stayed with comparative suddenness, and the hope of a reformed Christendom, which at one time seemed likely to be realized, was indefinitely postponed. We do not think the causes of that arrest of movement have been adequately explained. In part no doubt it was due to the counter-reformation which it provoked within the Roman Catholic Church itself, and in part to the fact that when Protestantism had spent its first strength

it failed to renew it. But the question is, why was that so? What errors were involved in the great movement from the first that its power, irresistible in conquest, should so soon slacken, then cease, and then for generations be hardly sufficient for purposes of defence? These are questions likely to be looked at afresh if, as seems probable, a new era of religious and ecclesiastical agitation is setting in.

In spite of the proverb to the contrary, history does not repeat itself, and we may count it quite certain that the issue between Romanism and Protestantism will not present itself in any form with which history has made us familiar. Not that there is any change in the essential principles at stake on the one side and the other, but these principles are not in the same state of development as they were three hundred years ago. They have yielded many conclusions which are now as well established as the principles themselves; they have guided the thought and moulded the institutions of great communities, and in case of renewed conflict, many important elements will be present, which in the sixteenth century had no place. However possible it is for the old spirit on either side to be roused again, it may be reckoned certain that the renewed contest will differ from the earlier one as widely as our age differs from the age of Leo X. and Charles V. But the lessons of history are valuable, not for the chance of past events recurring, but for better reasons. If the Reformation in the sixteenth century was but one stage of a great spiritual movement not yet finished, surely the wise and thoughtful study of its success and failure, of the means by which it sought its ends, and the measure in which it attained them, will help to a better understanding of the present state and future prospects of that movement. With this view we welcome every worthy addition to the literature of the Reformation. Protestantism has nothing to lose, but much to gain from a careful survey of her history. Such mistake and failure as it included had better be disclosed, and the true nature of the work she has done and has yet to do should be ascertained.

It is a fashion at present among a certain section of the English Church to disparage the Reformation. It is referred to as the "Deformation," and by similar witty devices is held up to contempt. Except that it would be giving "strong meat" to those who, intellectually speaking, are hardly "men," we should recommend Professor Häusser's volumes to the notice of these flippant critics. At least, they might learn from them the moral dignity of one of the greatest events in the history of religion and of the human mind. In the character of its leaders, and in its principal achievements, we may recognise those notes of imperfection from which no men and no period have been free; but in its religious and intellectual results, as a whole, the Reformation finds more than sufficient vindication.

Professor Häusser takes for the chronological limits of his lectures the year 1517, when Luther fixed his ninety-five theses against

Tetzel's doctrine of indulgences to the church-door at Wittenberg, to 1648, the year of the Peace of Westphalia. By this treaty the two religions were placed on a footing of substantial equality, and to a certain extent the Protestant cause may be said to have gained its point. The basis of the religious peace was that of the Peace of Augsburg of 1555. "In all religious questions complete equality was to exist between electors, princes, states, and individuals ('*æqualitas exacta mutuaque*'), each is to allow what seems right to the other ('*ut quod uni parti justum est, alteri quoque sit justum*'), and every kind of violence is for ever forbidden between the parties. This principle, honestly carried out, was worth making great sacrifices for, and it was more comprehensive than before, for it included not only Catholics and Lutherans, but also the Reformed party, to whom liberty and equality were now expressly granted. Toleration was also expressly promised to those who should hereafter change their religion. . . . It was decided that for ecclesiastical possessions and rights, as a whole and in detail, the first of January, 1624, should be the criterion. What was at that time a Protestant or Catholic institution should remain such in future. Ecclesiastics who changed their religion should give up their offices."

This treaty established a new system of political equilibrium in Europe, and continued to be the basis of continental politics till the French Revolution. It closed one age and inaugurated another. "The mediæval order of the European world was over; an era begins of national consolidated governments, with a new policy both foreign and domestic." The sufferings of Germany during the war thus brought to a close were such as it took generations to recover from, and the territorial arrangements effected by this treaty have been felt as a grievance by the German people ever since.

France received the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, and the landgraviate of Upper and Lower Alsace. Up to this time the possession of these bishoprics had been only an actual one, not legally acknowledged, Metz having been treacherously taken possession of by the French nearly a century earlier. The Peace of Westphalia made the robbery legal. By the terms of the treaty Metz, Toul, and Verdun were conferred on the French crown, and were to be incorporated with it for ever—"eique incorporari debeant in perpetuum." "For ever" in this case lasted from 1648 to 1871, a period of 223 years; a considerably longer time than such arrangements generally last.

While Professor Häusser traces with great care the many and varied influences at work throughout the period of the Reformation, he gives considerable attention to the character of its principal actors. There is perhaps a tendency in scientific historians to disparage the importance of individuals, and seek the explanation of all historical events in the opinions and sentiments of the age. To what an extent this view has given philosophic value to the study of history,

need not here be insisted on ; but the most scientific method of regarding history must allow for that wonderful power of the individual which may at any time alter the conditions of a political or religious problem. More especially where questions of religion are involved, there is no saying how much may depend upon, or be accomplished by, an individual. A dozen names that might be mentioned would give an outline history of religion in Europe during the last 1,500 years.

Of the leaders of the Reformation there are none whose characters are in stronger contrast than Luther and Calvin. Professor Häusser does not institute a formal comparison between them, but he enables the reader to do so. "Calvin was not equal either to Luther or Zwingli in general talent, mental vigour, or tranquillity of soul ; but in logical acuteness and talent for organisation he was at least equal, if not superior to either. He settled the basis for the development of many States and Churches. He stamped the form of the Reformation in countries to which he was a stranger. The French date the beginnings of their literary development from him, and his influence was not restricted to the sphere of religion, but embraced their intellectual life in general ; no one else has so permanently influenced the spirit and form of their written language as he." In mere intellectual power, we should be inclined to rank Calvin fully as high if not higher than Luther. What he lacked was deep, genuine humanity ; there the Frenchman was immeasurably inferior to the great Saxon. In place of Luther's geniality and humour, and that deep, emotional nature which carried to the end the marks of the spiritual conflict through which he passed at the outset of his career, we have a cold, stiff, almost gloomy being who could awe a whole city by the majesty of his character, and command the respect even of his enemies by his austere piety, but wholly wanting in knowledge of human nature and in true sympathy for it. He was a lawyer turned theologian. As all those who encounter the system of Calvin logically are aware, it is his premisses which are generally called in question. If we grant the great dialectician his premisses we are compelled to accept his conclusions. The master of logic is often also its slave—a truth illustrated, in our judgment, by the relation of Calvin to the doctrine of predestination. Luther's practical handling of the doctrine—on which, it should be remembered he is very nearly in accord with Calvin—is very different. It was modified by other faculties than those of the logical understanding, to the immense benefit of Luther and Lutheranism. We may quote in conclusion a passage or two on the historical significance of Calvinism that will serve to illustrate Professor Häusser's method. "Man was not placed in the world to torment himself with penances and flagellations ; though not intended to be an abode of pleasure, pleasure ought not to be banished from it. Luther saw this plainly, and did not despise cheerful recreation, but

considered it a part of Christian life. The world was not intended to be made a prayer-meeting, and he who tries to make it so is in danger of sowing the seeds of mere outward sanctity; in other words, of hypocrisy. . . . Calvin's mode of treating the world and men was not so much Christian, as Spartan or ancient Roman. No one will maintain that all mankind can be ruled and trained by these means; but it cannot be denied that within certain limits it produced vigorous characters, men of self-denying devotion and heroic courage, and in this fact lay the importance of Calvin's pattern state. A school of men was to be trained, who, temperate and vigorous, despising both the pleasures and temptations of life, should be prepared to make great sacrifices and to perform great deeds for the sake of an idea of world-wide significance: and the effect produced by this school, both at home and abroad, was really astounding. Life in Geneva was entirely transformed: the previous bustling activity was replaced by solemn, priestly earnestness; the old frivolity disappeared; magnificence in attire was no longer thought of; nothing was heard of dances or masquerades; the taverns and theatres were empty, the churches crowded; a tone of devout piety pervaded the city. And this school extended itself as a mighty propaganda; we find its influence among the French and Dutch Calvinists, and especially among the Scotch Presbyterians and English Puritans, who are offspring of the Genevan parental tree.

"At a time when Europe had no solid results of reform to show, this little state of Geneva stood up as a great power; year by year it sent forth apostles into the world, who preached its doctrines everywhere, and it became the most dreaded counterpoise to Rome, when Rome no longer had any bulwark to defend her. The missionaries from this little community displayed the lofty and dauntless spirit which results from a stoical education and training; they bore the stamp of a self-renouncing heroism which was elsewhere swallowed up in theological narrowness. They were a race with vigorous bones and sinews, for whom nothing was too daring, and who gave a new direction to Protestantism by causing it to separate itself from the old traditional monarchical authority, and to adopt the gospel of democracy as part of its creed. . . .

"A little bit of the world's history was enacted in Geneva which forms the proudest portion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A number of the most distinguished men in France, the Netherlands, and Great Britain professed her creed; they are sturdy gloomy souls, iron characters cast in one mould, in which there was an interfusion of Romantic, Germanic, Mediæval, and modern elements; and the national and political consequences of the new faith were carried out by them with the utmost rigour and consistency."

*Ecclesiastical Reform.* Eight Essays by various Writers.  
 Edited by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Longmans.  
 1873.

MR. ORBY SHIPLEY is well-known by this time as a vigorous and able leader of the Ritualist party. The list of works either written or edited by him, will give some notion of the value of his services to the cause he represents. Three volumes of *Essays on the Church and the World* bear his name as editor. These with a volume of *Tracts for the Day* on such subjects as Purgatory, The Seven Sacraments, The Real Presence, &c.; a *Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms*, and devotional works too numerous to mention, are but part of his literary labours on behalf of the Anglo-Catholic movement, or Revival, as he prefers to call it. The order of development which Mr. Orby Shipley perceives in the Catholic Revival is as follows. Its first stage was doctrinal. It began by "restating the verities of our holy religion," by means of the *Tracts for the Times*, and that re-statement, accepted at first by the learned or devout few, "has been eagerly welcomed by the toiling many." The next generation expressed the revived dogma in action, and set it forth in worship. Its distinctive note was ritual. The next stage to be passed through is ecclesiastical reform, which is said to be absolutely essential to the completion of the Catholic Revival. "The Oxford school having taught the elementary truths of Christianity, and the Ritual party having exhibited the principles of Divine worship, the Catholic Revival now declares in favour of ecclesiastical reform."

With one sentence occurring early in the preface we cordially agree:—"It is simply impossible that ecclesiastical matters can remain in the position in which they now present themselves." Our conviction of this has been strengthened by reading the Essays before us. They exhibit beliefs and aspirations which, were there no other influences at work, would, if held by any considerable body of men in the Church of England, render a change in the existing state of things not only inevitable, but much to be desired. As to the direction, however, which it may be hoped reform will take, we find ourselves, for the most part, directly at issue with Mr. Shipley and his brother Essayists. We may further admit, that we cannot deny the justice of a good deal of the destructive criticism of which this volume is full. Many of the anomalies and inconsistencies attacked cannot be defended, at least on any principles of ours; but we dissent in some instances from the grounds of attack selected by the writers, and in many more we find reason to dislike the proposed remedies quite as much as the evils themselves. On the subject of Church patronage, for example, we go entirely with Mr. Richard in his denunciation of the existing system. "The right of presentation to livings has produced an article with which we are only too familiar; which has become a staple commodity of English trade—daily and

systematically bought and sold in mart and auction room, and regularly offered for sale, with the most shameless and outrageous effrontery, in the columns of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, the advertisements of which, nevertheless, represent but a small proportion of the immense amount of traffic in the cure of souls which is continually being carried on by means of less public channels of negotiation. . . .

"The only protest which the Church makes, or which is made for her, against the sale of benefices, is the double proviso of the oath of simony, which forbids the actual passing of money, or its equivalent, between the clerk presented and the patron, thereby rendering it necessary to purchase a right of presentation, instead of a presentation, and the law which forbids the sale of the right of presentation when the benefice is actually vacant. Both are easily evaded. 'My lord,' cried a gentleman, in a hunting-field in Yorkshire, riding up to a noble patron, 'I bet you five thousand pounds you don't give the living of So-and-so (then vacant) to my son!' 'Done!' cried his lordship; and done it was. The transaction was perfectly valid, legal, straightforward, unexceptionable, and successful. The young man was presented and instituted to the living, and in all probability holds it to this day; and the bet was paid."

The patronage administered by bishops is, in the writer's view, on the whole, free from glaring abuses. But bishops like "safe" men; hence, "by referring to the bishop you will not get a very bad appointment, but you are equally sure not to get a very good one." This is accounted for by the fact that bishops themselves are selected on the same principle. The episcopal character in this country has been "formed by the hammer of public opinion on the anvil of government." This *régime* of safety made doubly safe, the writer would alter by obtaining the Catholic mode of the election of bishops, then greatly increasing the episcopate, and making the bishops the real depositaries of power in the Church. This is the direction at least in which he looks, though his proposals are not very definite; for he admits that lay patronage, with all its evils, has done some good service:—"Had the parish clergy been wholly dependent on the episcopate, with the episcopate wholly dependent on the Crown, as it is, the Church would long since have sunk into a mere department of government, and probably have drifted off into some deadly heresy." On the whole, the views of this writer seem reasonable enough, always excepting the hope of combining the privileges of voluntarism with those of establishment. A choice between these privileges is permissible; some amount of compromise and arrangement not impracticable, but the possession of both one and the other on any considerable scale is not to be thought of.

The language in which the bishops are referred to throughout this volume is noteworthy. While their office and order are absolutely essential to the being of the Church—all non-episcopal communities being *ipso facto* outside the Church—yet the bishops themselves are

flouted, sneered at, ridiculed, and abused in a way that would wake compassion in the bosom of the sturdiest Dissenter. Mr. Chambers, in his essay on *Decay of Discipline*, alternates between wrath and despair when referring to them—"We cannot regard a bishop speaking out of his own inner consciousness, without respect to, if not against, the traditions of the Church, as worthy of the least consideration. It is, as we have stated, the private and isolated *ipse dixit* of the bishops, uttered without concert with each other, which lie at the root of all lack of discipline. It was a Cambridge Bedell who used to thank God that in spite of so many uncertain sounds as he had heard from the trumpet of St. Mary's pulpit, he still was a Christian; and we may, in like manner, thank God that in spite of the sayings in the Upper House of Convocation, our faith is not shaken in the Church of England." Is there any other set of men who would at the same time contend so earnestly for the sacred authority of their ecclesiastical superiors, and treat them with studied contempt? In the analysis of the essays we find headings such as these: "Proverbial Cowardice of English Bishops;" "Why Bishops are not obeyed;" "Episcopal Misbehaviour, as well as Clerical, needs Correction;" "Episcopal One-sidedness."

It is a difficult task to which these gentlemen address themselves, to prove to the non-conforming world the absolute necessity of bishops to constitute the true Church, and show at the same time that bishops are the greatest hinderers of its welfare. To be the staunchest maintainers of Episcopacy, and the most turbulent abusers of bishops, is one of the "notes" of the Ritualistic party; the vigour with which the latter at least is effected is well known to all who are acquainted with their current literature.

Mr. Chambers's regrets over the decay of discipline in the Church, are of a kind to show the real gulf that separates the school to which he belongs from Reformed Christendom. Reluctant as we are to take the most disheartening view of the dissensions in the Church of England, it would be mere folly to deny that the advanced High Churchmen are, in no sense whatever, Protestants. Their doctrinal basis and ecclesiastical principles, the aims they distinctly set before themselves, their whole spirit and method are profoundly opposed to all that the Reformed Churches of Christendom esteem as their inheritance, and without which, indeed, they have no *raison d'être*. No opportunity is lost of renouncing and denouncing all that owes its origin to the Reformation. It is referred to as an apostasy, a heresy, a day of darkness and overthrow. One of the writers of this volume gives its origin in a sentence which, for dogmatism, ingenuity, and ignorance, is something wonderful. "And so when that strange subtle Oriental heresy, which had been transplanted into Europe by Constantine Copronymus in the eighth century, gradually and insidiously working its way from cottage to cottage, and village to village—infesting first the Bulgarians, then the Albigenses and

Bohemians, and spreading through all the south of Europe—broke out at last in the north of Germany, under the guidance of Luther, and the name of *Protestantism*, the German Church could offer no organised resistance to the attack, and fell after a brief struggle." There is an amusing touch of spitefulness in calling Protestantism "a subtle Oriental heresy." More than one of Luther's contemporaries ascribed the rapid spread of the Reformer's opinions to "a certain uncommon and malignant position of the stars." We believe that the astrological solution has no advocates left, but the next best thing of the kind we have heard is Mr. Prichard's theory of Constantine Copronymus and the Manicheans as the real originators of the Reformation.

The Church discipline whose decay Mr. Chambers deplotes is that of mediæval and pre-mediæval times. He refers with admiration to the penitential system mentioned by St. Basil, "whereby the sinners among the Christians were distributed into four classes or degrees of penitents. There were the hearers, the prostrate, the weepers, and the co-standers. All the first three were driven out with the heathen and demoniacs after the Gospel. The last were permitted to remain without oblation and reception to the end of the service." In his lamentations over the lost discipline, the writer has nothing to say of the intolerable abuses of that system which make the pages of early Church history such humiliating and painful reading. He does not appear to see how inevitably the clergy were demoralised by the terrible powers they possessed. There has never yet lived a set of men fit to be entrusted with the spiritual rule which writers of this school claim. A thousand years of history has taught, with every conceivable illustration, that even if it be in human nature to bear such rule, it is not in human nature to exercise it without the deep demoralisation of the rulers. Theodosius doing penance at the feet of Ambrose was a precedent that did much more harm to subsequent bishops than to subsequent emperors. In the preface to this volume the editor remarks that the spirit of lawlessness is abroad, that "*anomia* is rapidly sapping the sanctions of ecclesiastical authority." But he does not notice, nor do any of his brother-essayists so far as we have observed, the opposite, but no less real evils of sacerdotal rule. It is now too late to discuss ecclesiastical authority as an abstract question. It has a history whose lessons are, on the whole, unmistakable. To that history we confidently appeal as giving complete contradiction to the theories of reformers who would fain push reform in the direction of hierarchical rule sustained and sanctioned by the mysterious privileges of the priesthood. The world knows, or ought to know, what all that means; and as for Englishmen, if we let the Middle Ages return upon us, as the leaders of the "Catholic Revival" would fain persuade us, we shall richly deserve the reward of folly which we should soon receive at the hands of such masters.

*Essays on the History of the Christian Religion.* By John, Earl Russell. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1873.

THERE are some books about which we know what is most material when we are aware of their existence. It is a matter of political, not of literary history that Henry VIII. wrote, or claimed to have written, against Luther. Lord Brougham's famous article on Lithotomy has some biographical interest, but is not likely to be consulted with advantage by the medical student. One is tempted to rank Earl Russell's volume among this class of writings. Had it been anonymous, it would probably have been little read; but the well-known name on the title-page will attract many to give at least a glance at its contents. Indeed the book is selling, and the present is a cheap and popular edition. Most readers, however, will open it with the desire of learning more about Earl Russell rather than about the Christian Religion, and they will certainly not be disappointed. The veteran statesman has been long counted among the few whose life and opinions are everybody's interest, and for whom men of all schools and parties cherish an esteem not unmingled with affection. For a considerable time too he has been looked upon with the veneration that attaches to one who links the young men just beginning to influence public affairs with the heroes of our grandfathers' days. Whatever he has to say on any subject is sure of a hearing; and the more remote the subject from those to which he has mostly given attention, the greater the interest with which his remarks will be received. On this account, the book before us deserves more notice than its intrinsic merits would perhaps compel. Earl Russell's *Essays* are not to be judged from their merits.

It has often been remarked as a good point in English statesmen, that they very frequently retain amid the engrossments of public life a keen sympathy with literature. It is of equally good omen for our country that her leaders in practical and secular things are not without a relish for speculative and religious enquiry. Christianity, it is plain, keeps its hold on the general English mind so long as our most distinguished men are amateurs in theology and church history. We are glad that Earl Russell should have written on this subject, but our pleasure is much lessened on finding what sort of a book he has produced. There would have been much value in the calm and original judgment upon the Christian ages of one who is necessarily free from the professional prepossessions of theologians and scholars. Lay theology is welcome enough, and even in history an acute mind will often give an opinion whose freedom from sophistication may redeem its superficiality. The first impressions of an unprejudiced observer have no little weight as evidence. But Earl Russell reveals prejudice on every page. He has chosen his side with ill-informed haste in every intricate controversy, and pronounces the most sweeping and uncharitable sentences upon all who differ from him.

He tells us that the Nicene Fathers adopted words not authorised by Scripture, "*solely for the purpose of confuting, destroying, and putting to death the abettors of the Arian heresy.*" Calvin and his adherents are *the pretended* followers of Christ, introducing the *contrivance* of an elaborate creed. Theology is completely at variance with the words of Christ, and, indeed, its attraction consists in its furnishing "the opportunity for man to indulge his pride of intellect, his superiority over his contemporary Christians, his skill in argument, and his triumph over weaker opponents." Almost every Christian doctrine in turn is dismissed by Earl Russell as unintelligible; yet on almost everyone he promulgates in a few lines his own dogmatic decision. He continually illustrates the *odium anti-theologicum*, and betrays that spurious liberalism which, ostentatiously tender of every heresy, cannot endure that a man should be orthodox. The conviction is forced upon us by perpetual irrelevant allusions that the book, if not entirely written, was, at any rate, published in haste as a historical argument against the Athanasian Creed. References to small contemporary disputes are scattered in a way sometimes irritating, but generally ludicrous. The general impression which one receives from reading these Essays is that in Earl Russell's opinion, the Catholic Church is superstitious, and Calvinism gloomy, the Trinity a metaphysical creation, and salvation by faith a relic of scholasticism, theology a mistake, and morality the whole of the Gospel; the Athanasian Creed ought to be abolished, and Father O'Keefe reinstated in the management of the parish schools of Callan. Personal reminiscences abound—*id quidem senile et nostræ ætati conceditur*—they form, indeed, the chief value of the volume, and we are very glad to have them; but it is to be wished they had been given elsewhere. Earl Russell's distribution of Church patronage has little to do with the history of the Christian religion, and it is carrying the old man's privilege too far to fall back on one's own experience for anecdotes of the court of Leo X.

The Essays are a well-meaning, though unfortunate attempt to enforce the lessons of history in favour of Christian moderation and goodwill, and to divert men's attention from speculation to practice, where it is probably better bestowed. There is a certain interest in so rapid a survey of the whole course of Church history; and if any readers are induced to go for themselves to the great author quoted, it may be of service to them.

*Essays Biblical and Ecclesiastical, relating chiefly to the Authority and the Interpretation of Holy Scripture.* By the Rev. Henry Burgess, LL.D. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1873.

THIS is a series of fifteen useful and instructive essays on subjects of especial, though not exclusive, interest to Christian ministers; and on which the author, who did so much good to the cause of Biblical inter-

pretation in an era now fast passing away, is eminently fitted to write. The first paper deals with the pulpit in its relation to the Church of England and on good grounds, seeks to redeem public preaching from the neglect into which, in some quarters, it is unhappily falling. This paper and the following one on "Clerical Education in relation to Sacred Literature" deserve thoughtful attention for the sound and useful advice they contain. Writers on the Apocalypse and the Song of Songs receive a justly merited portion of that ridicule which their productions are so calculated to bring upon these books; while the true spirit of Biblical enquiry is illustrated and forcibly urged. The papers on the "Revision of the English Bible" defend a work which is happily relegated to competent hands. Biblical exposition of a false kind is found in three typical examples, Professors Maurice and Jowett, and Baron Bunsen, and an attempt is made to redeem the doctrines, held to be orthodox from an evangelical point of view, from the perversions of these popular writers. Other subjects are embraced having a union in spirit if not in form with these named. Making some abatement for an occasional undue severity if not even bitterness towards opponents, the essays are written in a moderate, reverent and earnest spirit, are well fitted to suggest to the Biblical student some of the dangers which beset his path, to stimulate him to maintained and concentrated effort in his sacred work.

*The Companions of the Lord: Chapters on the Lives of the Apostles.* By Charles E. B. Reed, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The plan of this work will commend itself at once to teachers and students of the New Testament. The writer has sought "to gather up scattered threads of reference both from the New Testament and other sources of information, and weave them into a connected history of each disciple, in the hope of being able to illustrate some of the phases of the Christian life and of the ways whereby men are led to the Redeemer and trained for His service." Within the apostolic circle there are diversities of character and calling, which it is in every way a pity to leave unnoticed. It has been too much the general practice to merge the individual in the order to which he belongs, and by reducing to insignificance the personal characteristics of prophets and apostles, to lose the lessons that are to be learnt from their history. This has doubtless arisen, in part at least, from a desire to put the doctrine of inspiration on as high and safe ground as possible, and the consequence has been a withdrawing of inspired men into a remoteness from real human life, which, on many grounds, is to be regretted. Amongst other things we believe that the doctrine of inspiration itself is prejudiced by such a method. It will, in the long run, make considerable practical difference whether we regard the person inspired as a mere trumpet through which the Divine Voice passes, or learn to recognise the reality of his own

spiritual life and of the processes by which he was trained and fitted for his high vocation.

The Apostles of our Lord are not less to us but more for what we know of them during their earlier history. To overlook the fact that they were "men of like passions with ourselves," led up through many failures and infirmities into higher life, exalted, though not all at once, by companionship with the Lord Jesus, and above all by the gift of the Holy Spirit subsequently to the Ascension—to forget all this, and not to notice the steps and stages of their growth, is to extend to them also the heresy of the "Immaculate Conception," and sacrifice at once all the lessons of their training. Not that anyone nowadays can altogether do this, but there has been quite sufficient approach to it. A wholesome reaction, however, has set in, and the same generation that has seen the doctrine of our Lord's humanity raised into new life and warmth, is learning to study the lives and characters of His first followers with renewed interest.

Mr. Reed has shown himself thoroughly competent for his task. It is one which demands exact Biblical knowledge, devout feeling, and sympathetic insight into human nature, and more especially into human nature in its relation to Christ and His kingdom. No studies of the Gospel history can be of great value in which this latter element is wanting. Three chapters are here given to St. Peter. "A longer consideration is due to St. Peter than can be claimed for any of his companions. We know almost as much about him as about the rest taken together. He was, as we have seen, a representative of the Apostles, so that his history may be regarded as no unfair transcript of theirs, while his character is a microcosm, a very epitome of human nature, enabling us to see our weaknesses reflected in his failings, and in his virtues the image of attainments within our reach."

The Papal theory of Peter's supremacy is the monstrous and impudent exaggeration of that priority among his brethren which, by force of character and by his Master's will, Peter undoubtedly enjoyed. How the Romish Church has changed its whole key, and, from that natural priority which among twelve men one was almost certain to assume, has evolved the doctrine of a spiritual supremacy pertaining to Peter and his successors for ever, nothing need here be said; nor of the gratuitous assumption that the Bishops of Rome are the successors to that supremacy, when it is certain that Peter was never bishop of that city, and more than doubtful that he was ever there at all. Mr. Reed's chapters on St. Peter show a fine appreciation of this best known, we might almost say, best loved, of the Apostles. We may quote the concluding lines: "The last authentic portrait of him is that painted for us by his own hand in the closing chapter of his first Epistle. Already in that letter, which is one of the brightest gems in the circlet of inspired writing, he has spoken out of a ripe experience of the trial of faith as more precious than of gold

that perisheth, has owned Christ as the Living Rock; has breathed the soft spirit of the Redeemer's teaching about the forbearance of injuries; has declared the happiness of those reproached for His dear Name's sake; and exhorted his readers to that vigilance and prayerfulness which he himself had learnt, at the cost of bitter failure, to exercise. And now the 'old man,' whose day of departure is at hand, beseeches his brethren to carry on the sacred work entrusted to them by the Holy Ghost, and to feed the flock of God with that unselfish care which had distinguished his own ministry. Once more there rises before him the memory of that unforgettable scene in the upper chamber, when Jesus washed His disciples' feet, and in imagery drawn from that gracious act he urges his readers, old and young, to gird themselves with the same garb of humility. Noble-hearted Apostle! One of those few—

'Men, whom we build our love round like an arch  
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way  
To glory and to immortality.'

We wonder not that Rome should have coveted thee as her patron. But to thee belong a broader province, and higher honour, as the human founder, not of any single branch of the Church, but of the Catholic Church herself. By men of thy stamp is the world best taught and trained; thine energies shame us from our apathy, thy devotion from our half-heartedness; in thy fall we see our warning, and in thy recovery our hope."

The other portraits are executed with equal care and fidelity. After the history of Peter the greatest space is given to that of John. The less known Apostles follow one by one, and the hints and indications of the Gospel narrative are carefully gathered up. Respecting the character of Judas Iscariot, Mr. Reed follows the old and obvious way of understanding it. The attempt to set the character of the betrayer in a more favourable light may rank amongst the eccentricities of interpretation. Adopted by certain of the Fathers, and revived in recent times by Whitby, Whately, and others, among whom De Quincey is particularly to be named, it is to this effect: That in the betrayal Judas had no idea of the peril to which he was exposing his Master, but imagined either that no extreme violence was contemplated by the rulers, or that, if it were, He would deliver Himself from their hands, and that on perceiving the fatal consequences of his act he was struck with horror and remorse. This view of the case Mr. Reed is not able to accept, and we agree with him in rejecting it. The whole volume will repay careful study, and we have unqualified pleasure in commending it to our readers.

*Why am I a Christian?* By Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, P.C., K.G., G.C.B. London: H. J. King and Co. 1873.

A SERIES of very brief consecutive papers on the grounds of the writer's faith in Jesus as the true Messiah; sixteen short links in a

golden chain of evidences, forming, we should think, the appreciable encouragement to a faith rather than the grounds of it. Each topic needs amplifying in order to general usefulness, but they will supply any anxious mind with subjects of thoughtful consideration; and should tend to allay the fear of "a distemper which seems in its progress to imperil the settlement both of Church and State," under the influence of which fear these "grounds" were re-considered and committed to print. If we have but little faith, we need have little fear.

*The Bible Educator.* Edited by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE first volume of Messrs. Cassell's *Bible Educator* is now before us, and we are able upon examination to give it our hearty recommendation. The work is intended for those who wish to be students of the Scriptures, though they cannot claim the character of scholars, properly so called. This is, we are glad to believe, a continually increasing class of people, and no pains are being spared on the part of Biblical scholars to supply them with an interesting and trustworthy literature devoted to the illustration of the Holy Scriptures. The plan of this work is similar to that of the *Popular and Technical Educator*, issued by the same publishers. It is only in the Index that the Dictionary order of subjects is followed. Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, contributes a series of papers on the Pentateuch; the Rev. Stanley Leathes on the Book of Joshua; and the Rev. Samuel Cox on the Prophet Habakkuk. Professor Moulton contributes five papers on the history of the English Bible. The articles on Geography are supplied by Rev. W. H. Phillott; on antiquities by Canon Rawlinson; on Natural History by the Rev. W. Houghton, and Mr. Carruthers, Principal of the Botanical Department, British Museum. Dr. W. Hanna writes on Scripture Biographies; Rev. J. B. Heard on Biblical Psychology, and Rev. H. D. M. Spence, on difficult passages of Scripture. If the *Bible Educator* be completed as it has been begun, it will be a most valuable addition to popular Biblical Literature. It is thoroughly readable in style, is well illustrated, and deserves a place on the local preacher's bookshelf, in every Sunday School library, and in all homes where there are young readers.

*For the Work of the Ministry. A Manual of Homiletical and Pastoral Theology.* By W. D. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Apologetics and of Ecclesiastical and Pastoral Theology, New College, Edinburgh. London: Strahan and Co. 1873.

A book which may be read with advantage by preachers and students of theology. The substance of it was delivered by the author

to the students of the New College, Edinburgh, in his course of ecclesiastical and pastoral theology. It contains chapters on preaching, on pulpit style, the history of the Christian pulpit, pastoral work, &c. The author shows practical acquaintance with his subject, good sense and an earnest tone of religious feeling. There is a useful appendix on Homiletical and Pastoral Literature, with a short account of the principal ancient and modern works on preaching and the pastoral office. It is a thoroughly readable volume, and likely to do good.

*Considerations for the Clergy.* Being Sketches of Man and his Relations. With an Appendix on Organic Life. By a Recusant. London: Elliot Stock. 1873.

THIS post-octavo volume of not very closely printed matter, roams over many wide fields of enquiry; embracing the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, the "vital and sentient systems of animals" in general, instinct and reason, the "vital, sentient and moral systems of man," human life under the first effects of the fall, with an inquiry into its physical and spiritual consequences, the same human life under "a degraded moral system," and under the general and special operations of the Holy Spirit, the principles of the spiritual warfare, the nature of the propitiation, the scheme of redemption, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the Scriptures, the sacraments and the final things, with an appendix on organic life. It can hardly be wondered at that many of these delicate subjects are but imperfectly treated, that assertion and assumption often take the place of argument, or that we are compelled to differ from many of the author's conclusions, especially when the processes of reasoning by which those conclusions are supposed to have been reached are withheld.

The clergy, to whom in humble words the work is dedicated, will be surprised to learn that "several tenets of the national creed, when carefully examined by the unbiassed reader, are found to be inconsistent with each other, contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, at variance with reason and repugnant to common sense." If such be the case, it is truly "high time that something should be done besides fault-finding; the things complained of should be proved erroneous, and truths adduced and established in their stead." With this view some of the tenets of the national creed are selected in order to "point out their defects, show wherein they disagree with each other, and in what respects they are incompatible with the Word of God, and to endeavour to substitute truth for error." Of the writer's sincerity we entertain no question, but of his ability to set the clergy right on grave matters of doctrine we must confess ourselves to be entirely in doubt. Theological difficulties will not be solved by a style of writing of which the following is a specimen: "The Father is thus a person distinct from the Son, and the Son is a person distinct from the Father; but neither the Father nor the

Son is distinct and separate from the Holy Spirit. It is their Spirit, and also constitutes the Divine Spirit of Love which both or either communicates in order to restore depraved man to a virtuous condition. The question may therefore be asked—Is the Holy Spirit a personality? Has it, or He (we inquire with much reverence), an existence separate from that of the Father and Son? Has it a will or motive apart from that of theirs? Is it a principal or an agent? Does it act spontaneously of itself, or only as it is commissioned by those High and Holy Beings from whom it proceeds? We approach these questions with much hesitation and diffidence—a diffidence which might be viewed by some as allied to superstition—but shall nevertheless give honest, if not correct, answers, and most earnestly and solicitously do we submit them to the consideration of those to whom these observations are specially addressed. Yet why hesitate? If what we have already stated be true, and we certainly believe it is, it necessarily follows that the Holy Spirit has no distinct existence apart from God and Christ, and those to whom they have communicated it; and hence it has no will nor motive distinct and separate from theirs, and is not therefore a person. Then, as its operations do not depend upon a personal will of its own, but on that of God and Christ, it is not a principal but an agent. Nor have we been able to discover the reason why our national churches have assumed that it holds the position of a person. They have given none; they have merely assumed that such is the case, and have left it unexplained.”

*The Life of Christ, and its Bearing on the Doctrines of Communion.* By Sarah Heckford. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1873.

THIS is one of the books that we could wish cut in half—the doctrinal part thoroughly severed from the practical. The latter is eminently suggestive, but unhappily the former is of a character to prevent many from looking beyond the first page. Some few years ago Mr. Heckford, a young doctor at the East End, bought two houses (one of them an old sail-loft) in Ratcliff Cross, and began to fit them up as a children's hospital. How he and his wife worked there, how they gave up the commonest comforts, living in one room, their dispenser sleeping under a sideboard in another, was told by Charles Dickens in a touching little narrative called *The Star in the East*. It was not wise to go on working under such conditions; better for a few children to have missed the hospital tending than for a life like Mr. Heckford's to have been sacrificed. He died, cut off like Dr. Murray, in his early promise; but “*The Star*” still shines, and the little ones still have flowers about their beds and pictures on their walls and gentle women moving tenderly among them.

Such having been Mrs. Heckford's work, we naturally look with much interest on whatever she has to say upon practical questions.

Her *Life of Christ* does not call for much comment. We have not seen that *Life* which Mr. Page Hopps prepared for elementary schools to the disgust of the Glaswegians, but Mrs. Heckford, in dedicating to her adopted child her adaptation of Renan, reminds us of Bishop Colenso recommending his *Lectures on the Pentateuch* to Sunday-school teachers and heads of families. It may or may not be that "to a physiologist the account of the Virgin Mother would be likely to appear, in some respects, more probable, in other respects more improbable, than to those ignorant of that science;" but it is certain that "in considering the bearing of His life on the actions of His followers, those who believe in His divinity, and those who disbelieve in it, must argue on the same basis." And this, the social aspect of Christ's teaching, which occupies about half the book, is that portion of it to which alone we would direct attention. Mrs. Heckford divides society into workers and idlers, including among the former "the rich banker, the Prime Minister, and his fascinating wife, who really holds the party together." She tells us that in enforcing social duties it is useless to appeal to the rich workers, for their own work must bring before them, in various forms, "the needs of others; and, if the sight of the need does not rouse them, no words will." But the idle rich may, she thinks, be reached; their neglect is often not selfishness, but want of thought. Indeed, a great many young ladies are fretting and chafing at the social arrangements which seem to cut them off from helpfulness. Such people, thinks Mrs. Heckford, might well "earn their living," *paying themselves wages out of their own income*, by teaching, nursing, superintending schools, reforming or superintending poor-law relief, &c; "the labourer is worthy of his hire; and provided it is earned by honest work, it matters little whether it be earned of himself or of another."

But nothing is further from Mrs. Heckford's idea than a blank equality: "your livelihood must be interpreted narrowly or broadly according to your utility; though who is to estimate your utility is not more apparent than who would keep a *phalanstere* in order in case of a revolt." Still, though there is a hitch here, there is none in the remarks on the relativeness of the term poverty. "A professional man with £2,000 a year of hard-earned income may be poorer than the dock labourer who never earned more than half-a-crown a day, and never had a wish beyond a good dinner, and plenty of beer and a pipe, and who dies in the workhouse infirmary." The professional man deserves and tries for higher things, and for more certainty in regard to them than he is able to attain. "To give to the poor does not necessarily mean to give indiscriminately to those who have no money, nor even necessarily to give to the most destitute class. Such communism as this is not sharing alike, but giving to each according to his deserts, and suffering no one to live in idleness. It is almost as far removed from the literal interpretation of some of Christ's precepts as is the

system of modern Society ; and it has practical difficulties of its own, apparent enough to all but ardent enthusiasts. Mrs. Heckford urges the educated classes to give their minds to the subject, that so they may lead instead of being forced on by the revolution "which is coming, and which they may materially help to make a purely moral one." This is very sound advice ; it is well we should all know where we are and whither we are driving. But we cannot go on to endorse the maxim that "it is right for every one to give all that he does not absolutely require for himself to those who are in greater want than he is." To interpret your personal requirements so liberally that they will absorb a large income is playing with words ; and if they are not so interpreted, we come to something very like the share-and-share-alike absurdity.

Hooked on rather loosely to the argument about working for our living are some remarks (not at all in the style of *Euthanasia*) on the duty of suicide. Winkelried was a commendable suicide ; and Rebecca in "*Ivanhoe*" contemplated suicide under conditions which hinder us from forbidding it. Therefore suicide is bad or good according to the motive which prompts it ; "even in the command 'thou shalt not kill,' the limitation 'without sufficient reason' is to be understood." Another of the laws against it was repealed ; suicide was to be rarer, for whereas now the intending suicide rushes blindly on death in a moment of agony, refusing to reason on the act because he has been taught to consider it sinful ; if there was no law against it he would argue with himself, and then life would generally have the advantage.

We have noticed Mrs. Heckford's strange and startling book at some length, because it is written by one who has worked in the cause for which she writes. Mixed with the enthusiasm which mars its practicality, there is a wonderful amount of common sense ; she, who can advise ladies to go out visiting the poor "in their carriages, dressed in silks and satins, because the children like to stroke their fine clothes, and to admire their rings and brooches, and because a carriage and pair is, in a poor street, as a delightful vision from fairyland," shows such an insight into human nature as is never attained by the merely "logical" communist. We have altogether abstained from saying anything about Mrs. Heckford's doctrinal views ; it is, of course, wholly needless for us to do so, and to what we have called the practical part of her book, we can afford to give due attention without being *froisses* either by her vagaries about suicides, or by her somewhat needlessly emphatic proclamation of disbelief.

*Interlinear Translation of the Book of Genesis, with Grammatical and Critical Notes.* By L. R. and L. H. Tafel.  
London : David Nutt.

THIS work is carefully prepared for the use of beginners in Hebrew. The text is printed in large clear type, the pronunciation of all the

words up to the thirty-third chapter is given below the line, and a literal translation immediately above. The editors aim at giving the primary and fundamental meaning of words, leaving it to the reader, where necessary, to make out the secondary or remoter signification from the context, or from the general analogies of language. Cases of difficult construction are explained in the notes. With the help of this carefully prepared edition, and some rudimentary grammar, a learner may make a very fair beginning even without a teacher.

*The Higher Ministries of Heaven.* Memories of Henry Mander Pearsall, B.A., B.Sc., late Student of New College, London. By the Author of "Public Worship." London: Hodder and Stoughton.

NOTWITHSTANDING its irrelevant and affected title this is a good book. It is a brief memoir, drawn by a skilful and loving hand, of a young man of remarkable ability and noble character, who, having completed a successful university course, was preparing to devote himself to the work of preaching the Gospel of that Saviour whom from his schooldays he had known and loved, when death broke off his purposes, and disappointed the cherished hopes of friends, pastors, and tutors, who were confidently anticipating for him a career of eminent usefulness in the Church of Christ. The subject is treated in a simple unpretentious style, and in a devout and earnest spirit. It is, however, a little too much overlaid with reflections and anecdotes. On the whole we can heartily recommend this memoir, especially to young men, who will not only find it very interesting, but helpful and stimulating in all high and holy endeavour.

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## II. GENERAL LITERATURE.

## TAINÉ'S ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*History of English Literature.* By H. A. Taine, D.C.L.  
Translated by H. Van Laun. New Edition (Four Volumes).  
Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1873.

For those who read and enjoy French prose (which is probably more uniformly excellent than the prose of any other living language), M. Taine's *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise* is one of the most agreeable and entertaining books in the current literature of France. It is not only that M. Taine's style is excellent and admirable even by comparison with the average style of Frenchmen of culture; but whatever he does is further adorned and made amusing by a brilliancy of illustration and vivacity of diction that are quite exceptional. To transfer his graces of style into our tongue would tax the powers of the best prose stylists we have among us, much more so of so indifferent a writer of English as Mr. Van Laun; and we can but set it down to the Gallic refinement of M. Taine that, in preparing a Preface for the English edition of his *History* he characterised it as an "elegant and faithful translation." M. Taine must know English a great deal better than to imagine that Mr. Van Laun displays that language in what can, by any straining of the meaning of words, be called an elegant manner; but as regards faithfulness, we have no objection to M. Taine's use of that term to designate the painful and constrained literality of much of Mr. Van Laun's work. For our own part, however, we deem the most faithful translator, as a general rule, one who is anything but slavishly literal.

We regard M. Taine as a critic who is rather brilliant than profound, and who, instead of bringing a thoroughly philosophic mind to bear on his subject, whether that subject be the history of English literature or the "philosophy" of Italian painting, brings rather a proneness to get upon a hobby and ride it to death, displaying, it is true, powers of literary horsemanship almost unrivalled, and extremely pleasant to witness. Constantly placing things in new lights as he is, and bringing out new aspects of the various subjects he treats, we should yet hesitate to recommend his works to inexperienced readers, because they are so entertaining and so alluring that a sound critical judgment and a long literary experience are necessary to ensure the reader's not being led away occasionally into notions that are, to say the least, questionable. Such a writer on such a subject as our literature has

much to lose and much to gain in a competent translation. Style being so important an element in his attractiveness, he must lose much on that head ; while the inexperienced reader gains somewhat on the score of lessened attractions wherever the attractions of the original are in a false direction. On the other hand the reader loses something of his pleasure. Where there might be great artistic gain in translating the work, is in the fitting in of the very copious extracts : an Englishman cannot care much to read a quantity of French renderings of English classics ; and yet the frequent transition from M. Taine's French to the English of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens, and back again, cannot be altogether agreeable reading ; so that to get the whole work in the language of the extracts is a manifest gain to the subject, however much may be lost of the colour of French thought, which is so interesting to those of us who care to know what the best of our neighbours think of our literature.

And the *colour* of French thought, particularly the colour of M. Taine's thought, is intimately bound up with the colour of his style. Philosophically, a man's writings are independent of his style, and thus independent of transfers from tongue to tongue ; but in works of delicate criticism there are innumerable instances in which a tone or a ray of light cast by the critical mind on the creative mind is entirely inseparable from the critic's style. M. Taine's works teem with instances of reflected light and colour thus dependent on his style ; and when you come to attempt the rendering of such things into a foreign idiom you are certain to lose some part of them, and not at all likely to substitute an equivalent in any other kind. M. Van Laun, certainly, never makes up to us for the loss of M. Taine's delicacies of style, by giving us corresponding delicacies. His translation has all the air of a translation from beginning to end, is full of French idiom, and very often so when a rendering in idiomatic English would be as simple a thing as a translator need desire.

We do not propose, within our narrow limits, to follow M. Taine through the application of his well-known principles to our literature and its history, nor even to state in detail what those principles are. We may fairly assume them to be pretty well known, even in England, now that his work is in its fourth English edition. We may note, however, that the principle of dependence on climate is fully applied at the outset in describing early England and its early inhabitants—Saxons, Angles, Picts, Frisians, and Danes, and the several lands from which these came ; and we may give it as a specimen of the graphic, but not always perfectly trustworthy, way in which M. Taine applies his principles that the following is a description of English national character as affected by soil, climate, &c. :—

"Huge white bodies, cool blooded, with fierce blue eyes, reddish flaxen hair, ravenous stomachs, filled with meat and cheese ; heated by strong drinks, of a cold temperament, slow to love, home stayers, prone to brutal drunkenness ; these are to this day the features which descent

and climate preserve in this race, and these are what the Roman historians discovered in their former country. There is no living in these lands without abundance of solid food; bad weather keeps people at home, strong drinks are necessary to cheer them; the senses become blunted, the muscles are braced, the will vigorous. In every country the body of man is rooted deep into the soil of nature, and in this instance still deeper, because being uncultivated, he is less removed from nature."—Vol. I. p. 26.

Probably the description is tolerably accurate as regards the early inhabitants of these islands; and there are ample traces still of descent from such inhabitants; but we are of opinion that M. Taine makes far too much of these and similar features in discussing the relations between works of art and literature and physical features of land, climate, and human nature. It is of such tendency to over-estimate connections of this kind that one has to be particularly watchful in reading M. Taine's interesting and instructive books.

One of the most interesting chapters in the work at present under consideration is that in Book V., on the late Charles Dickens; and in that we get a very marked example of M. Taine's proneness to be guided too implicitly by his fundamental principles or hypotheses. He has laid down in an introductory note to this Book V., that, "special to this people" is the fact that "their literature is an inquiry instituted into humanity altogether positive, and consequently only partially beautiful or philosophical, but very exact, minute, useful, and moreover very moral; and this to such a degree that sometimes the generosity and purity of its aspirations raises it to a height which no artist or philosopher has transcended." Very good! No doubt there is much truth in that; no doubt we are extremely moral in our literature as compared with livelier and more southern people; and no doubt we are realistic and inquisitive as to human nature; but it does not follow that all our artists know human nature, or have the faculty of transcribing human nature without misrepresenting it. And we suspect M. Taine has found the human nature in some of Dickens's works agree so well with some of his pet hypotheses or notions about English character that he has saved himself the trouble of verification and adopted some of the most extravagant caricatures as realistic types. He says:—

"The practical as well as the moral spirit is English" [by the bye, this might have been somewhat better rendered, but we follow Mr. Van Laun's version]; "by commerce, labour, and government this people has acquired the taste and talent for business; this is why they regard the French as children and madmen. The excess of this disposition is the destruction of imagination and sensibility. Man becomes a speculative machine, in which figures and facts are set in array; he denies the life of the mind and the joys of the heart; he sees in the world nothing but loss and gain; he becomes hard, harsh, greedy and avaricious; he treats men as machinery; on a certain day he finds himself simply

a merchant, banker, statistician ; he has ceased to be a man. Dickens has multiplied portraits of the positive man—Ralph Nickleby, Scrooge, Anthony Chuzzlewit, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Alderman Cute, Mr. Murdstone and his sister, Bounderby, Gradgrind ; there are such in all his novels. Some are so by education, others by nature, but all are odious, for they all take in hand to rail at and destroy kindness, sympathy, compassion, disinterested affection, religious emotions, enthusiasm of fancy, all that is lovely in man.”—Vol. II. pp. 360-1.

Odious enough ! Who shall dispute it ? But where are they to be found out of Dickens's novels ? There is not one of the personages who is not the grossest caricature of any type of human being to be found in England or elsewhere. Who ever *knew* a Murdstone, or a Scrooge, or a Gradgrind, or a Bounderby ? M. Taine is led away by just that prodigious imagination in Dickens, which ought not to be there, on the hypothesis above stated ; Dickens was perhaps the shrewdest and most thorough man of business that ever wielded a pen otherwise than at a desk ; and yet his imagination not only was unimpaired, but was simply the most absolute of modern times ; it is the force of his imagination that gives his caricatures the semblance of reality.

There is no mistake about M. Taine's considering these horrible creations as portraits ; for he continues thus :—

“ They oppress children, strike women, starve the poor, insult the wretched. The best are machines of polished steel, methodically performing their regular duties, and not knowing that they make others suffer. These kinds of men are not found in France. Their rigidity is not in the French character. They are produced in England by a school which has its philosophy ” [M. Taine is sadly in the dark about the meaning of the word philosophy], “ its great men, its glory, and which has never been established amongst the French.”—P. 361.

This is really much the same as if one were to take up a Dutch wooden doll at a fair, try its creaking hip-joints, inspect its bullet-head and painted wig, and say complacently, “ this kind of female is not found in France ; such rigidity of joints is not in the French character, where one enjoys a freer atmosphere than in Holland. They are produced in Holland by a school which objects to supple joints, and finds bullet-heads with painted hair preferable to the French style of expressive head and elegant *coiffure*.” We maintain, in all seriousness, that although the power of Dickens's imagination makes his Murdstones and Heeps and Pecksniffs move and ape life, they are no more portraits of English people than a Dutch doll is a portrait of a Dutch woman. And we conceive that M. Taine is led to regard these fantastic imaginations as drawn correctly from the life, through his overweening confidence in the subjective method of reasoning as opposed to the objective, in which one verifies at every step. Drawn from life, they doubtless are, but distortedly, not correctly ; and it is in unravelling such distinctions that the delightful manner of M. Taine most sorely needs the guidance of a good method.

## MORLEY'S ROUSSEAU.

*Rousseau.* By John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1873.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU is, and probably always will be, an interesting subject of study. His real literary power was so great, his influence with his own contemporaries so portentous, the fructification of his ideas in the succeeding generation so terrible, that it will ever be worth while to know what manner of man he was, and what the character of his writings. He set his mark upon the eighteenth century, embodying—we had almost said, creating—some of its most important tendencies; and, whether in blame or praise, or even in pure intelligent curiosity, we cannot pass him by.

And yet more than most men he baffles criticism. The contradictions in his life and works are strange and mysterious, riddles hard to be read. It is not merely that his actions and his words, especially his words written expressly for publication, offer a frequent contrast, for that, alas, is no singular thing in the history of letters; and though it may be difficult to find the exactly parallel case of a man deserting his children, and then descanting most eloquently on the pleasures of fatherhood and the noble duties of education, still he is not the only person who has practised otherwise than as he preached. So again it is not merely that, with all his affectation of extreme logical precision, his works are often inconsistent, and generally paradoxical. In this, too, he is not altogether singular, and it would be easy to point to similar characteristics in one or two of our foremost contemporaries. But in addition to such problems, there are others not so easy of solution. Here, for instance, was a writer whose spiritual arrogance was unbounded,—so unbounded that it prompted him to speak in such language as this: "Let the trumpet of the judgment-day sound when it listeth, I shall appear before the Sovereign Judge with this book in my hand. I shall say boldly: this I have done, this I have thought, this I have been. . . . I have described myself as I was, contemptible and vile, when I was so; good, generous, and sublime, when I was so: I have unveiled my inmost soul as it was, Eternal Being, in Thy sight. Gather round me the innumerable multitude of my fellow men; let them listen to my confessions. . . ." And yet this amazing believer in his own moral worth and importance does not hesitate, quite unnecessarily, and with obvious complacency, to discover to every casual reader the most impure and offensive recesses of his heart. Or take another point. How was it that a man who had himself worked for the stage, and whose life and writings certainly show no aversion to sensuality and sentimentalism, was yet moved to an outburst of apparently genuine sorrow at the thought that his beloved Geneva was to be polluted by the erection of a theatre? Certainly it would not have been from his pen that we should have expected a *Histriomastix*. So

again, how are we to reconcile his pecuniary independence under certain circumstances, his persistence, even when enfeebled with age and sickness, in earning his own scanty living by the mechanical occupation of copying music; his rejection of proffered pensions and not dishonourable gifts, with the meannesses of other passages in his life, and notably his ignoble participation in the bounties of Madame de Warens, whom, by the bye, he repaid with neglect when she was in misery, and with an immortality of very dubious fame? Doubtless these, and many similar anomalies, are explicable, but not easily so, and the man, as we have already said, is worth explaining.

That Mr. Morley's book, which honestly, and in a great measure successfully, grapples with its subject, may be pronounced exceedingly interesting, is therefore unquestionable. It is interesting in spite of a style that in aiming at profundity sometimes fails of perfect clearness, and not unfrequently lacks brightness and spontaneity; and in spite, too, of a kind of sectarian petulance which leads its author to fling an occasional sarcasm, or other token of disrespect, at those who stand without the walls of the Positivist Sion. We venture to doubt whether there is any truth in the hypothesis that "the orthodox may be glad to know" that Hume was "extremely ill" during a certain sea passage; but we are quite sure that such a suggestion is not calculated to give them a favourable idea of the taste and temper prevailing among those who are not orthodox.

Still, in one sense, we are not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Morley's positivism, for it gives us the advantage of studying Rousseau in a new aspect. Rousseau from a Christian point of view has been examined often already, and also from a point of view purely sceptical and atheistic, or exclusively literary. But Mr. Morley's stand-point is different from these, and the manner in which he regards his subject is characteristic, and in itself not uninteresting.

For the peculiarity of positivism is that it professes to combine devotional fervour with the most blank scepticism as regards all the great objects of faith with which doctrinal fervour has hitherto been allied. Man can know nothing of a God, or of his own whence and whither, but all the religious needs of his nature—needs which cannot be gainsaid—may find full satisfaction in the contemplation of an idealised humanity,—the *grand être*. Now, when Mr. Morley applies these conceptions to the works of Rousseau, he is partly attracted, and partly repelled; attracted, because Rousseau, the inheritor of a devout Protestant tradition, felt most strongly through all the errors of his life and doctrines, that the religious sentiment is inherent in our nature, and one of its sublimest elements. It was this, coupled with his own earnestness and fervour, that gave him such influence among a generation weary of the glittering, frosty scepticism, the merely intellectual cleverness of which Voltaire was the master-type. In so far, therefore, as Positivism wishes to cultivate those devout feelings which are to form the mainspring of its morality, in so far it is attracted to Rousseau.

When, however, Rousseau, who, poor man, lived in an age unenlightened by the pure rays of a later philosophy, and, with all his love for humanity in the abstract, still did not imagine that it could be made a fit object of quasi-worship—when he boldly and in eloquent language avows his belief in an Almighty God and Ruler of the universe, then Positivism can but weep over him. Unscientific and misguided person ! To have gone so far, and yet not have reached the happy goal. How sad to think that a great writer could reject Christianity, and thunder against the social edifice, and prove that man, so far from being a fallen creature, is by nature exceedingly good, and only vitiated by corrupt institutions—only to end in the enervating belief in a God.

It would be easy to trace the influence of Mr. Morley's creed in his treatment of his subject throughout ; and notably, as it seems to us, in the comparative neglect of the purely literary beauties of Rousseau's work. It was certainly right to explain fully what were his social, political, philosophical, and religious opinions ; though as they and the arguments which supported them are now mostly "rotten with a hundred years of death," their detailed elaboration is, perhaps, a little too elaborate ; though this we acknowledge to be quite a matter of personal feeling, as is also the impression that we get more of Mr. Morley's own views in the process than is quite necessary. But Rousseau's style, with its fervour and eloquence, its power—which was then so entirely new—of throwing a glamour of poetry over homely and humble scenes, its loving descriptions of natural scenery,—his style is not dead. It lives in French literature,—lives in itself and in a long line of, not so much imitators, as descendants. Mr. Morley, of course, knows this well, and is not silent on the point. But his predilections are evidently rather "sociological," as the new school would say, than purely literary.

Finally, as we wish to part without rancour, notwithstanding the occasional small missiles which, after all, hurt Mr. Morley more than they hurt "the orthodox," we repeat our previous statement that his book is very interesting, and that the English reader has access to no better account of Rousseau.

#### LONGFELLOW'S AFTERMATH.

*Aftermath.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London : George Routledge and Sons, the Broadway, Ludgate. 1873.

This volume is not likely to have the effect of adding to Mr. Longfellow's fame, or of diminishing it, in the slightest degree. A good part of it has already appeared from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and will not therefore be new to those of our readers who are in the habit of reading that excellent serial. The rest is new in the sense of appearing for the first time, though not new in point of matter, or sentiment, or mode of thought. Through-

out the volume we have the same good-heartedness, the same moralising tendency, the same smoothness of versification, the same absence of anything distinctively American, that are to be noted in almost all Mr. Longfellow's works, whether in prose or in verse.

The greater portion of the volume consists of the third part of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; and the tales now added to that series do not strike us as markedly superior or inferior to the others. Some of these, like some of those, are extremely slight and thin; and some of them rise as high as Mr. Longfellow has sometimes risen; while all display more or less prominently the old tendency of the author to brood over old tales and legends derived from books, and to draw pointed metaphorical morals from them,—not, it is true, the highest form of art, but one which we cannot but welcome as a good influence among people so prone as the masses of Mr. Longfellow's readers are to take up with work that is extremely bad instead of only being not of the first order of goodness. Such a reminiscence as the following, one compares, involuntarily and without fail, with "The Beleaguered City :"—

"I have a vague remembrance  
Of a story that is told  
In some ancient Spanish legend  
Or chronicle of old.

"It was when brave King Sanchez  
Was before Zamora slain,  
And his great besieging army  
Lay encamped upon the plain.

"Don Diego de Ordenez  
Sallied forth in front of all,  
And shouted loud his challenge  
To the warders on the wall.

"All the people of Zamora,  
Both the born and the unborn,  
As traitors did he challenge  
With taunting words of scorn.

"The living in their houses,  
And in the graves the dead!  
And the waters of their rivers,  
And their wine and oil and bread!"—Pp. 146-7.

And when we come to the metaphorical moral application, the resemblance is so striking as to suggest some slight deficiency of resources :—

"There is a greater army,  
That besets us round with strife,  
A starving, numberless army,  
At all the gates of life.

"The poverty-stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors,  
Both the living and the dead.

. . . . .

"For within there is light and plenty,  
And odours fill the air,  
But without there is cold and darkness,  
And hunger and despair.

"And there in the camp of famine,  
In wind and cold and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the army,  
Lies dead upon the plain."—Pp. 147-8.

This is quite a fair sample of the quality of this new volume; and it is only at excessively long intervals that the poet flames up into anything like the intensity of some of his best work. This he does once in a short and on the whole ineffective story from the Talmud, of King Solomon and an Indian Rajah, who are interrupted in a walk by the approach of Azrael, the death-angel. The Rajah, in great fear, begs Solomon to transport him safely to India, which Solomon does by magic: he lifts up his hand with its blazing signet ring, and,

" . . . Rushing from the west,  
There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest  
And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,  
His shining garments streaming in the blast;  
A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,  
A purple cloud that gleamed and disappeared."—P. 18.

After this little flash of intensity, the poet falls back tamely enough on his moral, as if the poet and the moralist in him were to some extent at variance:—

"Then said the angel, smiling: 'If this man  
Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,  
Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;  
I was upon my way to seek him there.'"—P. 19.

After Mr. Longfellow has duly dismissed from his Wayside Inn the friends whom he summoned together so many years ago, to tell the first two parts of this series of tales, he recalls, in the latter part of the book, another and earlier title of his,—giving us, under the head of *Birds of Passage*, *Flight the Third*, a few fugitive lyrics, which do not call for any special remark, except that he has done very much better on former occasions under the same pleasing title. The volume is generally pretty, even in quality, the lyrics not being disparate from the tales. We ought, perhaps, to point out that our first two extracts are from one of the lyrics, "*The Challenge*."

#### DEVEY'S MODERN ENGLISH POETS.

*A Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets.* By J. Devey, M.A. London: E. Moxon and Co. 1873.

MR. DEVEY has attempted a task considerably beyond his powers. We would charge him, for the present at least, to fling away the

ambition of exercising scientific and exhaustive criticism on so large a scale. There is a great show of critical apparatus, and abundant discussion of principles, but the author's real insight is by no means proportioned to the elaborateness of his method. There is something positively irritating in the pretentiousness of Mr. Devey's manner. Before getting to work on poets and poetry, he gives us some very heavy chapters of philosophical introduction, which the wary reader will skip, and on which, it is to be hoped, no ingenuous student of poetry will waste much time. The best kind of thing the author has to say is of this sort: "It would appear that inferior poets lack that deep insight into the divine harmony of things which enables their superior brethren to trace back to their source the principles which control human action, or to pass with the sweep of an eagle through the vast immensities of being which connect the highest abstract intelligence with the lowest earthly existence. That ladder of principles, the ascending and descending range of laws, whose foot is on the earth but whose summit is in the skies, can only be mounted by the upper ranks of the poetic hierarchy, affording in this respect a remarkable contrast to their weaker brethren, who are unendowed with wings to poise themselves above the gross material atmosphere of the earth." Disquisitions that mean nothing in particular, and are not even clearly and intelligibly written, can be of little use to any one.

Mr. Devey's inaccuracies range from bad spelling and misquotation up to positive blunders of the first magnitude. The classification at which he arrives cannot be said to rest upon any very valuable analysis. Crabbe and Browning go together as belonging to the "realistic school," because "they are at one in discarding the fictitious element in poetry, and in confining themselves to the production of the actual." Shelley and Keats are "Alexandrine poets," because "they are equally distinguished for their poetic rendering of the old philosophy." After finding no better designation for Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, than the old and hackneyed one of the "Lake poets," and linking Montgomery and Longfellow together as "poets of the affections," Mr. Devey makes the very sensible remark that "poets, after all, are a very difficult class of people to place in order." This is so true, that it might have suggested to the writer some other way of getting at what he wanted. Classification of this sort is almost always unsatisfactory, and sometimes very misleading. Unless it be very wisely done, with the accompanying qualifications and limits fairly stated, it will be found worse than useless for the true purposes of criticism.

From the chapter on the Classification of the Poets, we may select a few of Mr. Devey's opinions. Chaucer and Spenser are "representative," not "creative," poets. "Dryden was, perhaps, more competent than any other English writer to execute a great epic;" and this opinion is founded upon the manner in which he recast Chaucer's version of stories from Boccaccio. Pope's "Windsor Forest" he terms the "best descriptive poem in the language." Wordsworth is denied

a foremost place in the second rank of poets, and in all the higher departments of the poetic art is "infinitely distanced" by Byron.

In his estimate of Byron and Moore Mr. Devey will, it is to be hoped, find few readers to agree with him. *Don Juan* he considers the grandest representative poem in any language. "I feel sure, if Englishmen were asked to select which of their literary treasures they would place first in order, the choice would fall on four or five of the leading dramas of Shakespeare; and if pressed to point out which they would select next, that work would be *Paradise Lost*; but I feel as sure, if their selection was put to a third proof, their choice would fall on *Don Juan*." He dismisses the charge of immorality urged against this poem as being founded on a wrong notion of art. "Byron," he says "etherealises the most sensuous subject, and shows that the spiritual features of love were those that most dominated his soul." On this whole subject we are forced to say Mr. Devey writes arrant nonsense. What does he mean by saying that Byron has given "to the wild fevers of unrestrained love far loftier chastity of colouring than the most straight-laced poets impart to the tamer delineations of domestic felicity?" A single sentence may serve to illustrate at once the author's critical faculty, his ethical judgment, and his style of writing. "The fact is, that the most licentious passion, in Byron's serious delineations, assumes an ethereal flush which makes the material element, even in its conquest over the higher powers of the soul, partake of that soul's glorified nature, dispersed though it be in fragmentary gleams, somewhat like those conquerors who have subjugated a country only in turn to become the willing slaves of those arts and laws they had shattered into ruin."

His statement that, in marrying Miss Milbank, Lord Byron "took to his arms a person whom he supposed to be a Christian lamb, and found her a religious termagant," is unworthy of a respectable writer.

We have no wish to review Mr. Devey's book at any length. As a whole we consider it well nigh worthless, though the writer is evidently a man of some ability, and has bestowed considerable labour on his work. We find little to agree with in his criticisms, and a good deal to quarrel with in his style. A somewhat confident critic of modern English poets should not talk of "Milton cuffing with his proud wing like an imperial eagle the storm which shattered his republic into the dust, and drove him into a garret."

#### NOTES AND ETCHINGS.

*Paris Pendant le Siège. Paris sous la Commune. Notes et Eaux-Fortes, par A. P. Martial. Paris: Cadart et Luce.*

THESE are the notes and etchings of an artist during the Siege of Paris and the subsequent period of the Commune. M. Martial is a member of the Société de Peintres-Graveurs, whose annual volume

of etchings is one of the very best of contemporary art publications. To these M. Martial has been in the habit of contributing notes and criticisms, illustrated with etchings. His style is wanting in imagination and vigour, but is admirably adapted by its minute and painstaking literalness for sketches of familiar scenes and current events. The two volumes before us are a sort of diary, or at least a collection of memoranda, made during the period above-named, and illustrated, sometimes by careful drawing, and at others by slight but effective outline sketches. The subjects selected to illustrate the period of the Siege do not include any incidents of very great importance, but are chiefly such details as serve to bring the actual state of things vividly before us.

Of this sort are a couple of little sketches, of a kind of patriotism that was very plentiful during the siege. Two sailors rolling along arm in arm are singing with all their might :—

“ Bismarck, si tu continues,  
De tes bons Prussiens y n'en rest'ra guère,  
Bismarck, si tu continues,  
De tes bons Prussiens, y n'en rest'ra plus.”

Of this they are fully persuaded, and their jovial voices and rollicking gait must have inspired confidence in all beholders. Next are two National Guards, full of liquor and of contempt for Germans in general, and Bismarck in particular, singing as they move unsteadily along,—

“ As-tu vu Bismarck,  
A la porte de Chatillon,  
Qui fumait sa pipe  
Derrière un gabion ?  
Il fumait sa pipe,  
Ca n'est pas un lion.”

The entries begin on the 18th September, 1870. “ All the railways are cut, the villages outside the walls deserted, the woods burnt, the guns from the forts thunder, the siege is begun.

“ 23rd September.—End of the parleyings with M. de Bismarck, who wants Alsace and Lorraine, and, as the conditions of an armistice, the occupation of besieged places, the garrison of Strasbourg as prisoners of war, and his troops to be put in possession of Mont Valérien. . . .

“ 26th September.—The 20,000 rag-pickers (chiffonniers) of Paris request to form a legion. . . .

“ 4th October.—The sale of horseflesh has begun.

“ 9th October.—Departure of Gambetta, Minister of the Interior, in a postal balloon.

“ 16th October.—General Trochu writes to the Mayor of Paris respecting the formation of marching companies of the National Guard. He declares that he will follow to the end the plan he has

formed, and that he will not communicate it, taking all responsibility on himself.

"22nd October.—Report of the death of Prince Albert of Prussia, and of the illness of the son or nephew of the King. . . .

"26th October.—Requisition made of milk for the sick and for children. . . .

"31st October.—The surrender of Metz is announced by the Government. M. Thiers proposes at the same time an armistice. The crowd assembles at the Hotel de Ville. It demands the resignation of the Government of Defence, the Commune, no armistice, a levy *en masse*, war to the knife. . . .

"18th November.—The Government declares, on the receipt of news from the departments, that France will come out of the contest with all her territory and all her honour.

"30th November.—Sortie and proclamation of General Ducrot, who swears not to re-enter Paris unless victorious or dead."

Throughout December the entries are brief, chiefly recording the severity of the weather and the growing scarcity of provisions. A full-page etching of a trench at Bondy is, perhaps, the most striking of the series. It is late in the day, the sky dark and gloomy, the ground covered with snow, and in the angle of a zigzag trench that is open to view lies a dead German soldier still grasping his musket. His helmet lies at a little distance, and near him is a broken finger-post with the inscription, "Paris—Bondy. Route Impériale d'Allemagne." In all the other drawings the German soldiers are coarse, grim caricatures. In this instance, the recumbent figure is the least effective part of the picture, being somewhat feeble and indistinct in drawing, but the general impression made by the whole is very powerful.

"6th January, 1871.—The first Prussian shell fell in Paris to-day at half-past one. We are paying forty francs for a rabbit, fifty francs for a fowl, a franc and a quarter for an egg, twopence for a cabbage-leaf.

"18th January.—It is observed that many decorations have been bestowed during the last month without appreciable motives."

The last entry is,—

"29th January.—The Government of the National Defence has capitulated."

The illustrations of the other volume, "Paris sous la Commune," are the most striking. During the Siege it was a gradual, silent misery that grasped the city's life, but the next act was full of terrible deeds of violence, offering only too great a choice of subjects to the artist. M. Martial has not aimed, however, at reproducing horrible or repulsive scenes, and contents himself, as before, rather with suggestive details than with the principal events of that unhappy time. He has not attempted an illustrated history of the Siege and of the Commune, but his notes and etchings are a contribution to that history of considerable interest and artistic worth.

## OFFICIAL WORKS ON THE RECENT FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

1. *The Operations of the First Army under General von Steinmetz to the Capitulation of Metz.* By A. von Schell. Translated by Captain Hollest, R.A. With a General Map and Two Plans. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.
2. *Campaign 1870—1871. The Operations of the First Army under General von Goeben.* Compiled from Official Documents by A. von Schell, Major in the General Staff. Translated by Colonel C. H. von Wright. With Four Maps.

THE literature of the recent war has already attained very considerable dimensions, and it is pretty certain that the minutest events of the campaign will become matter of military history, to be studied by scientific critics throughout Europe, and exercise important influence on the theory and practice of war. To the number of professional works on the subject introduced to English readers by Messrs. H. S. King and Co. are now added the two above-named, which are not inferior in historical interest and scientific value to any of their predecessors. The first of the above volumes covers a period of exactly three months, from the 29th July, 1870, when Steinmetz received from General von Moltke the following order: 'His Majesty desires that the main body of the 1st Army will not pass the line Saarburg-Wadern,' to the 29th October, when Metz was evacuated by the French and occupied by the German army of investment. The narrative is compiled from official documents, and preserves throughout the most business-like moderation and calmness, confining itself exclusively to military facts and considerations. It has the tone of perfect candour, and does justice to the qualities of the French; but no attempt is made to draw inferences or point a moral of any kind. To all who wish to follow minutely the course of the campaign the means are here afforded of doing so; but there are a thousand questions interesting to a general reader that do not enter into the plan of technical works like these.

A striking instance of the way in which the German leaders kept themselves well informed occurred at the very outset. Before the commencement of actual hostilities a plan of the *formation and position of the French army* was sent from the royal headquarters to the commander of the First Army. It laid no claim to absolute correctness, but was rather a sketch of the views entertained at headquarters, and a basis to further inquiries. Its general correctness, however, was established later on in a remarkable manner.

Within one month of its mobilisation the army under General Steinmetz had fought the series of successful battles which led to the investment of Metz. The battle of Spicheren was fought on the 6th August,

with a loss to the Germans of 4,866 officers and men, including General von Franquois. The French loss, as might be expected from their defensive position on the heights, was somewhat less, but their retreat was in the end hasty and disorderly, so that more than 1,000 unwounded prisoners and the whole of their baggage fell into the hands of the victors. In the battle fought eight days later, near Colombey, to the east of Metz, the German losses were again heavier than the French; the former being 4,993 officers and men, the latter 3,608. But the decisive conflicts in this short and telling campaign took place at Mars-la-Tour on the 16th, and Gravelotte on the 18th August. In the former battle, by which the French army was foiled in its plan of marching west, the losses were extraordinarily heavy, and can be compared only to the bloodiest battles of former times; on the German side they amounted to 581 officers, and 14,239 men. The battle cost the French army 837 officers and 16,117 men. Two days later the French made another tremendous effort to shake off their tenacious foes, and suffered and inflicted fearful loss at Gravelotte.

Once more the Germans, sustaining the greater loss in men, gained a decisive victory. They lost within a few hundreds of 20,000 men, the French some 13,000. The consequence of this battle was that the French army saw itself cut off from all communications with its own country, and its fate linked for the future to the fortress of Metz, to which it was compelled to have recourse for protection. How the investment of Metz ended all the world knows. "At last, after a tedious investment of seventy days, Bazaine's army capitulated on October 27th, and Metz surrendered.

"On the 29th the French army marched out of the fortress without arms, to be led to Germany as prisoners of war, and on the same day the works were taken over and occupied by the German army of investment. Besides an army of 173,000 men, including sick and wounded, an incalculable amount of material fell into the hands of the victor. The army of investment purchased this success by a total loss of 5,483 men. Of these 3,090 men were lost up to the date of the battle of Noisseville inclusive, 471 during September, and finally 1,922 during October, including the affair of the 7th. The capitulation of so powerful an army, to which history furnishes no parallel, was well calculated to indemnify the German investing troops for their patient fortitude in daily and harassing outpost duty. A brave hostile army, the pride and hope of France, was vanquished, and German standards floated above the ramparts of Metz."

The second volume gives the history of the campaign against General Faidherbe in the north during the month of January, 1871. Perhaps no period of the war is more creditable to French courage and enterprise than this. It was desperate, uphill, hopeless work, gathering raw levies together, the regular army of France having positively disappeared owing to the two deep disasters of Sedan and Metz, and with them encountering the disciplined veteran German forces already every-

where successful. Superior numbers go for very little in such a case. The battle of Bapaume was as near an approach to a drawn battle as the war afforded, but the French force was nearly four times that of the German. Our own impression is that General Faidherbe's services during that dismal winter have met with but scanty recognition in France.

*The Old Masters and Their Pictures, for the Use of Schools and Learners in Art.* By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls," &c. Strahan and Co. 1873.

It would, of course, be foolish and unjust to find fault with a book for not being something that its author never intended it to be. Miss Tytler's *Old Masters* is elementary only, and this we are bound to remember. It professes to embody the results of no personal research, historical or critical. It certainly contains no new facts; and the judgments delivered are either borrowed, with every acknowledgment, from earlier writers, or when, as very seldom happens, original, expressed with a diffidence that is very unusual, and in one sense very praiseworthy. Indeed, so fearful is Miss Tytler of trespassing out of what she apparently considers the bounds of her capabilities, that she scarcely ever ventures to describe a picture herself. Kugler, Dean Alford, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Eastlake, and Mr. Ruskin perform this kindly office for her.

The book is divided into eleven chapters, treating respectively of "Early Italian Art;" "Early Flemish Art;" later, though still "Early, Schools of Italian Art;" "Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian;" "German Art;" "Later Italian Art;" "The Caracci, and their contemporaries and followers;" "Later Flemish Art;" "Spanish Art;" "French Art;" and "Foreign Artists in England." This is an extensive field; and Miss Tytler's small volume covers it perforce rather scantily. And though with this scantiness, as we have already intimated, it is not our intention to quarrel; yet there are other points on which we might be disposed to cavil. For instance, is it not a little misleading to the beginner to speak of Pre-Raphaelitism as a movement in Modern Art, which has existed for the last fifty or sixty years? So, too, we cannot agree that Leonardo da Vinci's *Joconde*—called *Jaconde* by Miss Tytler, for some reason which is unknown to us—is in an "utterly ruined condition." Time has blackened it a good deal certainly; but has no more "utterly ruined" it than it has as yet destroyed the pictures in the Academy Exhibition of last year. And as to the "judge" who is quoted, we presume with approbation, as saying that it is "a wonderful head of the ripest southern beauty," we must beg leave to say that his description is very misleading indeed. The beauty of the face is certainly not that of southern ripeness, but of subtle intellectual power. The woman looks through

you and down upon you, as from the height of an inscrutable superiority. So again, the drawing which Raphael sent to Dürer as a token of friendship is at Vienna, and not as Miss Tytler thinks—it is true she only thinks—at Nuremberg. And we are afraid these instances of divergence might be multiplied.

*Noblesse oblige* is a lesson which Miss Tytler has herself enforced before now; and we confess that as we turned over the pages of this book we experienced a feeling of disappointment that the writer of the *Papers for Thoughtful Girls*, which is so thoroughly excellent, had condescended to execute what is, after all, so mere a compilation.

*Political Economy for Plain People, applied to the Past and Present State of Britain.* By G. Powlett Scrope, F.R.S., F.G.S.K. London: Longmans. 1873.

MR. SCROPE's volume professes to be of a purely practical character, and to be written for the express purpose of refuting certain erroneous theories that have long held sway under the patronage of eminent names in philosophy and literature, but which he considers to be pregnant with the most disastrous consequences. There is everywhere displayed in this volume a desire not to waste words and confuse readers by unprofitable discussion and useless refinements. The writer regards the discussion as to the productive or unproductive character of certain employments as futile, and the distinction of capital into fixed and circulating, as almost unnecessary. The only real difference between such capital as is styled fixed, and such as has received the name of circulating, is in the length of the period during which they are unconsumed in the owner's possession. But it is right that they should be distinguished; and Mr. Scrope thinks, that if the same terms are to be retained, capital that is consumed and returns again into the employer's hands within the year, should be called circulating, and that the name fixed should be given to such as remains more than a year in the possession of the person who is employing it for profit.

One of the points on which the writer of this volume differs from some of his predecessors, and especially from Mr. J. S. Mill, is the question of unproductive consumption. Mr. Mill's opinion is that it impoverishes the community, and is an injury to the working classes. This many attempt to refute by saying, that the expenditure of the wealthy is good for trade, and employs a large amount of labour. But Mr. Mill advances a theorem which is a direct contradiction to this, and has on that account incurred the severe censure of Mr. Scrope. The theorem is this:—that “to purchase produce is not to employ labour.” He proceeds to demonstrate this by showing that demand for commodities is not demand for labour, that it merely determines the *direction* of the labour, and that if it did not exist with regard to one particular kind of goods, the capital and labour previously spent in their manufacture would now take another

channel. Suppose that the demand for all those superfluities and luxuries which cannot but be consumed unproductively were to cease, it is improbable, as we know by experience, that the cessation would be sudden and unforeseen; consequently, the capital could be gradually realized, and the machinery allowed to wear itself out without any outlay in repairs. Other employment would be found for the capital; and since, if as we supposed luxuries were eschewed by all, large incomes would be only partially expended, the surplus that was the result of this abstinence, and that remained after the satisfaction of the real wants of every person, would, in order to be of any use, go to remunerate labour in some branch of the production of necessaries. Until the natural result of these things had taken place, in a very large increase of the population, wages would be forced up to a very high rate; and unless the labourers were disposed to confine themselves to the plain style of living now prevalent, their superfluous income would again create a demand for the luxuries that had previously been banished as pernicious. Of course, population would start forward at its highest possible rate of increase if the desire for luxuries and a better style of living did not act as a check. The only check in such a case would finally occur in the limited extent of arable land: if, indeed, agriculture did not attain such excellence as to enable labour to extract an increasingly large produce from the soil.

All this is far from practical. Such abstinence is not likely to be practised. No doubt Mr. Mill is correct in saying that to purchase any commodity is not to employ labour. Mr. Scrope, however, fails to see this; at least, while he admits that it is in a sense true, he declares, "It is only so by a transparent quibble." He overlooks a real distinction, but one of which practical men would not be likely to take much notice. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that Mr. Mill should have expressed himself so as to convey the idea that there is a serious injury being inflicted on the lower classes. Human inclinations, human prejudices, and firmly established national institutions are not sufficiently taken into account. True it is only on an economical view of the question that Mr. Mill's conclusion is arrived at; but the unqualified expression of such an opinion is liable to misinterpretation. Mr. Mill does not ignore the existence of other desires which ought to be gratified beside the mere desire to appease hunger and slake thirst. But others in reading his works might not make the necessary allowance, and thus acquire erroneous and pernicious notions. It is the gratification not merely of man's simplest wants, but of all his desires, that is the end and aim of toil; and he would scarcely be prevented from sinking into fatal indolence if it were not for the existence of many desires all calling for gratification, if it were not that new wishes and aspirations spring out of the very gratification of former ones and drive him to exertion.

By far the most important topics discussed by Mr. Scrope, are those of land-tenure, and population and subsistence. The tenure of land in England is acknowledged to be very unsatisfactory. No permanent improvements in the land can be expected while it is held on such precarious tenure, and the landowners generally display such indifference with regard to it. Capital will not be sunk in improvements and the agricultural resources of our country full developed till the artificial barriers now existing are done away.

These questions have derived a great accession of interest lately from events that have caused much dissension and dispute, and the ultimate issues of which it is impossible to conjecture. The question of the condition of the peasantry is closely related to that of land-tenure. Mr. Scrope does not enter into a discussion of the relative advantages of agriculture on a large and on a small scale. If we receive the whole of the testimony Mr. Mill adduces in favour of small holdings with security of possession, or of peasant-properties, we cannot refuse to believe that they are the best calculated to ensure the comfort and happiness of the peasantry themselves, and to obtain the largest amount of produce from the soil. There can be no doubt that the fact of the labourer having a direct interest in the productiveness of the soil he tills evokes his energies to a degree unknown under the system of hired labour; and if industry, constant watchfulness, and the most useful and laborious tillage, without the aids to agriculture recent years have furnished us with—the expensive implements modern engineering has invented—aids which the peasant could not employ, unless extreme abstinence for a number of years at last supplied him with the requisite capital; if the mere exercise of these virtues made it possible to extract from the soil the utmost it is now anywhere capable of yielding; and if this interest in the land created habits of frugality and prudence, now, unfortunately, rare among our lower class, then most certainly would the system, said to have wrought such wonders in Tuscany and parts of France, recommend itself for adoption in our country. That agricultural labour is in most parts of England very inadequately remunerated few will deny; and this poverty may, perhaps, be in part traceable to the maladministration of the Poor Law prior to the modern Act. Any feasible scheme, then, for elevating the labouring class ought to be entertained; discussion should be promoted, and pride and prejudice hindered from opposing any obstacle to a free and unfettered expression of opinion.

It is hardly to be expected that the minute subdivision of land, said to have produced such magnificent results in Tuscany, Flanders, and elsewhere, will be made in England. Farming for profit is here the rule; and if the restraints in agriculture still existing are removed, it is less likely than ever that large capitals will be withdrawn from this employment. But what of the labourer? How is his condition to be ameliorated? Wages depend on demand and supply of labour; and

if the competition on the labourer's part is so great as to reduce the rate of wages so low as that there shall be but a sufficiency to supply the bare necessities of life, there are two methods of effecting a cure of this lamentable state of things. Either what is called the preventive check to the increase of population must be applied; or there remains emigration as a last resource. The Malthusian theory of population has called forth the most vehement expressions of indignation from many quarters; but has, on the other hand, found powerful support in those who, under the plausible title of Utilitarians, have striven to win the confidence of the people. Mr. Scrope professes to deal summarily with what has been called a cold, hard-hearted doctrine; although its originator was far from being an enemy of the people, and anxiously sought escape from the unpleasant conclusion to which he felt himself driven. To some extent Mr. Scrope's severity is justified. He points out that a bountiful Providence has spread an ample table before a race, intended constantly to "increase and multiply," so that with a little effort they can help themselves. By a glowing description of vast alluvial plains, watered by broad and copious streams, and in the immediate vicinity of rich mineral resources, he almost succeeds in exciting a desire in the breast even of the home-living Englishman to quit his native shores and seek these fertile solitudes. The land may be had almost for the asking, and each man may build himself a comfortable dwelling, and ere long find his barns bursting with the garnered grain. All this may be substantially correct; but one thing is certain, if the English labourer goes out with the idea that his future home is a paradise, where the earth will from time to time pour its spontaneous products into his lap, he will be grievously disappointed. It is a doubtful matter whether he is fitted for the work that awaits him in the colonies. His training has been bad; although great expectations seem to be entertained of the final result of the step contemplated by the Agricultural Labourers' Union in reference to Canada. And from the fact that the present opportunity has been eagerly seized by Canada, California, and New Zealand to offer the English labourer every kind of inducement to abandon his ungrateful country, and supply their labour market, it would be inferred that the Englishman's industry and capacity for exertion is known and appreciated abroad. Mr. J. S. Mill does not fail to recognise the possibility of emigration draining off our superfluous population; and the writer of this volume alleges the inconsistency of this admission after the most unqualified affirmation of the Malthusian theory. No doubt Mr. Mill has laid too much stress on the latter. It will be worth taking into consideration when there has been a complete failure of every attempt to uproot the English labourer from the soil where he has been vegetating for many years.

Mr. Scrope justly censures the indifferent, half-hearted manner in which Mill, after discussing the several kinds of Communism,

ultimately decides in favour of the institution of private property. This arises from the fact that he lays it down as one of the fundamental principles of his system, that while "the laws and conditions of the production of wealth partake of the character of physical truths," and "there is nothing optional or arbitrary in them," on the other hand, "those of the distribution of wealth are matters of human institution solely;" as if wealth could be distributed according to the caprices of any individual, and those rights which some authors have (though erroneously perhaps) called natural did not, independently of positive law which in every country has recognised them, depend upon principles as fixed and determinate as any of those physical truths to which he opposes them.

We notice, with pleasure, one feature of this work. Being intended, as it is stated in the title page, "for plain people," its author does not neglect to observe that wealth is only desirable in so far as it can contribute to the sum of human happiness. Man is not a mere money-making machine; and the pursuit of wealth by an individual or a community may be pushed so far as to introduce misery instead of happiness into the life. The writings of some of our most distinguished economists, though they may be unimpeachable as treatises on the science, would, if put into the hands of persons without a liberal education and insensible to the charms of literature and art, be likely to produce a selfish and grasping disposition. This book is well suited to accomplish the end its author had in view. He has striven to refute erroneous and dangerous theories that have found favour with influential writers, whose main effort has been to spread them among the masses. His style is generally clear, and such as will entitle the work to attention from those who desire a knowledge of the science without the necessity of applying their minds to technical and abstract reasoning.

*Essays on Political Economy.* By the late M. Frederic Bastiat. London: Provost and Co.

It is gratifying to find that this is the third reprint of the people's edition of Bastiat's capital essays. These compositions are remarkable for their clearness and simplicity; but they are no less remarkable for their forcible reasoning and apposite illustration. They manifest a wonderful power of expounding and illustrating subjects ordinarily thought to be very dry and uninteresting. The heads of the papers are "Capital and Interest," "That which is seen, and that which is not seen," "Government," "What is Money?" "The Law." They are called *Essays on Political Economy*; but, as will be seen from the titles, some of them relate to what may be termed questions of political philosophy—as those on government and law. In the others, questions belonging strictly to political economy are handled in a very masterly way, and those on government and law are treated

very ably, with a constant regard to economic principles and facts. These papers do not supply a systematic exposition of the principles of economic science, but they do what is far better for the general reader, they give a lucid explanation of important economic phenomena, with striking illustrations of the truth set forth. Such works as this, and M. About's *Handbook of Social Science*, are better fitted for the general reader as a sort of introduction to the subject, than more elaborate and scientific works. They are admirably adapted to arrest the attention of the reader, and to engage his mind in the earnest pursuit of the principles which regulate the phenomena that daily surround him. Of course, we would strongly urge that all who desire fully to master the science should not rest satisfied with the perusal of the interesting essays of Bastiat and About, but should go forward to the study of such works as Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*.

*Speeches on some Current Political Questions.* By Henry Fawcett, M.P. London: Macmillan and Co. 1879.

THE somewhat peculiar position which Professor Fawcett occupies in Parliament will invest his speeches with special interest for a large class of readers. These persons will like to see what a member has to advance in justification of the independent course which he often takes in the House. Such parties will look with favour on the issue of the present volume. Professor Fawcett is what is usually called an advanced Liberal in politics, but he is at the same time both an independent Liberal and an independent thinker; further, he does not shrink from expressing views, and what is more, of supporting them by his votes, that differ widely from those of the Liberal party, as well as from the members of his own section of that party. No doubt by such a course our legislation is sometimes benefited, but it is also not unfrequently impeded and injured. So long as we have party government, so long will both these consequences attend the independent action of able members. Professor Fawcett is not simply an erratic member of Parliament, but he has given so much attention to several subjects that the expositions of his views are often far more useful to the country than his votes in the House of Commons. His study of sundry neglected political questions, as "Indian Finance," "Irish University Education," and others, has enabled him to present these matters in a way that renders his speeches worthy of preservation. It is on this ground that we welcome the appearance of the present collection of speeches by the Cambridge Professor of Political Economy. The volume includes thirteen speeches, all of which have been delivered during the last three years—1871-2-3. The principal matters dealt with are "Indian Finance," "Irish University Education," "The Education Act, 1873," "The Nine Hours Bill," "Election Expenses," "Woman's Suffrage," "Enclosure of Commons," "The Law Officers of the Crown," "Household Suffrage in Counties," and "The Re-

distribution of Seats." It will be seen that these speeches relate to widely different subjects, and we are bound to say they differ as widely in point of ability and merit. The two discourses on "Indian Finance" occupy more than one hundred pages of the volume, and they certainly form the best part of the work. While Professor Fawcett's remarks on this subject must be acceptable to all interested in Indian affairs, they deserve the careful study of all Englishmen who desire the just and safe government of that great dependency. We cannot but express surprise that the Professor has re-published the next speech, that on "The Birmingham League and the Education Act." It is a very imperfect discussion of some grave aspects of the Education question. The three speeches on "Irish University Education" are good, as presenting a lucid account of the matter from Mr. Fawcett's point of view, and as exhibiting the Government's unsatisfactory mode of dealing with the question; but they contain little that will be useful in future attempts to settle the question. In the speech on "The Nine Hours Bill" we have arguments against such a measure that are well worthy the attention of Mr. Mundella and his associates. The speeches on "Election Expenses," "Enclosure of Commons," "The Law Officers of the Crown" bring under notice matters that need to be more fully examined than they have hitherto been. For the changes he advocates on these matters Professor Fawcett contends with much ability, and with forcible reasoning. The concluding speech, that delivered at Brighton last February, touches on a variety of questions that are of current interest. In reference to method of treatment and style, there is little in these speeches that is distinctly oratorical; they are properly essays, and we cannot but think that if Professor Fawcett had given us his thoughts on the topics of some of the shorter speeches in the form of essays he would have done himself more justice and the reading public more service.

*Mind and Body. The Theories of their Relation.* By Alexander Bain, LL.D. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.

READERS acquainted with the previous writings of Professor Bain, with *The Senses and the Intellect*, *The Emotions and the Will*, and others, will know what to expect in a book from his pen on *Mind and Body*. For this reason, we cannot say that to us the present is a disappointing book, but it is certainly an unsatisfactory book; and all who look to it for anything like a fair and adequate examination of the important problem raised by its title, will be sadly disappointed in the perusal. It is a one-sided discussion of a great question. Instead of a calm, thoroughly scientific inquiry, we have a piece of special pleading for the physical basis of mind, after the fashion of Dr. Maudsley, and writers of that school. It is readily admitted on all sides, that great progress has been made of late years in tracing out the

dependence of certain mental states on the action of the nerves, and of what is called nerve force. The researches of physiologists have done much to elucidate the connection between some elementary mental phenomena and the nervous system. No intelligent man denies or doubts this. All the facts clearly established in this field of inquiry are thankfully acknowledged. But when we have accepted all such facts, the questions present themselves,—How far do these facts carry us? where do they land us? do they enable us to explain the phenomena of consciousness, to reach the origin of its phenomena, or to trace causation among them; or do they assist us to discover the conditions that determine the character and connection of thought, the laws of pure thinking? We submit, the facts established by physiology, valuable as they may be for certain purposes, have done really nothing to help us in the region of psychology, properly so called. We do not, of course, know what physiology may accomplish in the future, but as yet its results in this direction have been very small. In the earlier chapters of this work, Professor Bain states many important facts as to the connection or alliance of mind and body, facts which nobody disputes; but when he comes, in the fifth chapter, to treat of "The Intellect," he leaves facts and inductive reasoning, and runs wild in theory, hypothesis, and conjecture. Let the reader examine his attempted explanation of Memory (pp. 87—95), and we venture to think he will be amply satisfied of the correctness of our remark. Regarding this fifth chapter as a sort of crucial test of the doctrine sought to be established in the volume, and of the method of inquiry employed, the reasoning appears to us singularly weak and inconclusive. It cannot possibly be satisfactory to one that studies these subjects in a philosophical spirit.

#### TRISTRAM'S LAND OF MOAB.

*The Land of Moab: Travels and Discoveries on the East Side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.* By H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With a Chapter on the Persian Palace of Mashita. By Jas. Fergusson, F.R.S., with Map and Illustrations, by C. L. Baxter and R. C. Johnson. London: John Murray. 1873.

ALTHOUGH the historic interest of Eastern Palestine can never rival that of the country west of the Jordan, yet at present, and for some time to come, the eyes of explorers and antiquaries will be directed to the former rather than to the latter. The countries east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea have been in modern times all but absolutely inaccessible to European travellers. A veil of mystery has remained over them, while Judæa, Samaria, and the Sinaitic peninsula have been thoroughly laid open. Most of those who have visited Jerusalem, and from thence have made the usual excursion to the Jordan Valley, have looked with

longing eyes towards the eastern horizon of hills where lies the old territory of Ammon and Moab. But those mountain heights, and the swelling downs beyond, thickly covered with the ruins of antiquity, have been practically a sealed region. The lawless tribes inhabiting them have made travelling there at all times a matter of peril and uncertainty, and often altogether impracticable. From the time when the wave of Mohammedan conquest swept over the Roman province of Arabia, then including Idumea, Moab, and all the country east of Jordan, the whole region disappears from history, with the exception of the brief interval when the crusades brought it again to sight. "Retired from the route of armies, it has been without fortress, town, or inhabitants to invite a conqueror; inaccessible to ordinary troops from the west, it has remained without the record of one single event on its soil, and its eastern plains untrodden by European foot till yesterday." But it is this very isolation which at the same time stimulates the curiosity of Biblical students and antiquaries, and makes it probable that curiosity will be amply rewarded. The fact that its few inhabitants have for many ages been Bedouins, wandering with their flocks over the rich pasture-lands, and not cultivators of the soil or dwellers in towns, has tended in a remarkable degree to preserve the remains of antiquity. Under a peaceful rule, and the requirements of civilized life, old ruins are cleared away, to be replaced by the works of other generations. But these conditions have been wanting in Moab. No civilization worth the name has risen upon the soil since the Mohammedan blight fell upon it; and as the true Bedouin is too careless to destroy what would yield him no spoil, the surviving memorials of former times have not undergone those changes at the hands of succeeding generations by which in most countries the remains of antiquity are obliterated.

Naturally enough, the desire to explore this *terra incognita* among Bible-lands has been strong. Volney had his attention drawn towards it by the reports of the Arabs around Gaza, that to the south-east of the Dead Sea, within a space of three days' journey, there were upwards of thirty ruined towns, absolutely deserted. In 1806, Seetzen, starting from Damascus, and travelling over the highlands of Moab, reached Kerak, and returned to Jerusalem by the southern end of the Dead Sea. The list of subsequent travellers includes Burckhardt, Messrs. Irby and Mangles, M. de Saulcy, and in 1864 the Duc de Luynes, who has not yet, so far as we are aware, published the full account of his researches. That the difficulties in the way of scientific exploration are by no means removed yet, is plain from the circumstances attending the discovery of the Moabite Stone, and from the more recent experiences of Dr. Tristram. The inhabitants of Kerak, in particular, have long had an evil reputation among travellers; and, from Dr. Tristram's account, appear to be as bad, or worse, than ever. After paying twenty-five napoleons for admission into the town, Dr. Tristram and his party were made prisoners, and a ransom of £600

demand, with many threats, as the price of permission to leave. A reference to the Pasha was met with, "What can pashas do here? We are lords here, and care less than nothing for pashas or sultans." The travellers were extricated from a most awkward predicament by the timely arrival of the son of the great sheikh of the Beni Sakk'r Arabs, who took them under his protection. Meanwhile a messenger had been secretly sent off to Jerusalem for help, where Mr. Moore, the British Consul, immediately roused the Turkish authorities to the point of sending off a small army for their rescue from this robbers' nest. A force of no less than 170 infantry, 120 cavalry, two field-pieces, and 150 mounted irregulars, actually set out, under the command of the Pasha of Nabloos. The Turkish Government has, within the last few months, taken the step of garrisoning Kerak, so that it is to be hoped that better times are in store not only for travellers, but for the people themselves, who have been shamefully oppressed for years past by a quasi-independent chief, who, under the pretext of holding the country for the Sultan, has wrung from them a sum tenfold that which he pays into the imperial treasury.

On leaving Kerak, Dr. Tristram followed for some time the line of the old Roman road, which runs northward towards Damascus. After passing Rabba, and the hill Shiha, he reached the Wady Mojib, the ancient Arnon, one of the most remarkable natural features of the country. "The ravine of the Arnon does not show till we are close upon it. In this treeless land, a fair-sized terebinth, just at the edge where the path begins to descend, was a conspicuous guide-post; and certainly, without it, a stranger might search long for the track. The rolling slopes come close to the precipitous descent, the plain being perfectly level on either side, breaking away abruptly in limestone precipices to a great depth. No idea of the rift can be formed till the very edge is reached. As far as we could calculate by observation, the width is about three miles from crest to crest; the depth by our barometers 2,150 feet from the south side, which runs for some distance nearly 200 feet higher than the northern edge." At the bottom of this ravine runs the river Arnon, formerly crossed by a Roman bridge, the arch of which has only disappeared since Irby and Mangles visited it. This valley has been as yet but imperfectly explored, and Dr. Tristram adds but little to our former knowledge on the subject.

After emerging from the Wady Mojib, the party next reached Dhiban, the ancient Dibon. It is described as a dreary and featureless ruin, a description illustrated by an accompanying photograph. It has lately become famous by the discovery of the Moabite Stone, which was found within the old city walls, near what was conjectured to be the gateway. That it had escaped notice and destruction for so long a time, is generally accounted for by the supposition that it has remained covered by the soil until a recent date. Dr. Tristram thinks it most reasonable to suppose that it had been removed from its original position, and used as building materials by the Romans, or some of their predecessors, who

were ignorant of or indifferent to its import; and that, after lying imbedded and secure for ages, it has, through the progress of dilapidation, or earthquake, been thrown down, or fallen from its place, and the carefully-preserved inscriptions been again exposed to-day. On further inquiry, he is inclined to believe that the earthquake of 1st January, 1837, brought the celebrated monolith to light. It is still remembered by many of the Arabs as having overthrown columns and arches in the old cities. Certainly, the comparative freshness of the inscription, as well as the preservation of the Stone itself, points to some such explanation, adding a new link to the chain of marvels connected with its history.

But the most important result of the expedition was to be found in those eastern highlands where Dr. Tristram and his friends were really breaking fresh ground. At a little distance to the east of the Haj route, or pilgrim's road to Mecca, lay a ruin called by the Arabs *Um Shita* or *Mashita*, but which they confidently affirmed to be of no interest whatever. Fortunately the travellers did not trust to Arab notions of archæology, and determined to visit it. After a ride of little more than an hour from Ziza the party pulled up in front of *Mashita*, and "were astonished at the unexpected magnificence of the ruins, unknown to history and unnamed in the maps. It has evidently been a palace of some ancient prince. There is no trace of any town or buildings round it. The only remains, outside the walls, are those of a deep well near the S.W. corner. It must have stood out on the waste, in solitary grandeur, a marvellous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes. We were at first perfectly bewildered by the variety and magnificence of the architectural decorations. The richness of the arabesque carvings, and their perfect preservation, is not equalled even by those of the *Alhambra*, though in somewhat the same style. The whole consists of a large square quadrangle, facing due north and south, 170 yards in extent on each face; with round bastions at each angle, and five others semicircular, between them, on the east, north, and west faces, all, like the wall, built of finely dressed hard stone. But it is on the south face that the resources of Eastern art have been most lavishly expended. There are here six bastions, besides the corner ones; for the fretted front, which extends for fifty-two yards in the centre of the face, has a bold octagonal bastion on either side of the gateway. This gateway is the only entrance to the palace, and on either side is the most splendid façade imaginable, of which our photographs alone can convey a correct idea. The wall is 18 feet high, and covered with the most elaborate and beautiful carving, nearly intact, and hardly injured either by time or man. . . . Every inch of their surface and all the interstices are carved with fretted work representing animals, fruit, and foliage in endless variety. The birds and beasts are fully represented, and not, as in Arab sculpture, melting into fruit or flowers, but correctly drawn. There are upwards of fifty animals in all sorts of

attitudes, but generally drinking together on opposite sides of the same vase. Lions, winged lions, buffaloes, gazelles, panthers, lynx, men; in one case a man with a basket of fruit, in another a man's hand with a dog below; peacocks, partridges, parrots, and other birds; more than fifty figures stand in line, with vases on the west side of the gateway."

This description, which runs to greater length than we can quote, is admirably illustrated by photographs, and by a ground plan carefully measured and drawn to scale. One interesting fact ascertained by observation was, that the palace had never been finished. Many of the stones had their sculpture incomplete, and the only conclusion arrived at was, that the builders had been suddenly interrupted, and their work never resumed. Whoever the builders were, Arab tradition, so singularly tenacious in its grasp, does not know them. Here then was as tempting a matter of investigation as can well fall to the lot of a traveller; and in the absence of history or legend, a careful study of the building itself afforded the only means of clearing up the mystery of its origin. The solution arrived at is that of Mr. Fergusson, who, upon examination of the architecture, states his belief that it was a palace erected by Chosroes II., of the Sassanian dynasty of Persian kings, about the year A.D. 614. Mr. Fergusson gives his reasons for this judgment in a separate chapter at the close of the volume, and by way of frontispiece gives a view of the external façade as restored. The architectural argument is certainly very strong if not absolutely decisive in the direction of Mr. Fergusson's conclusion, and we the more regret that Dr. Tristram was unable to bring away copies of the inscriptions, long lines of which were found, distinct and unmutated, though quite undecipherable by any of the party. The photographs taken of them proved to be failures, and unfortunately no drawings were made. This was a pity, one might almost say a piece of negligence on the part of scientific explorers. A few lines or even words of inscription would, under the hands of skilful palæographers at home, have solved the problem with certainty.

In returning to Jerusalem by the northern end of the Dead Sea, Dr. Tristram visited the hot springs of Callirrhœ, fashionable in the days of Herod, and still in repute among the Arabs for their medicinal qualities. His account of the geology and natural history of the gorge is very interesting. The hottest spring showed a temperature of 143° Fahrenheit, some distance from its source. While camping near the springs of Callirrhœ, Dr. Tristram paid a visit to M'Kaur, the probable site of Machœrus, the fortress where John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded. His description of the ruins is more complete than any previous one; but it hardly conveys a fair impression of things to say, "We are the first Western travellers since the Roman times who have ever explored M'Kaur." It was identified in 1806, by Seetzen, who, though he did not, we believe, actually visit the place, accurately described its position, and was certainly visited by the Duc de Luynes in 1864.

And here we must leave this most interesting volume, heartily commending it to those who can enjoy a genial narrative of travel, containing graphic descriptions of scenery and of Eastern character; but more particularly to such as can appreciate the value of Dr. Tristram's labours to increase our knowledge of Biblical geography and antiquities. The discovery of the true Nebo and a final identification of Zoar are claimed as results of this expedition. The site of the latter accords with the theory of Mr. Grove and other distinguished authorities, that the cities of the plain were to the north of the Dead Sea. We can hardly, as yet, regard the argument as conclusive which identifies the ruins of Ziara, on the brow of a hill to the west of Jebel Nebah (the Nebo of Dr. Tristram), with the ancient Zoar. But by this reservation of belief we do not disparage the labours of Dr. Tristram, who has already rendered invaluable service to the cause of scientific investigation, both in Bible-lands and in the north of Africa. Alike in Eastern and in Western Palestine much yet remains to be done before the records of the past can be fully read, and we heartily trust that the devout and accomplished author of this volume may be able still further to contribute to the cause with which his name is so honourably associated.

*Field and Forest Rambles, with Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada.* By A. Leith Adams, M.A., M.D. &c., Staff-Surgeon-Major.

Few men possess such opportunities for advancing the study of Natural History as are enjoyed by the medical officers of the Army and Navy; but we regret to add that they rarely avail themselves of these opportunities. A few names stand prominently out as noble exceptions. Such men as the late Dr. Falconer, Staff-Surgeon Arthur Adams, and the author of the present volume, have placed themselves in the front rank of scientific observers, by the excellent use they have made of their rare privileges. The remembrance of Dr. Leith Adams's admirable work on the Natural History of the Nile valley, and of the Maltese Islands, prepared us to expect an interesting account of Canadian Zoology, and we have not been disappointed. In his preface the author tries by a few forcible words to show his fellow-officers the value of the study of Natural History, as a relief from the dreary, listless life on the foreign station. The cankering ennui and trying climate, with the utter absence of all recreation, can always be compensated by the scientific novelties with which such stations abound, did men so circumstanced but know how to avail themselves of them. The book before us is one of the best of its class. It rises altogether out of the atmosphere of mere sporting adventures, and is a solid contribution to our knowledge of the Natural History of the Dominion. At the same time it is a most enjoyable book for the non-scientific reader if he

possesses but the most ordinary amount of general intelligence. Canada is one of those remarkable countries where the tropics and the poles seem to shake hands. It appears strange to hear of red-throated humming-birds and scarlet tanagers frequenting the same gardens as the snow buntings and the pine grosbeaks; but such are the alternating visitors met with where brief half-tropical summers are succeeded by northern winters. We strongly recommend Dr. Adams' book, which abounds in the records of such phenomena, to the attention of our readers.

*The Pearl of the Antilles, or an Artist in Cuba.* By Walter Goodman. London: H. S. King and Co. 1873.

IN his preface, Mr. Goodman says, "As I write, Cuba is passing through a great crisis in her history." Recent events have made this even more apparent, and help to quicken the interest with which we seek for trustworthy information on Cuban affairs. The writer went to Cuba in 1864, and by some years' residence in the island, spent altogether in native society, acquired an intimate knowledge of its people and their institutions. He does not discuss at any length the political questions relating to Cuba, but gives admirable and lifelike sketches of social life in town and country, amongst all classes. Mr. Goodman possesses keen powers of observation, much good sense, and inexhaustible humour. With these qualities he has written a useful and extremely entertaining book.

*A Winter in Morocco.* By Amelia Perrier. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.

ACCORDING to the fashion that rules in these matters, Tangier is rising in the list of places recommended to invalids, particularly those suffering from chest complaints. At present, however, it must be a very unpleasant place to stay at, and Miss Perrier's closing commendations will hardly count against the horrors and inconveniences described in her amusing chapters. The climate we may assume, is good, and Tangier viewed from a distance is picturesque and beautiful, but its utter filthiness is such as taxes the authoress's powers to describe. "As to the dangers of the streets, from the nature of the paving and other causes I have named, no better testimony can be than that of Mons. Blondin. He has recorded in the visitors' book of the hotel in which he stayed while in Tangier, that previously to coming to that town, he thought he could walk upon anything; but the main street of Tangier convinced him that he had been labouring under an error." Miss Perrier's style is full of lively exaggeration, and her perception of the ludicrous is evidently very keen. The description of the United National Hotel is the *pièce de résistance* of the book, and the reader

will find it droll enough. The general tone of Miss Perrier's criticisms and reflections, however, is not much to our liking. The chapter on Missions has most of the faults which are now by pretty general agreement considered unworthy of respectable writers. It is surely a little too late in the day for anyone to write in this strain: "A Jew converted at this rate is an expensive luxury, and it seems inconsistent in a thrifty, utilitarian people, such as we are, to indulge in them. Niggers are not nice, but they cost about a quarter the money, or even less to convert, and look much more effective in illustrated reports, standing in circles round the Missionary, with very few clothes on (they, not the Missionary), and hymn-books in their hands; the Missionary cottage and a palm-tree in the background." This is very poor stuff, and somehow we like it less from a woman than we should from a man.

*Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge.* Edited by her Daughter. Two Vols. London: H. S. King and Co. 1873.

IN September, 1851, just eight months before she died, Mrs. Coleridge began to write a short sketch of her life. At an early period she had intended to do this at greater length, and in considerable detail, but the time for that was now gone by, and the unfinished fragment of autobiography with which these volumes commence, written in the form of a letter addressed to her daughter, was all she was able to accomplish. Her own narrative does not carry us beyond her childhood, and breaks off in the middle of a sentence, the hand of the writer arrested by death. The memoir is completed by a daughter who not only loved, but appreciated, her admirable mother, and has carefully discharged the filial task devolving upon her. But the memoir itself is a very small part of these memorial volumes. They consist chiefly of letters, which, for their range of subjects, and literary and philosophic interest, will bear favourable comparison with those of any woman known to us, or, we might almost say, without qualification, of any letter-writer in the language. With an amount of theological learning rare even among educated men, possessing an acquaintance with literature that was at once wide and accurate, and a fineness of perception and critical insight still more remarkable, Mrs. Coleridge was none the less a womanly woman, a tender wife and mother, whose great intellectual powers were balanced by the feminine qualities of gentleness, modesty, and reserve. In her life there is comparatively little incident to be recorded. Her childhood was spent in her uncle Southey's home at Keswick, among the scenes with which the names of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth will ever be associated. It is suggestive of the unhappy side of her father's history, that she should say,—“I never lived with him for more than a few weeks at a time.” At “dear Greta Hall,” where she was born, she resided until her marriage, at twenty-six years of age, to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge. Her married life was rich in the best elements of

conjugal happiness, but of comparatively short duration. After being married fourteen years Mrs. Coleridge was left a widow. The next nine years were spent in the education of her children, in literary labours doubly sacred to her as being the editing of her father's works, first undertaken by her husband,—in quiet, not uncheerful home life, and in correspondence with her friends. The object to which in these years she devoted her intellectual existence, viz., carrying out her husband's wishes, and doing justice to her father's works, was left to be at last completed by her brother, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the present editor. After a lingering and painful illness of about a year and a half, Sara Coleridge died on the 3rd of May, 1852, in the forty-ninth year of her age.

The fact has been already referred to that Sara Coleridge owed little to her father during the years of childhood, years that coincided with the most melancholy period of his life. She was, however, Coleridge's daughter in more than the ordinary sense of the term, the true inheritor of his intellect, and the aptest pupil, if not the very best exponent, of his philosophy. It has been said of her that "her father had looked down into her eyes, and left in them the light of his own." More remarkable than her wide range of knowledge and vigorous understanding, was what one of her nearest friends has called "the radiant spirituality of her intellectual and imaginative being." In her case there was not the wide gap between the promise and the performance of the intellect so noticeable throughout her father's whole career, but as truly with her as with him the direct vision of the reason, the highest exercise of the spiritual nature, was characteristic and predominant. Her own belief was, that in matters of the intellect and imagination she owed more to Wordsworth than to any one else; and this was probably true. What she derived from her father was, in the first place, a nature wonderfully akin to his own in its poetic and philosophical fibre, and subsequently the closest intimacy with his thoughts and modes of thinking derived from the study of his writings. In the study of languages and literature she derived great advantages from her uncle Southey, and from the use she was encouraged to make of his valuable library, and was still more deeply indebted to his character and daily conduct, which she gratefully records as that of the best man she had ever known. "To my uncle Southey I owe much even to his books; to his example, his life, and conversation far more. But to Mr. Wordsworth and my father I owe my thoughts more than to all other men put together."—ii. 121.

Not the least interesting part of these volumes is their contribution to our knowledge of Wordsworth as a man, and to the criticism of his poetry. The following passage from a letter to Professor Reed gives a pleasant view of the friendship between the poet and the writer in her youth.

"I knew dear Mr. Wordsworth perhaps as well as I ever have known

anyone in the world; more intimately than I knew my father, and as intimately as I knew my uncle Southey. There was much in him to know, and the lines of his character were deep and strong; the whole they formed deep and impressive. His discourse, as compared with my father's, was as the Latin language to the Greek, or, to borrow a comparison which has been applied to Shakespeare and Milton, as statuary to painting; it was intelligent, wise, and easily remembered. But in my youth, when I enjoyed such ample opportunities of taking in his mind, I listened to enjoy, and not to understand, much less to report and inform others. In our spring-time of life we are poetical, not literary, and often absorb unconsciously the intellectual airs that blow or stilly dwell around us, as our bodies do the fragrant atmosphere of May, full of the breath of primroses and violets,—and are nourished thereby without reflecting upon the matter any more than we classify and systematise, after Linnæus or Jussieu, the vernal blossoms which delight our outward senses. I used to take long walks with Mr. Wordsworth about Rydal and Grasmere, and sometimes, though seldom, at Keswick, to his Appledwaite Cottage, listening to his talk all the way; and for hours have I often listened when he conversed with my uncle, or indoors at Rydal Mount, when he chatted or harangued to the inmates of his household or the neighbours. But I took no *notes* of his discourse, either on the tablet of memory or on material paper; my mind and turn of thought were gradually moulded by his conversation and the influences under which I was brought by his means in matters of intellect." One sentence, written a few months before her death, may be added to this:—"Wordsworth was more to my opening mind in the way of religious consolation than all books put together, except the Bible."

We should find it wholly impossible, within the limits of a brief notice, to give any adequate account of Mrs. Coleridge's correspondence. She watched with keen interest the principal events of her time, more particularly the development of literature, and the progress of religious and ecclesiastical questions. These she would discuss in letters written to congenial and appreciative friends, not as contemporary history is generally discussed, but with that continual reference to permanent and underlying principles which was characteristic of her father and of some of the best instructors of her youth. Her judgments united in a high degree masculine vigour and thoroughness with a woman's intuition. Upon the whole, it was on theological subjects that her full strength was put forth, and the rarest qualities of her mind found expression. Here, perhaps, she was least distinctly feminine; not that she was deficient in devotional sentiment, but that it was combined with a scientific breadth and candour not common amongst men, but very seldom indeed met with among women. Like her father in his latest and best days, Mrs. Coleridge felt herself the child of the English Church, and of that Church in its line of descent through the great

divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "One thing, I feel pretty sure of, that I shall call myself a *Protestant* till the end of my days. Yes! a Catholic Christian, as I humbly hope, and *moreover* a Protestant of the Church of England. I profess that 'Reformed Protestant Religion' which our monarch swears to defend on his coronation; the Protestantism of Cranmer and Hooker, of Taylor, of Jackson, and of Leighton. These are great names, and dear and venerable are the associations with the title of Protestant in my mind. To call myself such does not make me a whit the less the Christian and Catholic, nor imply that I am so; it does not mix me up with sectarians any more than the latter term connects me with the gross errors and grievous practices of Romanists, who, whether they are entitled to the name or not, will always assume it. As for its being a *modern* designation—that which rendered a distinctive appellation necessary is an event of modern times; and that, I think, is a sufficient defence of it on this score; 'Reformed Catholic' savours altogether of Newman and the nineteenth century."—I. 227.

With a few of her correspondents Mrs. Coleridge carried on something like a controversy respecting the merits of the Oxford Tractarian movement. From her order of mind, as well as from the particular course of her studies in theology and philosophy, she was not likely to take a mere surface view of the course of events. She could not feel towards the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* what the "Evangelicals" of the day felt, for the reason that she was not one of them, her churchmanship being drawn from the stream of the Church's doctrine higher up than the Scott and Simeon period. But on the other hand she perceived with the utmost clearness how much of departure from the true faith of the Church of England was involved in that 'Catholic Revival' of which she witnessed the beginning. Nothing can be better than her detection of the doctrinal bearings of the new language that began to be spoken on every side, unless it be the strong sense with which she routs the minor follies which, then and now, are found in connection with ultra High-churchism. The fashion had set in to speak contemptuously of the Reformers, more particularly of Luther; a fashion which, it may be remembered, stirred Julius Hare to write his masterly vindication of the Great Reformer. On this subject Mrs. Coleridge wrote more than once in a strain which it is a pleasure to quote, and which we commend to the notice of those who are in any danger of being deceived by the flood of abuse which some of our contemporaries pour upon the name and character of Luther. "How say you, my A——, that you are not *growing in love for Luther*, but rather becoming hardened in a *Tracts for the Times-y* view of that great and good man, the noblest Divine instrument, in my opinion, which the world has seen after the prophets and apostles? *Coarse!* What is coarseness in such a man, of such dimensions, of such mental and spiritual thews and sinews, with such a heart and soul and spirit, and such a mighty life-long work as he had to perform, and performed

most heroically? . . . It is vain to tell me that Luther could not have been spiritual-minded because he used rough, coarse, homely expressions. His whole life, public and private, the general character of his writings, so far as I know them, prove to *me* that he was a spiritual-minded man, and the most deeply convinced of sin that ever lived. That Luther was profane I cannot admit. I have always thought that the language of the Oxford theologians respecting profaneness in religion had much in it that was both narrow and uncharitable. They confound want of good taste with want of piety, homely breeding with that irreverence which springs from the heart; in the meantime *they* are teaching doctrines and expressing opinions which appear to many earnest and thoughtfully-religious minds in the highest degree derogatory to God, and Christ, and Christianity. Everyone is profane who does not admit their peculiar ceremoniousness in religion, who cannot specially revere all that they have made up their minds to think worthy of reverence. . . . It is not to be expected, indeed, that they who dislike the work which Luther did, can ever like the workman; still they should not bring up again the refuted slanders of Romanists, and quote his writings out of the books of his Romanist adversaries instead of out of his own."—II. 29.

And here our extracts must cease. It would have been a pleasant task to select from her letters examples of Mrs. Coleridge's fine powers of mind exercised upon a wide range of topics. We refer the reader to these volumes, confident that, whether he be specially interested in literature, philosophy, or religion, he will find much to delight and repay him. For ourselves, we regard the *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge* as amongst the most valuable of recent additions to English biography, and as likely to take permanent rank in this, not the least wealthy department of our literature.

*In Strange Company: being the Experiences of a Roving Correspondent.* By James Greenwood. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1873.

As the "Amateur Casual," Mr. James Greenwood made a great hit, and rose at once to reputation as a "Special Correspondent" of considerable enterprise and originality. His genius for exploring unknown social regions being thus established, he contributed to the *Daily Telegraph* the result of further explorations of the kind, which are here gathered into a volume. That Mr. Greenwood went into strange company will be readily admitted. He has attended a blind beggar's tea-party and a thieves' supper; he has spent a Sunday in Shoreditch, has tramped out to Epsom on the eve of the Derby, and had a day with the hop-pickers in Kent; he has looked in at a pawnbroker's on Christmas Eve, and turned out at midnight with the Waits; he has seen a couple of ruffians flogged at Newgate, and has made the acquaintance of costermongers, organ-grinders, pick-

pockets, bird-fanciers, comic singers, undertakers' men, street Arabs, and many more. Surely less than this would give a man a right to talk about "strange company." The author warns his readers not to expect "fine writing." The vice of style more likely to prevail is indeed of another sort. It is that kind of mannered realism which it is no slander upon Dickens to associate with his name and the dashing journalists that grew up under his wing. One gets tired of it very soon, especially when the trick of it is discovered. We suppose "sensational" articles were wanted, and Mr. Greenwood has supplied them as good as they were likely to be got. He has a fair share of humour, though it is somewhat unduly forced, and considerable descriptive power. What may be the moral value of this kind of bringing to light, for newspaper purposes, the ugly side of London life, we are not quite sure. Let us hope it will do something towards promoting social reform; but, at first sight, it is a little too much like pandering to morbid curiosity. A man of good feeling, such as we take Mr. Greenwood to be, could not fail to be deeply touched by the miseries he came across; but the necessity of writing smart and piquant articles is not favourable to the best way of reporting upon social wrongs and wretchedness. The article on a Newgate Flogging would be much more likely to stimulate the appetite for the horrible and disgusting, that is already vigorous enough, than to stir any genuine feeling. Still, with drawbacks like these, Mr. Greenwood's book is worth a perusal by those who honestly desire to know the extent of evils lying very near them. For all reformers, social and sanitary, educational and religious, there is as much work as they can wish. These essays may do some service in reminding us of the disgraceful and dangerous state of things that lies below the surface of our civilisation.

*At Nightfall and Midnight: Musings after Dark.* By Francis Jacox. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1873.

MR. JACOX has established a reputation which may be regarded as secure. This is the seventh of a series of remarkable volumes issued during the last two or three years. We can hardly call him an Essayist, though his chapters take the form of essays. But he is a lover of literature, whose note-books are rich with the spoils of wide and sympathetic reading, and there seems to be no topic of human thought which he cannot illustrate by extracts from his favourite authors. It is impossible but that his books should hang somewhat loosely together, being composed to such an extent of quotations; and it is the slenderness of the thread on which they are sometimes strung that would give us the opportunity of being critical if we sought it. It follows, too, that in the immense number of selections Mr. Jacox has made from various writers a high standard of quality cannot be maintained. But these are, none the less, volumes of remarkable merit. The author's resources seem to be almost unlimited, and he

has a most happy, pleasant way of putting his quotations together, and gossiping on, always interesting the reader, sometimes dealing with a subject to very good purpose indeed. From the nature of the topics there is a strong vein of melancholy running through the present volume. Twilight, moonlight, midnight, with the thoughts and fancies belonging to them, voices of the dead, last words of the dying, the pathetic side of human things and the literature belonging to it, give Mr. Jacox his key, and he shows his accustomed skill in handling his themes.

As a repertory of quotation and literary anecdote, his books surpass anything since the days of Southey and the elder Disraeli.

*Dulce Domum. Essays on Home Life.* By Frederick Perry, M.A. London: Strahan and Co. 1873.

THIS is an amiable sort of book, not very strong or original, but made readable by a liberal infusion of anecdote. The writer inculcates all the domestic virtues, and is unimpeachably sound and safe in his counsels. If we say that the spirit of the commonplace presides over his musings, let us not be thought uncharitable. We seem to have met this kind of thing very often before:—"Home, sweet home! What sound vibrates upon the heart more delightfully? The word itself is beautiful, but who shall describe the reality?"

"*While the 'Boy' Waits.*" By J. Mortimer Granville. London: Henry Froude. 1873.

THE writer offers this little collection of essays "as specimens of a process which may be described as thinking in ink. They were for the most part written on the spur of the moment, and while the printer's boy waited, to fill hungry columns or pages." Whether it is quite in accord with the dictates of modesty, or quite respectful to the public to republish what has been produced under such conditions is, perhaps, a matter of opinion. Mr. Granville shows so much ability that we will believe he could have written much better if he had allowed himself time to do so. Why not write essays which shall be good in themselves, and not merely interesting as having been written while the printer's boy was kicking his heels in the passage. The papers on intellectual and moral questions are the fullest in the book. They decidedly want "body" and would gain in clearness of expression by a little revision of style. Those on social subjects are better, showing some knowledge of London life, and a vein of humour, not very original but amusing. "A Nightmare over the Yule" is the title of a sort of political allegory, in which the satire limps very heavily. We recognise Tories and Radicals under the disguise of the Hard-to-moves and the Go-aheads; and Mr. Gladstone's career is gloomily described as that of the "great genius who,

with his host of ecstatic admirers, swept rapturously onwards, overturning churches, disturbing the fundamental laws of property, and shaking society to its centre." After conducting the empire to ruin the writer wakes up—perhaps the "Boy" could not wait any longer—and comforts us with the assurance that there is yet hope. This is well.

We have also received the following books :—

From the Religious Tract Society, a new edition of *Foster's Essays*. We have a notion that these once celebrated essays, having earned their place among religious classics, are not now much read. They used to be prescribed, with good effect, a generation ago, to young people bent on self-improvement, and the time may have come to introduce them to a fresh set of readers. This edition is all that could be wished, except that its value would be increased by a preface giving some estimate of Foster as a writer, and of the position occupied by his works. Young readers should know something of the historical position of their author.

*John Bunyan : an Autobiography*. This is a beautiful edition of Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever written. It is somewhat abridged, but all that is really essential to the biography, and to the illustration of Bunyan's inner life, is retained. John Bunyan is one of the precious and immortal possessions of the English people, "not for an age, but for all time." And he is amongst the few that appeal with equal power to children and to men. This edition is admirably illustrated by Mr. E. N. Downard, with Mr. Whymper for engraver.

*The Heavens and the Earth. A Popular Handbook of Astronomy*. By Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. A new edition of a useful book. It is revised by Mr. Dunkin, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, so as to include the results of recent advance in our knowledge of astronomy.

*The Leisure Hour and Sunday at Home for 1873*. These volumes maintain the reputation of the series to which they belong. We regard them as little less than perfect, and have nothing but satisfaction in observing that they still keep their place at the head of their department of periodical literature.

From Messrs. Rivingtons. *Devotional Series : The Christian Year ; The Imitation of Christ*. These editions of well-known devotional books are characterised by great beauty of typography, binding, and illustrations. The books themselves are of standard value, and nothing can exceed the elegance of the form in which they are issued. They are well adapted for presents.

*Voices of Comfort*. Edited by Thomas Vincent Fosbery, M.A. A series of meditations, readings, and prayers for each day in the month, prepared for those in need of Christian consolation. There is a devout and earnest tone running through the whole.

*The Gospel of the Childhood.* By Dean Goulburn. A practical and devotional commentary on the single recorded incident of our Lord's childhood. To us this is the least satisfactory of Dean Goulburn's devotional writings. There is something forced and far-fetched in such reflections as those of Chapter III.; "Of the holy courage and piety shown by St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin." Another chapter is devoted to showing "How the Virgin did not disguise her own failures," entirely based upon the suggestion that she it was who told the Evangelist of "her presumption in remonstrating with the Holy Child at the age of twelve." This appears to us to be somewhat feeble.

*Allegories and Tales.* By the Rev. William Edward Heygate, M.A. While cordially approving the good purpose and pure spirit which pervades these *Allegories and Tales*, we cannot say much of their skillfulness or originality. Some of them are wise and good, and all aim to be; but some are puerile, if not worthless.

From Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. *Living Voices. Selections chiefly from Recent Poetry.* We suppose it is because Mr. Palgrave, Archbishop Trench, and Mr. Allingham have really laid their hands on most of the available riches of our lyric and ballad poetry, that the editor of this selection has gone rather far afield, and brought together a good deal that is of very indifferent quality. It jars upon us somewhat to pass from Tennyson and Browning to Mr. W. Parkinson, and a somewhat frequently recurring "Anon." Still, this compilation is not without its merits. It includes, in addition to poems known to everyone, some of the best by Aubrey De Vere, Lord Houghton, and W. S. Landor.

*God, the Soul, and a Future State. A Twofold Popular Treatise.* By Thomas Cooper. Another contribution to our knowledge of this brave and vigorous Christian worker, and of the kind of labour to which he has given so many years. We find in Mr. Cooper's disputation strong common sense, great shrewdness, unfailing tact and temper, sufficient knowledge of popular metaphysics, and an enviable power of speaking racy, vigorous English.

*Bible Truth and Broad Church Error.* By William Ritchie, D.D. The themes discussed embrace the main principles of what is termed, in current language, Broad Church theology. The writer examines, with a careful, and, as appears to us, a not uncandid criticism, recent theories of inspiration, the atonement, the fatherhood of God, and the doctrine of future punishment.

From Messrs. H. S. King and Co. *Hymns and Verses: Original and Translated.* By Henry Downton, M.A. The writer is a clergyman, recently English chaplain at Geneva, and now Rector of Hopton. Several of the hymns have already found a place in the *Book of Praises* and in other collections. They are devout, and the verse is sufficiently flowing, but they are not distinguished by any of the higher qualities of the hymn.

*How shall we Employ and Amuse our Invalids.* By Harriet Power. Contains sensible and kindly suggestions, which those who have the charge of invalids might turn to good account.

*The Day of Rest. Illustrated Journal of Sunday Reading.* 1873. A large and handsome volume, comprising the first year's issue of a periodical published weekly at the price of one penny. It has admirably sustained the promise of its promoters. Its spirit is Christian and catholic, and its contents form a treasury of Sunday reading of a very high order of merit. Among its most active contributors are Dr. C. J. Vaughan, the Rev. F. O. Morris, the author of *Episodes in an Obscure Life*, Mr. R. A. Proctor, the Rev. David Brown, Dr. Oswald Dykes, Hesba Stretton, Dora Greenwell, and C. C. Fraser-Tytler. The illustrations are numerous and good; the large-size portraits are particularly excellent.

From Mr. Elliot Stock. *The New Handbook of Illustration* is a companion volume to the *Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote*, recently issued by the same publisher. The editor has gathered from almost every available source a body of illustration, definition, and exposition on the leading subjects which naturally group themselves under the respective heads "Scripture Truth" and "Christian Life." Very many of the best thoughts of good and wise men are here arranged in such a manner as to facilitate reference, and be of great service to teachers and to readers in general. It is the best work of the kind we have seen.

*The Mystery of the Burning Bush, and other Sermons.* By T. M. Morris. A volume of twelve sound, refreshing, spiritual sermons, which, if not brilliant, are free from affectation and obscurity; if not profound, they are by no means shallow. In construction, they are simple and natural.



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